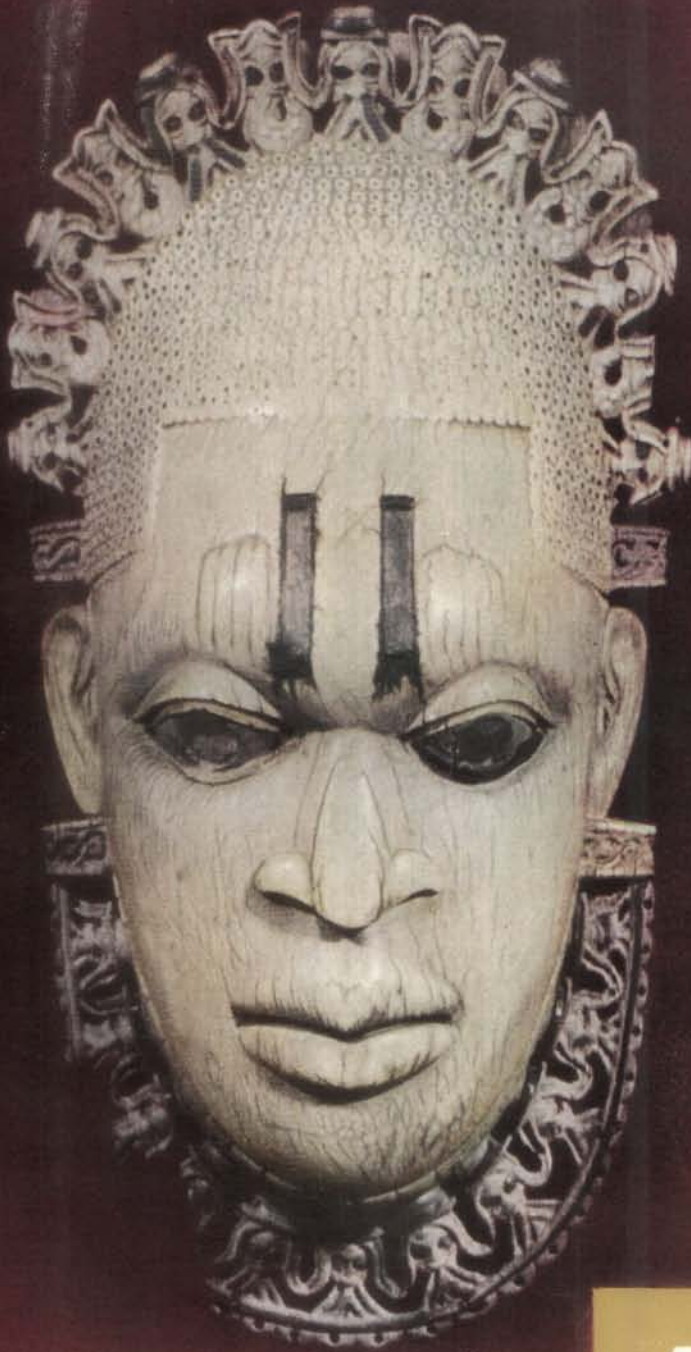


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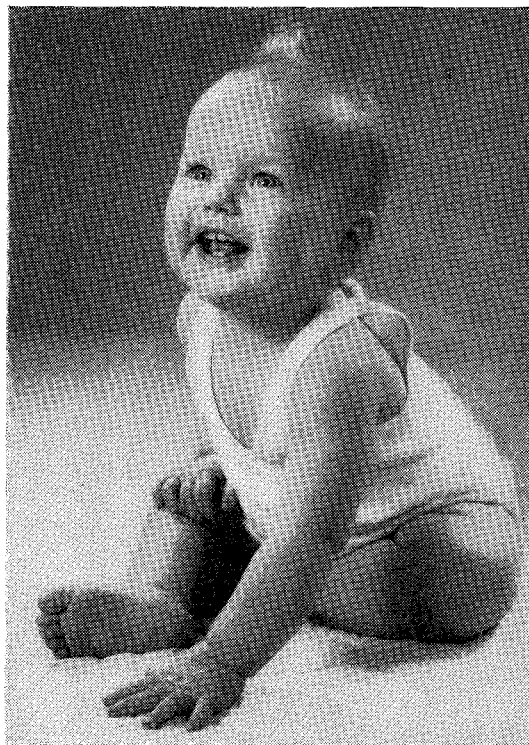
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1959 VOLUME 203 NUMBER 4

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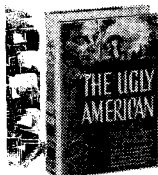
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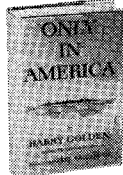
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BELGIAN CONGO

UNTIL recently Belgium's colonial record in the Congo was favorably regarded by large areas of international opinion. This was partly due to ignorance and to the deliberate smoke-screen policy of the authorities on the spot, but it can also be explained by certain peculiarities of the Belgian Congo, which contribute to the country's present political ferment.

Next to the Union of South Africa the Belgian Congo is the most industrialized and urbanized land in Africa. Almost one quarter of the African population is concentrated in urban centers, the percentage rising to as much as 27 and 36 per cent in the provinces of Léopoldville and Elizabethville. Close to 38 per cent of the able-bodied male adults have, willingly or under pressure, left the African economy to work for the Europeans. The exploitation of the country's resources has been pushed with remarkable vigor, and this has given rise to the illusion abroad that the gigantic modification of the Congo landscape which has taken place in the past fifty years has been accomplished by a regime that was concerned with the African's welfare and rights.

Another significant feature of the Congo is the fact that the climate has not encouraged a substantial European settlement except in the province of Kivu and, to a lesser extent, in that of Katanga. There are, in fact, only 110,000 whites in the Congo compared to a Negro population of 13 million. The large companies that have established themselves here have thus, ever since 1930, been forced to develop a skilled labor force and the professional capacities of their Negro employees. The numerical weakness of the whites has been of an unquestionable advantage to the blacks.

By exploiting the country's immense natural resources — for example, the uranium of Katanga

— the Belgian colonizers have achieved impressive technical and economic successes which are recognized by the Congolese themselves. The three representatives of the National Congo Movement who attended the Pan-African Congress at Accra emphasized their appreciation of these results on a number of occasions, while adding that they were sure that they could put the country's resources to far better use after independence.

Official Belgian propaganda has spread the notion that the Congo's impressive economic and technical development has been accompanied by a corresponding rise in the standard of living of the blacks and in some degree of social justice for them. The January riots in Léopoldville, which caused the death of at least two hundred Negroes, shattered the image of the smiling black man of the Belgian Congo, grateful to his European benefactor for a full stomach. Yesterday one Negro out of three was unemployed in Léopoldville; today the ratio is one to two.

One of the differences between 1958 and 1959 is that the Belgians now know these things. The colonial authorities, who used to claim that they only tolerated "social" discrimination, now concede the existence of deplorable racial discrimination. It is no longer a secret that the annual income of the black man in the Congo is 2100 Congo francs (\$42) and that the income of the European settler is sixty-three times more, or that the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, which employs 50,000 Congolese workers, makes an annual distribution of dividends amounting to some 30 per cent of the total income earned by the 1.2 million African workers of the Congo.

Belgium's reaction

When news of the Léopoldville riots reached Belgium, they were first explained away as a con-

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Belgian Congo



sequence of widespread unemployment and a momentarily defective social situation. But today no one denies that the cause of the tragedy is the political frustration of the Africans. The economic and social conditions prevailing in Léopoldville merely acted to trigger a long-threatening explosion.

The political dissatisfaction of the Congolese is no new phenomenon. To find similar incidents one does not have to go back to the grim abuses during the period of the rubber and ivory trade, which were the targets of the Congo Reform Association at the turn of the century. The chronicle of stern repressions over the past fifteen or twenty years includes the butchery at the Union Minière of 1942, when ninety workers were killed for daring to ask for a salary increase of 50 centimes a day as labor's share of the company's enormous war profits. It includes the killings at Lubuta and Masisi in the Eastern Congo in 1943; the execution of the African policemen who revolted that same year at Luluabourg, the capital of the Kasai; the shootings at Matadi, in the Lower Congo, in 1944.

The common cause of these diverse explosions is this: the stubborn insistence of the Belgian authorities on considering the African of the Congo as infinitely malleable, a kind of work horse who can go on forever with no interest in politics. Shortly after the end of World War II, the Belgian novelist O. P. Gilbert wrote a book entitled *Empire du Silence* in which he said that the black man has two rights: to work and to keep quiet. But the reforms which the author and a few men of progressive views then urged on the Brussels government went unheeded, and the watchword which all of Belgium's political parties adopted was prudence.

It took a Socialist-Liberal government, which came to power in 1954, to destroy the last illusions the Congolese still nourished about the parties of the Belgian capital. Aside from breaking the quasi monopoly which the Catholic missions had on education, this Leftish government simply neglected the Congo. Its colonial minister, M. Buisseret, made an unforgettable name for himself in the Congo by declaring that since the Pygmies had been its first inhabitants, the Bantus

had no more right to be in the Congo than the Belgians.

In May of 1956 the Belgian Socialist Party devoted an Extraordinary Congress to the Congo and Ruanda-Urundi and elaborated a sound program for these territories, but this initiative was followed by inertia. The three major Belgian parties, in fact, assumed a common front toward the African colonies, an attitude characterized by a desire to take the problem of the Congo out of politics.

Congolese political parties

Meanwhile the first nationalist parties had been forming in the Congo. In 1950 a group of Congolese of Bakongo origin who inhabited Léopoldville founded the Abako, an association of Bakongos. Its original purpose was to favor the mother tongue of the Bakongos, which for half a century had been pushed into the shade in favor of a language spoken by the natives of the Upper Congo regions. But it was not long before these linguistic goals were being replaced by political aims.

The Abako first attracted widespread attention in August of 1956 when it launched a vigorous attack upon another well-known native group called Conscience Africaine. This movement had published a manifesto in May, 1956, which appears to have been inspired by European Catholics of more or less progressive views. The manifesto spoke for the first time of the Congo "nation," but in spite of this Conscience Africaine had indicated a lack of interest in the political liberties of the Congolese and a hostility toward the constitution of native political parties.

The attack on Conscience Africaine touched off a lively controversy, in the course of which the Abako was accused of being a party of revolutionary fanatics interested in provoking interracial conflicts and of harboring international designs aimed at obliterating the existing frontiers of the Congo. These accusations did not, however, halt the now-general drift away from semipolitical groups in Léopoldville which were of European inspiration or membership. "What we want," the new political group, Action Socialiste, declared in January of 1958, "is the creation of native parties, based on a determined policy, be it Socialist, Christian Democratic, or Liberal . . . and on socio-economic doctrines which are capable of being adopted by any people in a country which is industrialized or in a process of industrialization."

To these new appeals and yearnings the Belgian administration turned a deaf ear, even going so far as to ban the African weekly *Congo* in August, 1957. After many hesitations it did, however, consent to the holding of elections in a few towns. But they were organized in such a way as to

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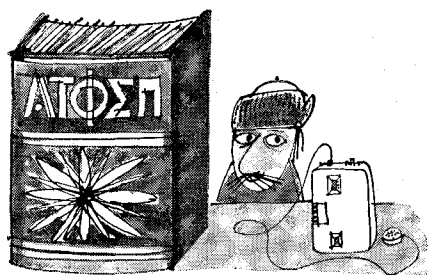
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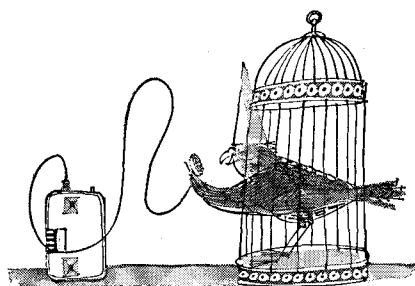
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Belgian Congo



cut across natural political issues and to split the electorate by reactivating old tribal differences. In the key center of Léopoldville the voters thus coalesced into four associations of a tribal type: the Abako, the Association of the Bangalas, the Kasai Federation, and the Kwango-Kwilu Federation. Nevertheless, the leaders of the Abako, who had sometimes shown a marked hostility toward other ethnic groups, now sought to speak for the entire Congo.

The Léopoldville elections of December, 1957, turned out to be a triumph for the Abako, which had had time to sink deep roots there under the forceful leadership of Kassavubu, the mayor of the Dendale commune.

The results encouraged the aspirations of the Africans, as was made clear in the inaugural speech delivered by Kassavubu in April of 1958, in which he demanded the creation of scholarships for Congolese, the admission of many Congolese boys and girls to European universities, recognition of the Congo's nationhood, freedom of the press, and the institution of a democratic regime. "There is no democracy here," he declared, "since in the police force we do not see Congolese policemen. So too in the militia we never hear of Congolese officers, nor of Congolese directors in the medical corps. And what are we to say about the direction and inspection of the educational system? There is no democracy so long as suffrage is not generalized. The first step has not yet been taken. We demand general elections and internal autonomy."

The administration's answer was to castigate Kassavubu for what it called his incendiary statements. It followed up this reprimand by adopting a threatening attitude toward Action Socialiste, which in May of last year advocated a revamping of the electoral system and the creation of a national Congo government, headed by a prime minister, to guide the future destinies of the Congo.

These various moves and counter-moves laid the scene for the upheavals of last January. On the ninth of December the delegates assembled for the Pan-African Congress at Accra were agreeably surprised to see three members of the National Congo Movement turn up with the express authorization of the Belgian governor general. Mr. Patrice Lumumba, the president of the National Congo Movement, gave a moderate but firm speech in which he made it clear that his party was working for the transformation of the Belgian Congo from a colony into an independent state.

The demand for independence

There was mounting excitement in Léopoldville when the three delegates returned to report on the results of the Accra Congress. To prepare for it, the Abako had organized a series of meetings in which it sought to expound its basic demands and positions. At the last moment the meeting was banned, but this did not prevent a large crowd from massing in the YMCA building to hear Kassavubu say: "We have asked for our independence. I hope that our voice will be heard by Belgium. . . ."

On January 8, following the outbreak of violence, Kassavubu was arrested and the Abako party was banned. The Belgian government's formal declaration of policy, when it came five days later, did not suffice to calm the local political ferment. For though it looked forward to the holdings of new communal elections in 1959 on a universal suffrage basis and the eventual constitution of a bicameral legislature, it notably failed to mention any prospect of a future government responsible to the local parliament nor did it include a clear-cut timetable for the working out of independence comparable to those which the British had established in neighboring Ghana, Sierra Leone, and Nigeria. The declaration said nothing about the urgent necessity of Africanizing the ranks of the administration and of developing the system of higher education.

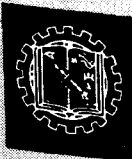
All this bodes ill for the immediate future. The Brussels government eventually will have to choose between a policy of repression and a policy aimed at granting the Congo independence.

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THE biggest guessing game in the capital has centered on the question of why Khrushchev created the Berlin crisis. The probability is that there are a number of reasons. One is the arms race and its cost. Another, and far more important, is Khrushchev's fear of accidental war in the onrushing age of push-button missiles and his related fear of the spread of nuclear weapons into West German hands. Another is Khrushchev's conviction that Communism can win the Cold War without resort to arms or at least that it can swing to its side the uncommitted areas of Asia, the Middle East, Africa, and even Latin America within a decade or so.

These opinions are widely held not only in Washington but in other capitals of the free world. Since the 21st Congress of the Communist Party in Moscow in February, another factor has been added. This is Khrushchev's dominance in his own country, a dominance which gives him the power to make decisions and to strike bargains with the West, which he lacked in the years when he was fighting internal battles with Molotov, Malenkov, and others over both foreign and domestic issues.

Khrushchev has taken the initiative, and the West has had to react. But it has not been merely reaction. There have been strong forces within the Republican Administration and within the Democratic Congress, as well as elsewhere in the nation, which have been pressing for new negotiations with Moscow. Khrushchev's ultimatum on Berlin in November gave these forces a boost and led to the West's proposals for a foreign ministers' conference.

Getting the Red Army home

Ever since it became clear that the World War II Soviet-American alliance was dead, the fundamental aim of Western policy has been to get the Red Army back to the Soviet Union. But for years this seemed fruitless, whether the policy was labeled "containment" under the Democrats or "liberation" under the Republicans. Perhaps it is still impossible. But for the first time since the

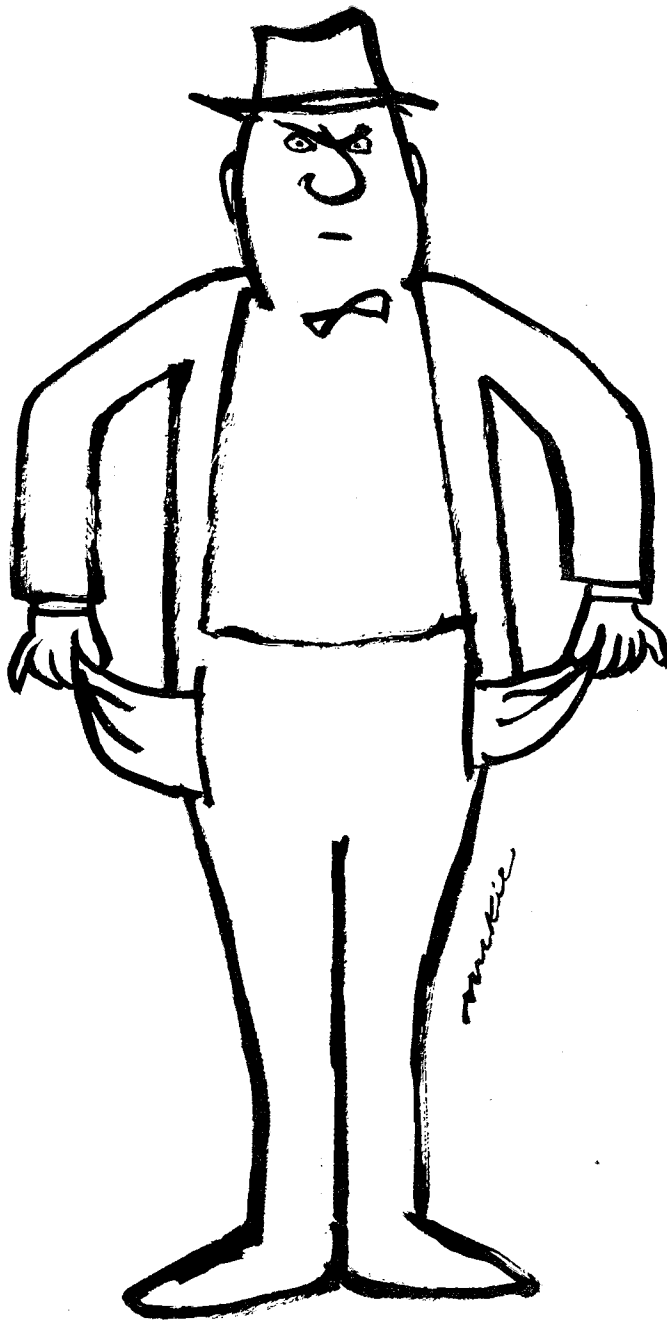
Cold War began in 1946, there is now at least the feeling that a new opportunity has arrived for testing whether such a change in Soviet policy can be achieved by diplomatic negotiations.

The negotiations in 1954 and 1955 were efforts toward this end which failed, with the single exception of the Kremlin's voluntary pullback from Austria. But Washington hopes that the Kremlin may conceive it to be in its own interest to make further pullbacks.

The key area, of course, is Germany. And it is about this area that the West, led by Dulles, has now altered its policy. For years the West held to the policy of German reunification by free elections, a move which both sides knew would mean the quick liquidation of the East German satellite regime. Now the West is prepared to tackle the East German problem by slow steps over a period of years.

But that alone is not enough to get the Red Army to leave, even slowly. The additional requirement, it is more and more apparent, is some alleviation of Soviet fears of West German nuclear armaments. Moscow knows that in the nuclear age Germany is at a disadvantage because of its relatively small area. But the Kremlin remembers that Hitler's legions reached Stalingrad, and Russian fears seem to mount as the Kremlin contemplates intermediate-range missiles on West German launching pads aimed at all major European Russian cities. In short, if Washington is right, here is a bargaining card for the conference table.

Up to the time Khrushchev gave his Berlin ultimatum, however, the West had flatly refused to consider any of the many schemes which go by the general term of disengagement. It had rejected outright the Soviet-backed, Polish-sponsored Rapacki Plan for a denuclearized zone composed of the two Germanys, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. Similar schemes put forward by Anthony Eden had been pigeonholed on the grounds that Germany could not be treated differently from other NATO powers, that German arms were



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vital to NATO in any case, and that a demilitarized Germany would be a neutralized Germany, a power vacuum too tempting for Moscow to resist.

But the Berlin threat this winter put the West in a vulnerable position. There was only one way out: negotiations with Moscow which would swallow the Berlin issue in a larger context. That context had to be some new scheme of European security for the center of Europe. And so Dulles said publicly that in any new East-West talks a discussion of the Rapacki Plan would be "permissible."

How far the Western powers would, in fact, go toward some form of disengagement probably will not be clear for some time. But it is fair to say that Khrushchev, by raising the Berlin issue, had created a lever for high-level negotiations with the West. The general view in Washington is that Khrushchev wants to kill off the nuclear arming of West Germany, which is scheduled to take place in the next couple of years. Technically, such nuclear weapons will be in a NATO stockpile with an American officer holding the key to the door. But that distinction is not very meaningful to Moscow.

George Kennan told the Senate subcommittee on disarmament that if there is no East-West agreement now, negotiations on the future of Germany two years from now or later will take place between Moscow and Bonn. This is not a happy thought for Washington, London, or Paris. But negotiations are based on power, and in two years, as Kennan pointed out, the West Germans will have by far the most powerful Western force in Europe.

Back in 1953, when Malenkov first succeeded Stalin, there was some reason to think that he was prepared to strike a bargain over East Germany. But he was not strong enough at home to go through with it, even if there had been a

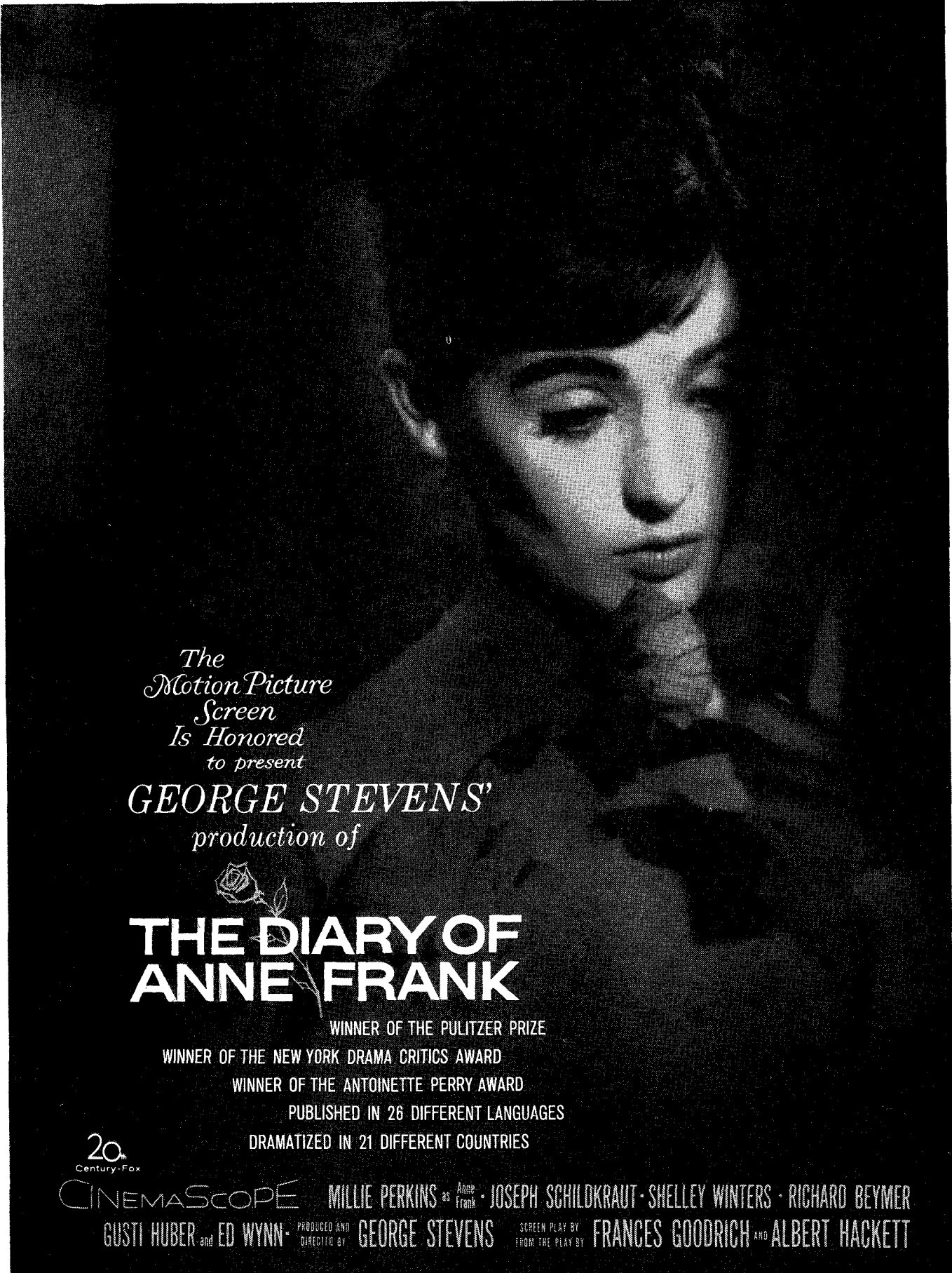
response from the West when Churchill first called for a Summit conference. Today Khrushchev has the power to strike a bargain. The issue now is whether the two sides, so long locked in mutual suspicion, can come to terms.

No time for mistakes

But the East-West issue and the compulsions on the two sides are larger even than the critical Berlin-German problem. It is the development of missiles which makes this so. Here the months of haggling at Geneva between the Russians and the British and Americans on nuclear test suspension and on prevention of surprise attack have served a useful purpose. These talks appear to have given each side a much clearer notion of the other's ideas about such critical issues than they ever had before.

Khrushchev inadvertently gave public recognition to the problem of war when he asked at the Party Congress: "Since we are on the same planet, which is not so very large by the scale of present-day technology, would it not be better if we lived on it in such a way as not to elbow each other and not constantly to shake fists at each other in the form of atomic or hydrogen bombs?" What the West knows, Khrushchev also knows, and the critical point is this: decision time on both sides is growing perilously shorter, in a military sense.

The key factors are what are known as "force readiness time" and "reaction time." Force readiness time is the time it takes a bomber unit to get ready to attack; reaction time is the hours it takes from a command to fire to the explosion of the nuclear weapon on its target. As these periods grow shorter, the danger increases of an irrevocable decision bringing on all-out war. With bombers, the reaction time lag now for the United States is estimated at between four and a half and six and a half hours. Speedier aircraft will cut this to one and a half hours at the minimum. With the coming of solid propellant missiles, replacing today's liquid types, which take hours to ready and fire, the reaction time will be cut to a mere thirty minutes—half an hour from the command to fire to the nuclear explosion on target.



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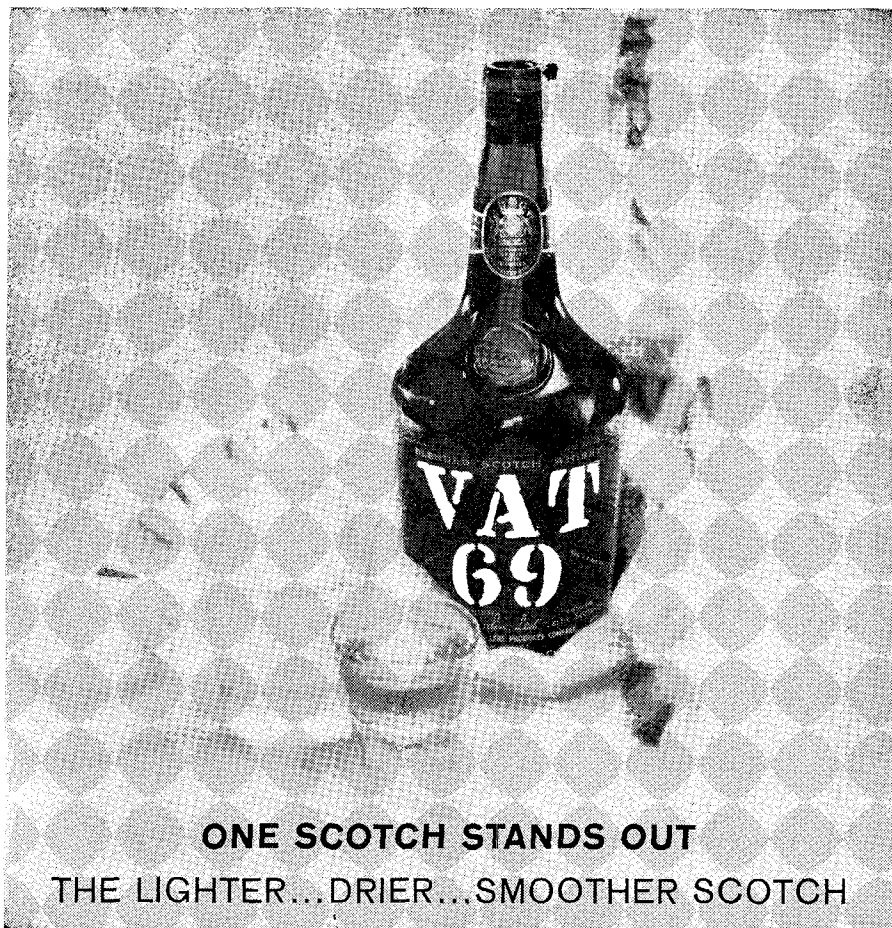
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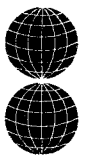
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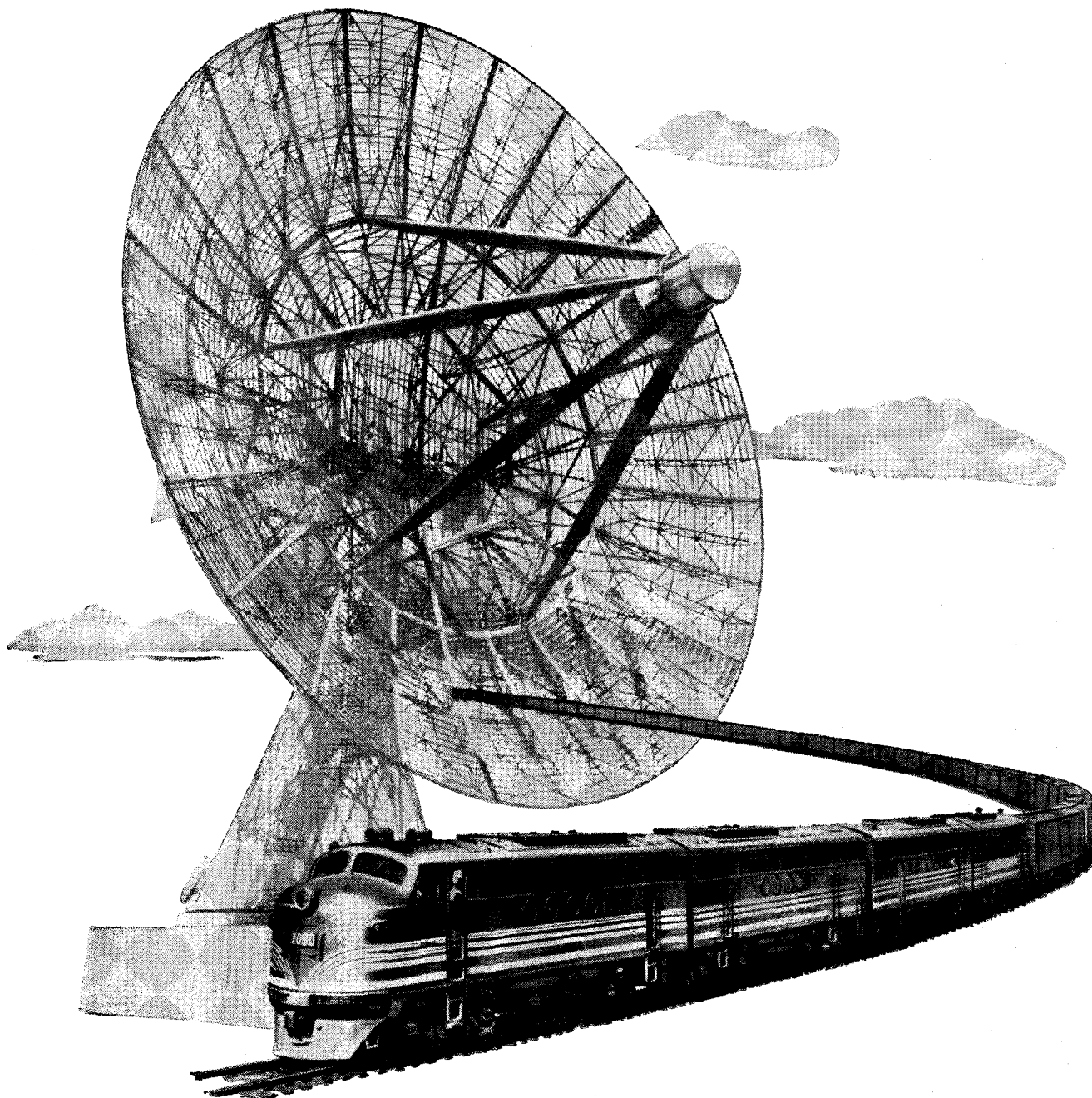
The same inexorable trend is, of course, taking place in the Soviet Union. And as this occurs on both sides, the risk of accident increases as the time for consideration and consultation decreases. But what can be done about it?

Banning nuclear tests

Kennan expressed the view that the Russians have "a fear bordering on the psychopathic" about letting foreign observers into their country as part of any inspection and control system. The talks at Geneva on both the test suspension and the surprise attack issues have demonstrated this. To Khrushchev, the Western demand for wide latitude for international inspectors is nothing more than military reconnaissance. An inspection system adequate by any Western view to cope with surprise attack seems out of the question now. But Washington has not given up hope of resolving the nuclear test suspension issue.

Part of the trouble at the Geneva disarmament talks was the result of policy bungling in Washington. The Administration has waxed and waned in its enthusiasm toward a test ban. Those who opposed it for so long, chiefly former AEC Chairman Strauss aided by scientist Edward Teller, were so adamant that they all but destroyed any hope of a reasonable intra-Administration compromise. Had they given in partially last year, the American proposal would have been to halt all aboveground tests. This would have met the world-wide fear of radioactive fall-out; it would not have halted underground testing of nuclear devices, especially in two critical categories: small weapons of the fractional kiloton variety and warheads for anti-missile missiles.

In the end, the President sided with Dulles, who argued that the United States had to come up with a plan to meet the fear of radioactivity. Eisenhower approved a complete ban based on adequate inspection and control. But a complete ban means more control than the



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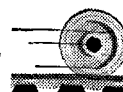
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Our photograph shows Pablo Casals taking his early morning stroll on a San Juan beach, where he goes to find his own serenity. Shortly before his eightieth birthday, this man of gentle manner and fierce principle was asked to give the world a message.

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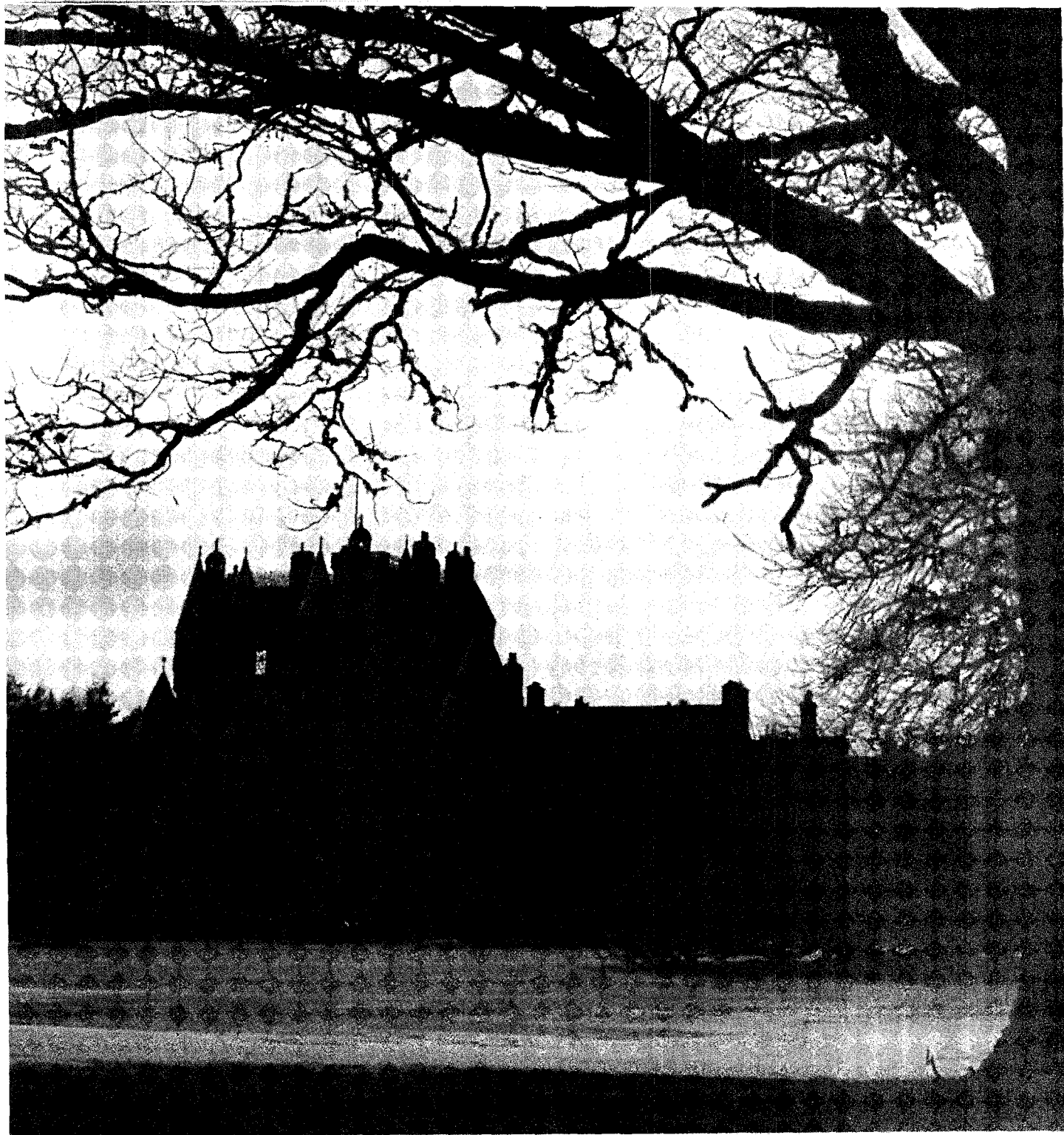
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Soviets are able to accept despite the agreement of experts at Geneva. The subsequent Nevada underground tests showed that tests of twenty kilotons and under, held underground, would be more difficult to discover than had been first estimated, thus further complicating the control issue.

Even if a test suspension or ban system could be agreed upon, it would not halt the arms race or alter the terrifying shrinkage of reaction time. But it has been argued that to set up inspection systems inside the Soviet Union and the United States would have major political and psychological meaning in terms of thawing the Cold War atmosphere. Kennan, however, argued it the other way around in calling for negotiations on disengagement.

"In the long run," he said, "the reliability of agreements on the control of armaments will always depend primarily on the political and psychological climate in which they operate; and the best security we can have against violation will not be the inspection provisions themselves, which can never be wholly foolproof, but the absence of incentive to violation."

Senator Johnson and civil rights

When Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and his Texas Senate colleague, Ralph W. Yarborough, joined the caucus of Western Democrats this spring, there was general comment that the senator was trying to doff the label of "Southerner" for that of "Westerner" to enhance his presidential prospects. But what Johnson has been doing in the field of civil rights can more properly be described as trying to break up the Confederacy, which included his own state. In a sense, Johnson is following the tactic of the Supreme Court.

The day the first Negro children entered all-white schools in Virginia, the hard core of resistance to desegregation in the South was cut to six states: South Carolina, Georgia,

Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, and Florida. Elsewhere in the South and the border states, total resistance has been broken and local option has taken its place, under court pressures in many cases. That is what the Court clearly hoped would happen.

Atlanta and New Orleans could make the break just as Norfolk did if they were masters of their own affairs, but they are not. Johnson's tactic, in proposing a sort of race relations conciliation service, is designed to help further local option. In January it did not appear likely that there would be any civil rights legislation at this first session of the new Congress; now a combination of the Johnson and Administration proposals seems a distinct possibility.

Whether Senator Johnson can pass a civil rights bill without a Southern filibuster may seem doubtful. But he has shown the ability to break the Southern bloc in Congress, as he did on the first civil rights bill in the last Congress and on the modification of the filibuster rule this year. He and his Texas colleague were joined by both Florida Democrats and by one North Carolina Democrat as well as by border-state senators. There no longer is an eleven-state Southern bloc, and it is safe to say that whatever civil rights bill passes this year will be passed with some Southern votes in the Senate.

Mood of the Capital

Speculation about 1960 at home and the Berlin crisis abroad were the dominant Washington features as winter turned into spring. Congress got off to a fast start, legislatively speaking, but before long it was snarled in the traditional domestic battles between the conservatives and liberals, battles which once again cross party lines. The resultant legislative fuzz tended to heighten the mood of political jockeying, a favorite capital pastime.

By the time Congress quits this year, it will be only twelve months before the presidential conventions. The closer that date gets, the more the aspirants will be heard loud and clear. But the mood as of now is dominated by Senator Johnson and President Eisenhower, and both stand in that vast area labeled "middle of the road."

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THERE is no word in the German language for “disengagement,” nor does Chancellor Konrad Adenauer’s foreign policy include the word “disengagement.” Adenauer is opposed to plans which make calculated surrenders to Soviet policies in Europe, in the hope that they will induce Mikoyan and Khrushchev to strike a fair bargain over Germany. Both Mikoyan and Khrushchev, Adenauer believes, smile and bluster for the same reason: to get something for nothing.

Adenauer has been through two wars, a Nazi era, and an Allied occupation of his country. He sees these as connected incidents which have derived partially from the shortcomings of the German people. The fact that he has comprehended this has made him supremely unwilling to take risks when looking for a solution of the German problem. “It is unfortunately true,” he said recently, “that many of our own people cannot be trusted.” To whom was he referring? To Communists and fellow travelers, the extreme right-wingers, and plenty of others, to Adenauer’s way of thinking. For “political maturity is a matter of common sense and experience, not just of emotions and good intentions.”

Adenauer’s foreign policy

Khrushchev, Adenauer thinks, was right in telling columnist Walter Lippmann that “Russia and Germany may very well stand nearer to each other today than ever before.” For the primary hope of every German is that his country should be reunified. But reunification requires the assent of the Kremlin — in return, possibly, for another Russo-German entente, which might recall the glamour of the 1912 Prussian War of Independence but which would bear a nearer, nastier resemblance to the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of 1939.

Here is one basic feature of Adenauer’s foreign policy: to limit risks according to the capacities of his own people. That is why he rejects out of hand the Soviet plan for a German confederation. For it would offer unlimited possibilities for Soviet exploitation of the German desire for unity and of German disillusionment with Western partners

who cannot grant this desire. The confederation would put into the same pen the overfatted West German calf and the vicious East German jackal. In Adenauer’s eyes this is not an unfair simile. In a confederation West Germany would be assured only of Western benevolence and sense of fair play, but East Germany would be backed by the ruthless strength of single-minded Soviet diplomacy.

Another basic feature of Dr. Adenauer’s present policy is his refusal to make concessions to the Soviet Union in advance of the Summit conference, which can thrash out the German problem. To make premature concessions, Adenauer believes, is the ultimate foolishness; it can only encourage the Soviet Union to ask for more. The *London Times* would recognize the Oder-Neisse frontier in advance; the *London Observer* would agree to a militarily neutralized all-Germany; Mr. Lippmann would support the Soviet plan for a confederation because “any horse is better than no horse”; and the West German Free Democrats are veering toward acceptance of the East-West all-German talks demanded by East German Communist boss Walter Ulbricht. There are so many, many plans for giving away Western positions; so very few for penetrating into enemy territory.

With a touch of bitterness, federal press chief Felix von Eckardt described how he was repeatedly asked during his January visit to the United States why his government did not develop “more flexible policies.” To which he invariably answered, “Can you give me an idea of what form these more flexible policies should take?” But to his own question Eckardt added, “There was never a clear reply.”

It is a moot point which approach is the more likely to yield results, a desperate search for new ideas at a time of emergency or steady reliance on the “Adenauer dogmas” that the stratified German problem will be solved only in conjunction with a global understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union and that Germany will have to stay divided until then.

On one point it is fair to agree with the Chancellor: the German people have not been rendered shockproof to Soviet diplomacy and propaganda. Every sort of damaging emotion lies just beneath the surface of life in West Germany. Recent outbreaks of anti-Semitism are only one symptom of emotional stress and uncertainty. How could it be otherwise? West Germans did not win democratic freedoms for themselves but were handed them as a gift. Everything has happened so quickly that democracy has been only savored, not digested.

A few weeks ago a fifty-five-year-old Nazi stood in the dock, accused of the murder in May, 1945, of his wife and two sons. At his wife's request he shot all three before the Red Army arrived. He had meant to shoot himself too, but the fourth bullet was missing from his revolver. And so he became a prisoner of war. The West German court found him guilty but set him free under the 1949 Act of Amnesty. What stability of mind and judgment is left to a man like this? And his case is not unique.

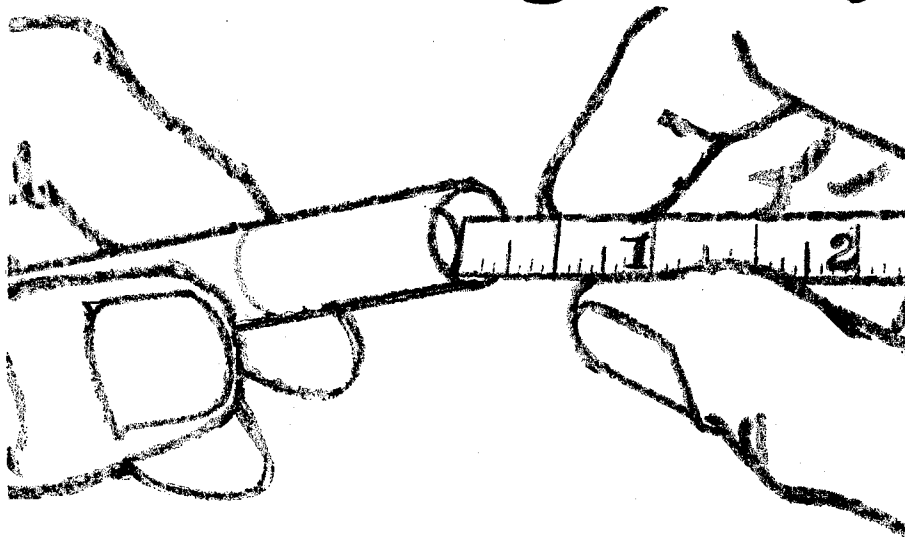
A few weeks ago a young student wrote to the newspaper *Die Welt* that the persisting belief that the Germans were mainly responsible for the war enraged him. Crimes might have been committed during the war by individual Germans, but the greatest crime of all was that the criminals of other nations remained unpunished. How will a young man like this react to Soviet propaganda? He, too, is not exceptional.

It is understandably difficult for Germans to take a detached view of the past or develop a clear-sighted view of the future. Old enemies have become friends (with reservations); old ideals have been proclaimed chimeras; German history has been stood on its head. The German people today may not be capable of implementing an "Austrian solution" of their country's problems — a solution which would require the same degree of resistance to external pressures which the Austrians are showing.

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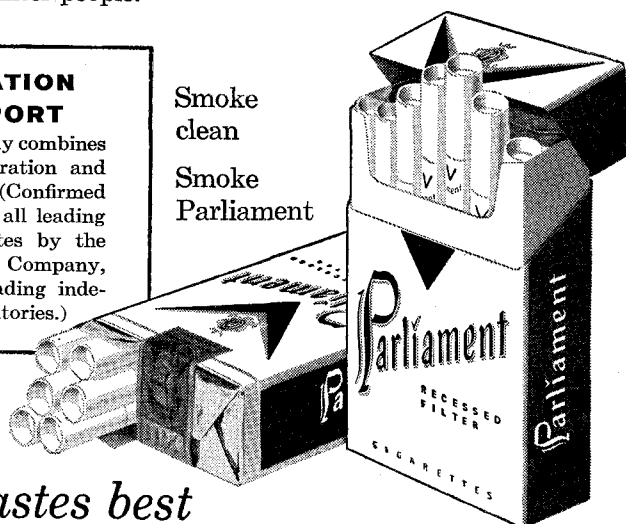


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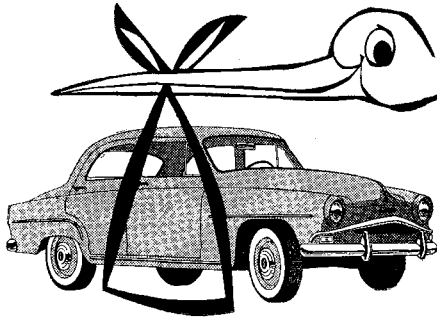
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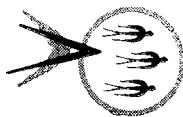


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Report on Bonn



There is no parallel in West Germany. Nor is there likely to be as long as decent, ineffectual Erich Ollenhauer leads the Social Democratic Party. Since the death of Kurt Schumacher, the party has been managed by a junta. Its members have seen eye-to-eye on one question: their positions were assured as long as they maintained a mediocrity at the top. Ollenhauer has shown ability to reconcile warring factions, but he has given the party no new fighting spirit. Since 1949 it has driveled down its chosen road of sheer negation.

Can the Social Democrats shake themselves into shape in time? There are two men with the personality and fervor to enable them to do this. Willy Brandt, unfortunately, is largely isolated from West German politics in his post of mayor of Berlin. He has all the qualifications. But in Bonn, Herbert Wehner, fifty-two-year-old ex-Communist and a passionate apostle of social justice, has lately thrust himself to the fore. Wehner joined the Communist Party thirty-one years ago, left it in 1942 after the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact turned him into a spiritual Titoist, before Tito.

Rejecting Communism is rejecting a religion. It is a big break. This is why Wehner took time to settle down in the manifestly moderate, peaceable, and pale-pink Social Democratic Party. But by 1953 he had become a member of the party executive. Then he was elected chairman of the Bundestag Committee for All-German Affairs. His voice was heard increasingly in debates, preaching an amalgam of wariness and initiative in foreign affairs, in soft, halting tones but with the occasional menacing rasp which betrays Moscow schooling.

Socialism for Germany?

Wehner believes that only a socially aware Germany can fight its way out of the pig-in-the-middle place between the world blocs. Capitalism based on self-interest, he thinks, is no answer to Communism.

It offers only the bourgeois comforts which good Communists despise.

Germany, Wehner thinks, should become the most enlightened socialist state of all. And while doing this, it could unite itself. For Wehner believes that the Ulbricht regime can only be undermined from within East Germany; it is protected from the dangers outside by the vigilant Big Brother in the Kremlin. On the home front, Wehner thinks West German Social Democracy should learn to be flexible and imaginative; it can defeat the Christian Democratic hegemony only by proposing real social ideals and substituting for Adenauer's Roman discipline a hardy humanitarianism.

Like all German politicians save Adenauer, Wehner tends to overrate German interest in reunification (Adenauer admits that it is "not the decisive issue in Europe"). Nothing could have illustrated lackluster German attitudes better than the recent campaign, histrionically entitled "Open the Gate!" and organized by the all-party society for an "Indivisible Germany." The society co-opted men like Axel Springer, owner of *Die Welt*, to collect money in the streets by selling Brandenburg Gate badges (the gate stands on the border between East and West Berlin). Eight hundred thousand badges were struck; they were, admittedly, all sold. But the average West German citizen bought one for ten pfennigs (two cents). With incredible ingenuousness, West German newspapers acclaimed that "some people actually insisted on contributing one Mark!" (twenty-four cents). But many citizens put more money into the Sunday-service offertory box.

The real mood of the West Germans is more aptly illustrated by the 2035 "festive occasions" at this year's Munich *Fasching* or carnival, by the 25 per cent rise in sales of automobiles in 1958 and the 42 per cent rise in sales of TV sets.

The Krupps combine

The economic pattern of West Germany is equally well illustrated by the return of the former gun-making firm of Friedrich Krupp to the leading position in the industrial scene. Krupps was to have been shorn of its coal and steel holdings;



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the present head of the family firm, Alfried Krupp, did indeed sign an agreement to do this by January 31, 1959. But, he claimed, no fair offer was made for the holdings. Now a four-power, seven-man committee has been set up to consider what should be done with them.

This is an unconvincing face-saver. In reality, the West German government wants Krupp to retain all his holdings. The American and French governments have no real objection. Nor has the British government, save that it must pay lip service to public opinion in Britain, whose people are notoriously slow to forget past wrongs (Krupps helped to finance Hitler, manufactured arms illegally between the world wars, and employed slave labor).

It is now certain that Krupps will keep its coal mines and steel mills (annual production 6 million and 4 million tons respectively). Along with immense engineering interests built up since the war, these should give the firm a 1959 turnover of 5 billion marks. Krupps has become the biggest heavy industrial concentration in Europe.

Krupp personally may not be the disaster for German democracy which European socialists proclaim him to be. He is a shy, saddish man with progressive ideas about investment in underdeveloped countries. German democracy may suffer more from the retirement this year of federal President Theodor Heuss. Heuss is seventy-five years old but still young in heart and physical vigor. He has an unimpeachable record in office, but the constitution allows him only two five-year terms.

The Christian Democratic candidate, Heinrich Krone, is worthy but dull. The Social Democratic choice, Professor Carlo Schmid, humanist and historian, is not dull at all. He has been one of the few orators in ten dreary years of Bundestag debates. West Germany does not require a mere figurehead as President; it must have a man with civic courage and a knack for saying an important word on moral issues. Heuss did this. Carlo Schmid can do it too, and his talents should be used for the further consolidation of German democracy.

ULYSSES IN WALL STREET

Buying stock is rather like going on a journey. You start with a goal and an itinerary, but you have to expect some surprises and changes of plan on the way.

In the market, you may not have to contend with anything as horrendous as the Cyclops or as beguiling as the Sirens. But there are two hazards that you should make a point of avoiding: the Scylla of speculation and the Charybdis of over-conservatism. Or, if you like, the danger of taking too much risk and its opposite, the danger of being unwilling to take any risk at all.

Actually, Ulysses set a pretty good example for the questing investor. He always got advance information about his route when he could, and he never relied on luck alone to pull him through the tight spots. "Trust in Jove," he said, "but row with might and main."

Risk is inherent in the ownership of stock as in the ownership of any other kind of property, including cash. But there is no need for you or any investor to assume more risk than is necessary. Never invest money that you need for daily living expenses, and never invest in any company with a record of poor earnings or poor management.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Some came running

SIR:

To what strange depths has the *Atlantic* sunk in its efforts to pick up circulation? The other night, I saw a film called *Some Came Running*, starring Frank Sinatra.

My rather wandering attention was of a sudden refocused on the screen when Sinatra, playing a G.I. returned from the last war and possessing literary pretensions, produced an enormous, dog-eared manuscript the size of *Gone with the Wind*, and his girl friend, a schoolmarm teaching Modern English Writing in some Indiana university, exclaimed, after barely a glance at the unwieldy mess, "But you have genuinely literary talent — this will make a wonderful short story for the *Atlantic*!"

She sends it in to 8 Arlington Street, and sure enough it is accepted. Sinatra, who travels with the complete works of Faulkner, Steinbeck, and Thomas Wolfe in his knapsack, meanwhile makes off with a professional gambler and a B-girl. After many a vicissitude Sinatra, shop-soiled and drunk, turns up again at the home of the university professor who is father to the schoolmarm. "Son," says the ancient pedagogue, "she doesn't want to see you, but she asked me to give you this." He thereupon hands Sinatra an envelope, which proves to contain a letter (from Edward Weeks?) and a check for five hundred dollars. I could only suppose that someone on the *Atlantic* had done a tremendous job of condensation, or else you were cheating the author. Five hundred dollars for a manuscript that size didn't add.

Well, sir, the high jinks weren't ended. Comedy stuff ensues, with the untutored doll looking at the *Atlantic* and allowing as how she has bought up every last copy on the local newsstand and is selling them off to her bug-eyed friends at five dollars each. Sinatra sits down helpfully and reads the thing aloud to the doll out of the magazine (outside cover turned right into the camera's eye), but she doesn't get its message. So Sinatra marries her there and then, but she gets shot dead before the marriage can be consummated (I'm not making this up).

How are sales?

RENÉ MACCOLL
London Daily Express
Washington, D.C.

Sex in the modern novel

SIR:

Douglas Bush says in "Sex in the Modern Novel" (January *Atlantic*) that he is tired of sex in modern novels. Well, I am tired of critics who are tired of sex in modern novels. From a novel I frankly expect congenial characters, a romantic plot with a happy ending, and sex scenes. There are all too few such novels, and I no more get tired of them than of sex itself.

DAVID DRAKE
Boulder, Colo.

SIR:

There is something that writers have apparently forgotten: the old adage which says, "Implication is stronger than description." Have they not realized that description limits the imagination to the confines of the narrative, while implica-

tion stimulates the imagination of the reader to limitless heights?

ROBERT D. SHRINER
Fort Belvoir, Va.

SIR:

I must ask if sex is merely a reticent suggestion, or is it rather an integral part of life, which when bared often illumines the motivations and actions of men? It would appear in this instance that modern writing techniques serve to facilitate understanding and perhaps give morality and a lethargic public a boost toward safer ground.

ROBERT K. GERDING
Portland, Ore.

SIR:

Painters of greatest merit, rather than paint in every detail, eliminate and suggest. Why does not the modern novelist?

W. E. VALVERDE
San Luis Potosi, Mexico

SIR:

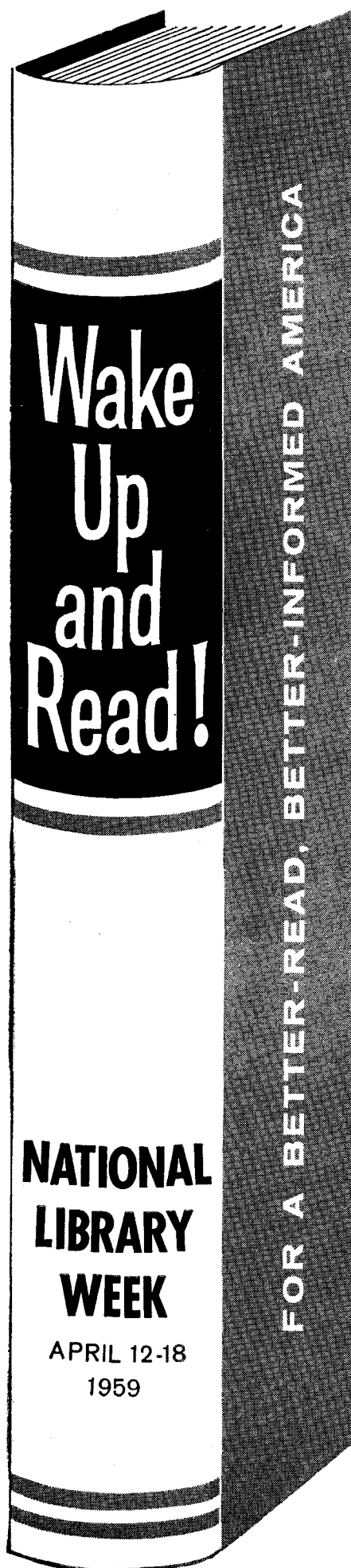
The problem may not be too much sex in modern literature but, perhaps, too little knowledge of life by the average reader.

FRED R. LESSER
Manchester, N.H.

Folklore in Maine (cont.)

SIR:

The careful, detailed, and logical rebuttal of Dr. Richard M. Dorson (February *Accent on Living*) to the attack of John Gould (November *Accent on Living*) — which attack, it appears, was based on Mr. Gould's ignorance — should not have had appended to it Mr. Gould's facetious, snide, weasel-worded apology.



That black paragraph clings to Dr. Dorson's explanation as a parasite clings to its unwilling host.

I will say, though, that Mr. Gould is efficient: he has displayed his ignorance and his resistance to learning in as few words as possible. By his own admission he has not read the referenced article nor does he think that there can be anything of value in it. He has all the hallmarks of a close-minded individual unworthy of crabbing in the pages of the *Atlantic*.

The editors owe loyalty not only to the magazine's stable of authors (I use the term "stable" in the figurative sense) but to the readers, the publishing profession, and the world of letters at large. When one of your boys is bested in a clean fight, you should not allow him to continue the fight unfairly.

If Mr. Gould does not have the facts and the logic to prevail over Dr. Dorson's objections, he should be obliged to apologize sincerely or never again take up space in your journal.

RICHARD G. GOULD
Menlo Park, Calif.

SIR:

It is difficult to decide which was the more amusing, John Gould's tale of the folklore professors "being took" by the down-Easters or the anguished screams of the professors at the tale itself (February Accent on Living and January Repartee). The incident reflects the repeated emphasis of the so-called social or behavioral scientists on the "science" part of their label. This claim to science, unfortunately, currently rests on a tautological development: polysyllabizing simple English words to arrive at a terminology that only they can understand.

When the behavioral scientists admit their closer kinship to art rather than science, perhaps this tedious self-consciousness may begin to wear off. Witness, as a contrast, the practically nil reaction shown by geologists to the repeated blasts of the novelist Kenneth Roberts, his colleague Gross, and their amazing dowsing rod. Folklorists would be protesting yet at similar carryings-on directed at them. I would suggest that Mr. Gould withdraw his apology and that folklore-anthropologists develop a sense of humor.

NORMAN HERZ
Belo Horizonte, Minas Gerais, Brazil

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THE EMERGING AFRICA

BY BARBARA WARD

BARBARA WARD and her husband, Sir Robert Jackson, have been in residence in Ghana fairly steadily since 1953. There she has watched the emergence of the new nation, and there at the University of Ghana to a group of students and officials she delivered the five stirring talks which compose her new book, FIVE IDEAS THAT CHANGE THE WORLD.



IN SPIKE of President Nasser's attempts to extend his influence down the Nile and across the desert, the distinction between North Africa and Africa south of the Sahara still has validity. North Africa had centuries of contact with other civilizations, a rich culture, a common tongue, and a unified religion. But when we leave the clear brilliant air of the Mediterranean to move southward into the heart of tropical Africa, all is changed. We enter an area which only a century ago was without any link with other civilizations, still living, over most of its extent, in the tribal conditions from which the Mediterranean world emerged five or six millenniums ago. The lateness of the discovery of Africa divides it not only from the Mediterranean north. It makes its experience unique in human history.

Apart from the small Dutch settlement in the Cape, virtually the only steady outside contact with Africa until the middle of the nineteenth century was the slave trade, conducted by Atlantic slavers along the West coast and by Arab slavers along the East. In the West, African coastal chiefs were the middlemen and used their wealth to build up more organized tribal kingdoms. But in the East the Arabs themselves ran the slave raids inland toward the lakes and cut a great swath of misery and destitution and hopelessness right through Central and East Africa. Even the most primitive forms of tribal society were shattered by the regular raiding for slaves. This was the world discovered by David Livingstone, and to put an end to

it was the most valid reason Europeans had at that time for entering Africa in strength.

But it was not the only reason. In the 1870s diamonds were discovered at Kimberley in South Africa. A few years later the vast gold deposits of the Rand were uncovered. The old picture of Africa as an inexhaustible source of mineral wealth — the legend of King Solomon's mines, of the wealth of Prester John, of "Africa and golden joys" — seemed to be confirmed just when Europe was passing through the brief imperialist fever of the late nineteenth century. All the European powers attempted to secure control of various areas of the continent in the last two decades of the century, in part to develop them, in part to keep others out. Germany and Britain maneuvered in East Africa, Britain and France in West Africa, Britain and Holland in South Africa. The two smaller colonizers, Belgium and Portugal, kept their cut between the rivalries of the giants. Out of this welter of economic interests, strategic pressures, force, and diplomacy, Africa emerged divided between the powers and open to any patterns of political development or economic growth they might determine to introduce.

Throughout most of Africa, a local reaction was unthinkable. The gap between the representatives of modern European society — restless, energetic, questioning, brash, making money in a hurry, building vast enterprises of evolved scientific and technological design — and the tribesmen of the forests and villages still dreaming among the

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myths of tribalism and animism was a gap too great to allow for any cultural continuity. African society, in all areas of intensive European development, was simply pulled up by the roots. To this day, the really significant divisions in Africa south of the Sahara lie not so much between tribes or colonies as between areas of varying intensity in European investment and settlement.

At one end of the spectrum is the region of heaviest white engagement. In the Union of South Africa nearly 90 per cent of the land and in Southern Rhodesia about 50 per cent have been confined to European use. All mining and industry are under white control and, explicitly in the Union and to a very considerable degree in Southern Rhodesia, society is organized on the basis of white dominance. Yet the white population is outnumbered by about 9 to 2 in the Union and by about 14 to 1 in the Central African Federation, of which Southern Rhodesia is a member state.

From the start, these two most southerly states of Africa have faced a dilemma which is certainly not confined to Africa but is met there in its most acute form today. What should be the policy of dominant minorities when the territory they take over is inhabited by men differing from them totally in race, tradition, and, above all, in evolution along the ladder of human progress?

One answer was given thousands of years ago in India, when the caste system consigned men of darker skin and more primitive habits to the menial tasks. Another answer was given in the Caribbean, in North America, and Australia, where the local tribes virtually disappeared under the incoming pressure of the white man. Yet another answer is being given in Soviet Asia, where Uzbek and Kazakh nomads, not much less primitive than Africa's Bantu tribes, have been absorbed into the new Russian-directed industrial system brutally and ruthlessly but without any racial barrier to their advancement.

None of these possibilities applies in South Africa today. Caste is breaking down even in India, and in Africa there are no religious sanctions to enforce it on the majority. Decimation was tried in the Belgian Congo at the turn of the century, but the outcry raised in the world was such that no white government could have adopted it in the wake of King Leopold. Moreover, by 1910 the African majority were already the essential force in South African mining. Today, they are the indispensable condition of South Africa's rapid industrialization.

The Soviet solution — of incorporating the tribesmen and the nomads into the industrial economy on a basis of equality or rather of equal servitude — is ruled out in part by the theory of white domination, in part by the failure, over the

last five decades, to educate Africans to bridge the gap of millenniums. Soviet policy, however dictatorial, has at least been logical. The drive to industrialize has been accompanied by as fierce a drive to educate. In South Africa, the Bantu Education Act even marks a reverse direction, since its precise aim is to *unfit* the African for participation in advanced European technological society. Thus that society is being based on the labor of those who are not to share in its advantages. In the Rhodesias, even though the theory of dominance is not acknowledged, there is little trace of the educational drive to develop African capacity, which would alone make the proclaimed policy of ultimate racial partnership a reality. The most likely outcome, therefore, seems one of increasingly rigorous racial repression to counter the stirrings of African nationalism, which will be inevitably intensified by African advance in other parts of the continent. The chances facing such a policy in a world as race and color conscious as our own are dubious at best.

That European settlement is harder to assimilate than European economic development is suggested by the experience of the Belgian Congo. After the disgrace of the royal regime, the Belgian government kept policy firmly in its own hands. There was little encouragement in Belgian settlement even in areas where the climate was attractive. No settlers were allowed special political privileges. The great mining interests which opened up the copper belt were in part government owned, and their policies were related to the broad social objectives of the colonial regime. The aim has been to build up a settled, skilled, urbanized African labor force and to create a prosperous productive native agriculture. In the Congo, the basis of a settled African urban society is at least being laid, and when the first elections were held at the municipal level in 1957 Africans and Europeans voted together. In spite of recent disturbances — in spite, too, of vast European-controlled wealth — the Congo's future lies in self-government and autonomous development.

WE COME now to the African territories where there has been little or no European settlement. With two exceptions, all have followed much the same pattern of development and present many of the same problems. The exceptions are Portuguese East and West Africa, where both economic and political development has been on too small a scale to launch the two territories into the main flood of African change, and Kenya, where sixty thousand Europeans, ten thousand of them farmers in the White Highlands, have a permanent

home in a land of over 6 million Africans. Here, however, there is now no question of white domination. The problem is becoming rather one of protecting a white minority interest from being wholly engulfed by intolerant African nationalism.

In the rest of East Africa, in Equatorial Africa, and in West Africa, both British and French, the political direction is firmly set toward African autonomy and varying degrees of independence. The reason for this is not so much great indigenous development and sophistication, although it is certainly true that West Africa with its widespread commerce, its towns, markets, and local currencies was readier for the modern age than the herdsmen and the subsistence farmers who were dominant in most of the rest of Africa.

The chief reason is that the European did not settle. For one thing, the climate was too unattractive, the fevers too mortal. For another, mineral development was small and was long confined to some gold mines in the Gold Coast (now Ghana) and a little tin mining in Nigeria. In fact, West Africa might have continued uncolonized for another half century, had not the industrial revolution created new needs in urban Europe. The grime and filth of the new industries changed soap from a luxury to a necessity and made the vegetable oils of West Africa — milled from ground nuts and from palm kernels — commercially attractive enough to draw the European merchants, just as spice and pepper had once lured them to the Indies. Colonization in these areas did in fact resemble European colonization in Asia of a century before — a colonization of trade and outposts, of administrative control, and of law and order — and not one that planted down white communities, tore up local society by alienating the land, set in motion vast mineral developments, and introduced sudden dynamic changes into the local economy.

Yet even if the tempo was slower, the modern world came flooding in. Growing wealth in the Atlantic world increased the market for every sort of African product — oil and cotton, coffee and cocoa, bananas and tropical fruits. Although the middlemen of this expansion were European, the producers of many of the exports were African peasant farmers growing cocoa in the Gold Coast, ground nuts in Nigeria, or cotton in Uganda. This new wealth began to break up the old communal agriculture and encouraged Western spending and Western tastes, especially in education. The mission schools opened up the new ways, and wealthier families sent their sons to Britain or France, where they learned the rights of man and the claims of nationalism, studied law, and returned to form a new group of leaders and politicians.

Whether another fifty years of this type of evolu-

tion would have created African communities fully equipped — by education, habit of mind, and working institutions — to deal with the social requirements of modern, urban, technical, and popular society, we shall never know. What is certain is that World War II compressed half a century of political evolution and economic change into not much more than a decade.

Up to 1939, the doctrine of all colonial powers was in the main that colonies should pay their way at whatever level their resources permitted. The per capita African incomes in French territory were among the lowest in the world, and every African dependency was stricken by the collapse of primary prices in the thirties. Since World War II all this has been reversed. The French have rarely spent less than 250 million dollars a year in Africa; virtually every British colony evolved its ten-year development plan with the help of subsidies from Britain amounting to at least 70 million dollars a year. In addition, between 1947 and 1957 primary prices were often seven and eight times higher than the pre-war level. As a result every prime mover of economic change — export income, agricultural productivity, public works, industrial development — has been at work in black Africa since the war.

Politics has shown the same acceleration. The equality of all French citizens, white and black, proclaimed at Brazzaville in 1944, has worked like a ferment in French territory. Within the British Commonwealth, the granting of independence to the dominions in Asia only intensified the pressure of self-government in Africa. At first, there was a divergence between French and British methods, the French promising equal citizenship in a centralized French Union, the British partnership in a Commonwealth of independent states. But French policy, under African pressure, has moved from centralization to the idea of autonomous states within a federal framework or even, conceivably, within a looser bond of the Commonwealth type. What is clear is that no political links or common institutions with Europe will prevent the African colonies, French and British alike, from managing their own affairs.

Yet their clear determination to achieve autonomy does not rid these African states of all trace of their old dependence upon European resources or of their recent emergence from the European colonial system. In spite of the great expansion in their educational programs in the last decade, not one of them has a literacy rate higher than about 25 per cent. In spite of an important increase in the number of graduate students, they must still be numbered in thousands for populations verging on 100 million. Not one ex-colony can fully staff its own administrative

services. In French Africa 75 per cent of the federal services are still manned by Frenchmen. Technical services are even less Africanized, simply because there are not yet the African scientists, agronomists, engineers, and technicians available. For another two decades at least the emergent African states must rely upon expert non-African assistance.

Equally they cannot produce all the capital needed to sustain the rate of advance their people expect. Ghana, with some 500 million dollars set aside from cocoa earnings, is uniquely well provided, but even this sum is not enough to launch the Volta power and aluminum project needed to end the economy's dangerous dependence upon a single export crop of cocoa. Certainly one reason for the almost unanimous decision of the French African colonies to remain within the French Union lies in their leaders' knowledge that from no other source will there come lavish assistance in manpower or capital grants of the order of 100 million dollars a year.

Politics, too, continues to be stamped with the inheritance of colonialism. The new ideas of parliamentary and party government brought in from Europe are still at odds with the African tradition of chieftaincy and tribal rule. Although there can be little doubt that party government, in more or less absolute forms, will prevail, the friction is enough to throw obstacles in the way of self-government in Uganda and to exacerbate political and regional rivalries in countries such as Nigeria or Ghana.

But the colonial inheritance can be seen most clearly in the uncertainty of the future relationships between the new African states. Virtually all their frontiers were determined fifty and sixty years ago, by negotiations conducted in London or Paris or Berlin. One may question how many of these boundaries will survive the ending of the colonial epoch. Will East Africa, for instance, remain a region of three separate states, or will Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika draw together? Could a broader federal system covering all West Africa emerge? In which case, who would dominate it? British-trained politicians, or French?

In short, Africa today, North and South, East and West, autonomous or dependent, is still largely a projection of European policies and of African reactions to them. The epoch that is opening is new and unpredictable, because for the first time Africans will become independent actors on their own stage.

Yet there are certain factors which may be discerned as possible keys to future African policy. As Dr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of independent Ghana, pointed out in a recent article in *Foreign*

Affairs, there is a vast reservoir of good will for the West in Africa. Language, education, personal friendships, familiarity, commercial ties, business experience — all these intimate links inherited from the colonial phase still bind Europe and Africa together, and wherever progress toward African autonomy is accepted as the goal of European policy, good will envelops the process of change and survives to underpin the Africans' new status. Not all Africa's leaders are as passionately pro-Western as Chief Awolowo in Nigeria or M. Houphouët Boigny in the Ivory Coast, but even M. Sékou Touré, who led Guinea to independence in General de Gaulle's referendum, hopes for a continuing link with France. Probably a majority of leaders follow Dr. Nkrumah's line of "positive neutrality" pursued in close cooperation with the Western powers.

But two shadows fall across an otherwise promising prospect. If the plight of the African in the Union and the Rhodesias should grow steadily more unendurable, the whole Western link with Africa might be strained to breaking point by the policies pursued in Africa by white governments claiming to represent and conform to Western standards and Christian ethics.

The second difficulty is the doubt whether the Western powers have taken the full measure of Africa's need for continuing outside help. British colonial grants are not maintained after independence. France has threatened to cut off completely countries choosing independence. Meanwhile, there are no alternatives in sight. American programs are negligible. International aid has gone overwhelmingly to South Africa. Even primary prices have given little encouragement in the last two years. To these dubious prospects one must add the fact that there is still no real Western drive behind programs for training more Africans either in Africa or abroad, while the seconding of officials for service with African governments is very uncertain, although some progress has been made in Ghana and Nigeria.

Naturally, this indifference and uncertainty — coupled with the racial policies of the South — offer the Communists their best hope of securing a foothold in Africa. Hitherto, they have made only desultory attempts to influence African events. There are signs now of rising interest. M. Sékou Touré was offered recognition and credits on the morrow of the Guinea vote. Diplomatic missions are to be opened in all independent states. Africans are being trained in Moscow, and a Communist-dominated Asian-African Committee has permanent quarters in Cairo. None of this is very serious provided the new Africa can count on Western backing and support.



CHIEF LUTHULI BY NADINE GORDIMER

Alan Paton and NADINE GORDIMER are the two most gifted novelists now writing about the divided world of the Union of South Africa. A native Johannesburger, Miss Gordimer here describes a valiant and honorable native leader who has refused to be crushed by apartheid. Her latest novel, A WORLD OF STRANGERS, was published by Simon and Schuster last fall.

THERE are three million white people and more than nine million black people in the Union of South Africa. Only a handful of the whites have ever met Albert John Luthuli. He has never been invited to speak over the radio, and his picture rarely appears in the white daily press in South Africa. Yet this government-deposed African chief — who, far from losing his honorable title since he was officially deprived of it, is generally known simply as “Chief” — is the only man to whom the nine million Africans (“African” is becoming the accepted term for a South African Negro) give any sort of wide allegiance as a popular leader. He is the one man in black politics in South Africa whose personality is a symbol of human dignity which Africans as a whole, no matter what their individual or political affiliations are and no matter what state of enlightenment or ignorance they may be in, recognize as *their* dignity.

Luthuli is a sixty-year-old Zulu and an African aristocrat. His mother was a Gumedede — one of the most honored of Zulu tribes — and his grandmother was given, as was the custom with the

daughter of a prominent tribal chief, to the court of the famous paramount chief of unconquered Zululand in the eighteen seventies, Cetshwayo. Luthuli has a number of those physical characteristics which are regarded as typical of the warrior Zulu and to which even the most ardent supporter of apartheid would pay grudging admiration. His head is large and set majestically back on a strong neck; he has a deep, soft voice; and although he is not a tall man he seems always to look as big as anyone else in the room.

Among his less obvious characteristics is a sense of repose; sometimes a monumental quiet. If more white South Africans could meet him, or even hear him speak on a public platform, they would be astonished (and perhaps even a little ashamed — he makes that sort of impression) to measure the real man against the bloodthirsty demagogue that is the African leader as they imagine him. Luthuli is, of course, a full-blooded African (people of mixed blood are known as “coloreds” in South Africa), and he speaks English with a distinct American intonation, acquired along with his education at schools run by American missionaries.

Luthuli’s ancestral home is Groutville Mission, in the Umvoti Mission Reserve on the coast of Natal, near Durban, and his personality stands sturdily upon this little corner of Africa. He has never, even as a child, lived in a kraal (the collection of thatched mud huts in which tribal Africans usually live) because Reverend Grout, an American missionary who came to South Africa in 1835, had planned his mission village on the European

Photograph copyright Drum Publications, Johannesburg.

pattern, with houses; and if as a child the young Luthuli did his share of herding cattle, he did it after school hours, because Grout had seen to it that there was fenced common that would free the children to attend school. As the Umvoti Reserve is a mission and not a tribal reserve, the chiefs are elected, and there is no dynasty in the hereditary sense. Yet ability has tended to create a dynasty of its own; a number of the elected chiefs have been members of the Luthuli family. When Luthuli was a child, his uncle was chief, but after 1921 the chieftainship went out of the hands of the family until 1936, when Luthuli himself, then a teacher at Adam's Mission Station College, was elected.

Luthuli was educated at various mission schools and at Adam's College, and in 1921 he qualified as an instructor in the teachers' training course and joined the staff of Adam's. He could look back on a gentle, almost sheltered childhood in the protective shadow of his uncle's house and the mission at Groutville. The one had given him the confidence that comes to children who belong to an honored family; the other, which provided his first contact with the world of whites, did not impose the harsh impact of the color bar too early on his young mind. Perhaps as a result of this, even today, when the white government of South Africa has deposed him as chief of his people, several times banned him from free movement about the country, and arrested him — as President-General of the African National Congress and a leader of the liberation movement of Africans in South Africa — on a charge of treason that kept him in court through almost a year of inquiry, he has no hate in him. He has never been anti-white and believes he never will be. He started off his life by seeing human beings, not colors. It is a very different matter today for the urban African child who is born and grows up in the slum areas of big cities in South Africa, cheek by jowl with the whites in the paradox of the color bar; he is made aware, from the start, that his blackness is a shroud, cutting him off, preparing him to be — as the Africans often describe themselves as feeling — “half a man.”

Luthuli seems to have come to politics through an ideal of service fostered by religion rather than by way of any strong ambition. As early as his primary school days, what he calls the “Christian ideal” of service captured his faith and his imagination. Many politically minded Africans deplore the influence the missions — which brought education to Africa and which have continued, because of government neglect of its obligation, to dominate African education — have had among their people in the past. The cry is that the missions have used their influence to reconcile the

people to white domination rather than to encourage them to demand their birthright as free human beings. But Luthuli's experience has been that mission teaching gave him a sense of the dignity of man, in the sight of God, that he wants to see made a reality for all colors and creeds.

The truth probably lies somewhere in the fact that for those, like Luthuli, who had eyes for it, there was a glimpse of freedom in the gospel of humble submission to a discipline greater than man-devised. Out of that glimpse, more than any reasoning of politics and experience, a man may come to say, as Luthuli did when he gave up his chieftainship under government pressure in 1952, “Laws and conditions that tend to debase human personality — a God-given force — be they brought about by the State or any other individuals, must be relentlessly opposed in the spirit of defiance shown by Saint Peter when he said to the rulers of his day, ‘Shall we obey God or man?’”

LUTHULI's consciousness of the disabilities of the African people awoke as soon as he began to teach. “Before that,” he explains, “when men like myself were children at school and college students, we didn't have much chance to compare our lot with that of white people. Living in a reserve and going to a mission school or college, far away from the big white cities, our only real contact with white people was with the school principal and the missionary, and so if we suffered in any way from discriminatory treatment by white men, we tended to confuse our resentment with the natural resentment of the schoolboy toward those in authority who abuse him.” But the moment he was adult and a teacher, the normal disabilities of being a black man in South Africa, plus the disabilities of being a black teacher, plus the special sensitivity to both that comes about through being an educated and enlightened person, hit home. Through church work and the activities of the teachers' association, he busied himself with trying to improve the world of his people within the existing framework that the white world imposed upon it; he was too young and, in a sense, too ignorant to understand then, as he came to later, that the desire and the context in which it existed were contradictory.

In 1936, after some deliberation and misgiving, for he loved to teach, Luthuli left Adam's College and teaching forever and went home to Groutville as chief. The duties and responsibilities of chieftainship were in his blood and his family tradition, so from one point of view the change was not a dramatic one. But from another aspect the change was to be total and drastic. His thirty-

eight years as a nonpolitical man were over; he found himself, as he puts it, "plunged right into South African politics — and by the South African government [then Smuts's government] itself."

The year of the Hertzog Bills was 1936. They were two: the Native Representation Bill and the Native Trust and Land Bill. The Native Representation Bill took away from all nonwhites in South Africa the hope of an eventual universal franchise that they had been told since 1853 they would someday attain. It offered Africans in the Cape province representation through the election, on a separate voters' roll, of three white members of parliament. It offered Africans in the rest of the Union the opportunity to elect — not by individual vote but by means of chiefs, local councils, and advisory boards, all acting as electoral colleges — four white senators. Finally, a Natives' Representative Council was to be instituted, to consist of twelve elected African representatives, four government-nominated African representatives, and five white officials, with the Secretary for Native Affairs as chairman. Its function was to be purely advisory, to keep the government acquainted with the wants and views of the African people.

The Native Trust and Land Bill tightened once and for all an earlier land act whereby Africans were prohibited from owning land except in reserves. The bill provided 7.25 million morgen of land to be made available for African occupation and a trust fund to finance land purchase. (Twenty-two years later, this provision has not yet been completely fulfilled.)

Once the bills were law, Luthuli had vested in his authority as chief of the Umvoti Mission Reserve the collective vote of his five thousand people. White men and black canvassed him eagerly. He, who had scarcely talked politics at all, found himself talking scarcely anything else. For him, the reserve and its troubles had come into focus with the whole South African political scene. At the same time, he took up his traditional duties as chief — that combination of administrator, lawgiver, father-confessor, and figurehead. He found his chief's court or *ibandhla*, held under a shady tree, "a fine exercise in logical thinking," and the cases on which he gave judgment, according to a nice balance of tribal lore and the official Code of Native Law, varied from boundary disputes to wrangles over the payment of *lobolo* (bride price). He could not make the land go around among his people — not even the uneconomic five-acre units without freehold which were all that Groutville, a better reserve than most, had to offer — but he tried to help them make the best of what they had; he even formed a Bantu cane growers' association to

protect those among his tribesmen who were small growers of sugar. "The real meaning of our poverty was brought home to me," he says. "I could see that the African people had no means of making a living according to civilized standards, even if they belonged, as we did in Groutville, to a civilized Christian community, so far as African communities go."

From 1945 until 1948, Luthuli himself sat on the Natives' Representative Council. The council proved to be a toy telephone, and no one regretted its passing when the first Nationalist government to come into power, Dr. Malan's government of 1948, abolished it. No one was much surprised, either, when it was not replaced by something more effective, for this was the first government actually dedicated to apartheid instead of merely committed to the bogus paternalism of Smuts. What the Africans got in place of the council was yet another act — the Bantu Authorities Act, which, like many others affecting his people, Luthuli knows almost by heart and can reel off clause by clause. "It was a velvet-glove act," he says, "designed to give Africans in the reserves some feeling of autonomy, of a direct hand in their own affairs, while in fact using the decoy of their own chiefs to attract them to accept whatever the apartheid government decided was good for them. Under the act, the chief becomes a sort of civil servant and must cooperate with the government in selling the government's wishes to the people."

IN THE late forties, Luthuli went to the United States at the invitation of the American Missionary Board to lecture on Christian missions in Africa. (The church had provided him with a chance to get to know other countries and peoples once before, when in 1938 he had gone to Madras as the Christian Council delegate to an International Missionary Council meeting.) He spent nine months in the United States, and he enjoyed his visit tremendously despite one or two incidents, those moments — a door closed in one's face, a restaurant where a cup of coffee has been refused — that jolt the colored man back to the realization that, almost everywhere he travels, race prejudice will not let him be at home in the world.

The same year in which Luthuli took up his seat on the Natives' Representative Council, he had joined an organization to which, in time, no government was to be able to turn a deaf ear. This was the African National Congress. The Congress movement began in 1912, just after the Act of Union that made the four provinces of South Africa into one country, when the Africans realized that the Union's motto, "Unity Is

Strength,” was to refer strictly to the whites. “When the ANC started,” Luthuli says, “it had no idea of fighting for a change in fundamentals. It was concerned with the African’s immediate disabilities — passes, not issues. The question of the fight for political rights may have been implied, but was not on the platform at all.”

Other Africans would not agree with him about this. Be that as it may — the history of Congress, a movement shrinking and spawning, according to the times, over the years, is not very well documented except perhaps in the secret files of the Special Branch of the South African police — the first meeting of Congress laid down at least one principle that has characterized the movement to this day: it was to be “a greater political and national body, uniting all small bodies and the different tribes in South Africa.” It has since pledged itself to the goal of a multiracial society in South Africa with equal rights for all colors. “But it was only after 1936,” says Luthuli, “when the Hertzog Bills acted as a terrific spur, that Congress began to show signs of becoming a movement that aimed at getting the government to bring about changes in policy that would give equal rights to nonwhites in all fields.” At this same time, Luthuli’s new responsibility as chief was proving to him the futility of any attempt to secure human rights without political rights; experience was shaping him for Congress, as it was shaping Congress for its historic role to come.

When he joined Congress in 1945, he was elected to the executive of the Natal Branch at once, and he remained on it continuously for the six years during which the movement felt its way to effectiveness, leaving behind the old methods — deputations, petitions, conferences that enabled the government to “keep in touch with the people” without having to take their views into account — that had failed to achieve anything for the Africans. Finally, in 1949 Congress drafted a program of action that was based on the premise that in South Africa freedom can come to the nonwhite only through extraparliamentary methods. A year later, when Luthuli had just been elected Provincial President of Natal, Congress decided to launch a full-scale passive resistance campaign in defiance of unjust, color-bar laws. “This decision,” he comments, “had my full approval.”

The official-sounding, platitudinous remark covers what was the result of considerable heart-searching on Luthuli’s part. Luthuli sees it and, for himself, used it as Gandhi conceived it — not only as a technique but as a soul force, *Satyagraha*.

In 1952 the African National Congress, the South African Indian National Congress, and

other nonwhite associations organized defiance groups all over the country. Thousands of Africans and, in lesser numbers, Indians, and even some whites, defied the color-bar laws and invited arrest. Africans and Indians entered libraries reserved for white people, sat on railway benches reserved for white people, used post office counters reserved for white people, and camped out in open ground in the middle of the white city of Durban. Black and white, they went to prison. Luthuli was everywhere in Natal, addressing meetings, encouraging individuals, carrying with him in the most delicate situations, under the nose of government ire and police hostility, an extraordinary core of confidence and warmth. All his natural abilities of leadership came up simply and strongly.

The defiance campaign went on successfully for some months before it was crushed by the heavy sentences imposed upon defiers under new legislation specially devised by the government, which fixed the high penalties (up to three years’ imprisonment or a fine of £300) that may be applied to anyone protesting against any of the racial laws or inciting others to do so.

LUTHULI had gone into the campaign a country chief; he came out a public figure. In September, 1952, while defiance was still on, he was given an ultimatum by the Native Affairs Department: he must resign from Congress and the defiance campaign or give up his chieftainship. “I don’t see the contradiction between my office as chief and my work in Congress,” he answered, courteously but bluntly. “In the one I work in the interests of my people within tribal limits, and in the other I work for them on a national level, that’s all. I will not resign from either.”

On Wednesday, November 12, 1952, the Native Commissioner announced that Chief A. J. Luthuli was dismissed by the government from his position as chief of the Umvoti Mission Reserve. In reply to this, the African National Congress issued a statement by Luthuli under the title, “Our Chief Speaks.” It is a statement that has been much quoted, in and out of South Africa, both in support of those who believe that right is on the side of the Africans in their struggle against racial discrimination and in support of those who regard the black man’s claim to equality of opportunity with the white man as a fearful black nationalism that aims — to quote, in turn, one of the favorite bogies of white South Africa — “to drive the white man into the sea.”

The lengthy statement is written in the formal, rather Victorian English, laced with Biblical cadence and officialese, that Luthuli uses — the Eng-

lish of a man to whom it is a foreign or at best a second language, but impressive, for all that. "In these past thirty years or so," he said, "I have striven with tremendous zeal and patience to work for the progress and welfare of my people and for their harmonious relations with other sections of our multiracial society in the Union of South Africa. In this effort I have always pursued what liberal-minded people rightly regarded as the path of moderation.

"Insofar as gaining citizenship rights and opportunities for the unfettered development of the African people, who will deny that thirty years of my life have been spent knocking in vain, patiently, moderately, and modestly at a closed and barred door? Has there been any reciprocal tolerance or moderation from the government, be it Nationalist or United Party? No! On the contrary, the past thirty years have seen the greatest number of laws restricting our rights and progress until today we have reached a stage where we have almost no rights at all: no adequate land for our occupation, our only assets — cattle — dwindling, no security of homes, no decent and remunerative employment, more restrictions to freedom of movement through passes, curfew regulations, influx control measures; in short we have witnessed in these years an intensification of our subjection to ensure and protect white supremacy.

"It is with this background and with a full sense of responsibility that I have joined my people . . . in the spirit that revolts openly and boldly against injustice and expresses itself in a determined and nonviolent manner. Viewing nonviolent passive resistance as a nonrevolutionary and therefore a most legitimate and human political pressure technique for a people denied all effective forms of constitutional striving, I saw no real conflict in my dual leadership of my people."

A month after his deposition as chief, Luthuli was elected President-General of the African National Congress and became leader of the entire Congress movement in South Africa. Wherever he went, he was greeted by cheering crowds of Africans; at last they had a leader who had shown himself a leader in places less comfortable and closer to their lives than conferences and conventions.

THE government found that ex-Chief Luthuli seemed to be more of a chief than ever. A ban was served on him under one of those new powers that had been legislated to deal with the defiance campaign, a ban which debarred him for a year from all the important cities and towns in South Africa. The day it expired, Luthuli opened the

South African Indian Congress in Durban and, guessing that his time was short, left at once by air for Johannesburg to attend a protest meeting in Sophiatown about the Sophiatown removals. It was his first visit to Johannesburg since he had become President-General, and the people of Sophiatown, under arbitrary orders to quit their homes and move to a settlement further away from the white city, were heartened at the idea of having him among them as champion of their protest.

As he stepped off the plane at Johannesburg, the Special Branch police served him with a second ban. And what a ban! This time he was to be confined for two years to a radius of about twenty miles around his home in Groutville village. During the long period of confinement he suffered a slight stroke, and while he lay ill in his house in Groutville, his wife had to beg permission from the police to let him be taken to a hospital in Durban, sixty miles away. Permission was granted, and he was rushed to Durban. There he spent two months in the hospital, and from the second day Special Branch men hung about his ward in constant attendance. Despite these unwelcome presences, who, he says, day after day used to inquire sheepishly after his health, Chief made a complete recovery except for a barely perceptible droop that shows itself in his left eyelid when he is tired.

His ban expired in July, 1956. He was free to move about the country again; but not for long. About four in the morning of December 5, there was a loud knocking at the door of the Luthulis' house in Groutville. The Luthulis struggled out of sleep. Four white Special Branch Men were at the door; they had come to arrest Chief on a charge of treason. He was flown to Johannesburg and taken straight to prison at the Johannesburg Fort. And there he found himself accused of treason with one hundred and fifty-five others. Some were his respected colleagues over many years; some represented ideologies that were largely or partly distasteful to him; some he had never heard of before.

The preliminary hearing of the Treason Trial (the first in the history of peacetime South Africa) began in January, 1957, and the trial has been in progress, in one form and another — nine months of preliminary hearing, several sessions of the trial itself, with a number of adjournments — for two years. "Treason" is a word with ugly associations. They have become uglier still during the years since the war, now that the word has become part of the vocabulary of the witch hunters of the world. Like "Communist," "treason" may be used, in certain countries and circumstances, to blot out the name of anyone who puts up any sort of opposition to race discrimination

and the denial of freedom of movement, opportunity, and education.

Among the hundred and fifty-six of the original accused, there was a sprinkling of ex-Communists and fellow travelers — almost exclusively among the twenty-three whites — but the great majority were simply people who abhor the injustice and misery of apartheid and want all races in South Africa to share freely in the life of the country. At various stages in the trial, the number of accused has been reduced, and the government has not yet succeeded in formulating a satisfactory statement of the charge against them; but the trial drags on, and at the time of writing, the Attorney General has just made a statement that he intends to draw a fresh indictment against the remaining accused.

The first list of those against whom charges had been withdrawn was announced in December, 1957, when the preliminary inquiry was in recess. Among the names was that of Chief A. J. Luthuli, President-General of the African National Congress. Chief was at home in Groutville after the nine-month ordeal in court, preparing for the wedding of his medical student daughter, when the news came, followed by a paper storm of congratulatory telegrams. His feelings were mixed: he could not see why he should be freed while his colleagues in the liberation movement were held; on the other hand, he was glad to be able to get on with Congress work outside the Drill Hall. A few weeks later, charges were withdrawn against some more accused, bringing down to ninety-one the number of those who were committed for trial for high treason in January, 1958.

The particulars of the "hostile acts" which were read under the charge of high treason included "the hampering or hindering of the said Government [of the Union of South Africa] in its lawful administration by organizing or taking part in campaigns against existing laws." The laws named included the Native Resettlement Act and the Group Areas Act, which involve the uprooting of African, Indian, and colored communities in order to move them out of white areas; the Bantu Education Act, which has lowered the standard of education available to African children; and the Bantu Authorities Act.

The defense applied for the discharge of the ninety-one, saying that the Crown, by the way it had formulated the charges, had established "nothing other than a desire to put an end to any form of effective opposition to the Government of this country — a desire to outlaw free expression of thought and ideas which people in all democratic countries of the West assert the right to hold and utter." The application for discharge

was refused. In the public gallery of the Drill Hall (divided down the middle by a token barrier of low chains and posts to ensure that whites sat on one side and blacks on the other) Luthuli heard the magistrate's decision. Why he was not still among the accused in the dock was as much of a mystery to him as to anyone else. Perhaps government ears had picked up what the Africanists — an anti-white group which, up till then, had failed to penetrate Congress — had to say about the original accused: "The government'll be doing us a favor if they hang the lot. Then *we* can take over." Whatever the reason, Chief sat in the Drill Hall as a spectator and a free man that day, and many heads, black and white, turned to look at him. When the court adjourned, he walked out among the free men, too; free to travel about the country and address meetings and attend gatherings where he pleased. For how long, of course, he could not guess.

So far — a year later — he has not been served with a ban again, though he has not minced words, whether on the platform of the small white Liberal Party or at the angry meetings of the Transvaal Branch of Congress in Johannesburg, where the Africanists brought off a crude coup in the first half of 1958 and battled all year without success (though by the beginning of 1959 they had caused a serious split in Congress ranks and a certain loss of African confidence in Congress) to oust Chief and his kind from leadership and commit the African National Congress to what he calls "a dangerously narrow African nationalism." There has been at least one protest against his appearance on a public platform, a brutal unofficial protest: a few months ago he was beaten up by white hooligans while he was addressing a white audience.

But that day at the beginning of 1958, when he walked out of the Drill Hall, the sudden release of his freedom was fresh upon him, lightheaded, like a weakness, though the weight of the ordeal of trial to which his colleagues were committed oppressed him, and he even looked a little lonely. And such are the paradoxes of human behavior that, as Luthuli crossed the street, two of the white police officers who had become familiar figures on duty in the Drill Hall all through the preparatory examination came around the corner and called out, forgetful, across the barrier of apartheid that seeks to legislate against all human contact between black and white and across the barrier of hate that the pass and the baton have built between the police and the black man in South Africa, "Well, hullo! You look fine! What are you doing around here? Can't you keep away from the old Drill Hall, after all?" And rather gingerly, Chief was amiable in reply.



BASIL DAVIDSON

*A British writer born in Bristol in 1914, BASIL DAVIDSON has recently finished his new book, THE RE-
DISCOVERY OF AFRICA, which will be published by
Atlantic-Little, Brown in the autumn. During the
war he served as a lieutenant colonel of infantry in the
British Army and was for several months attached to
the U.S. Army in Italy. His first books were the result
of his extensive travels after the war: REPORT ON
SOUTH AFRICA (1952), DAYBREAK IN CHINA (1953).*

ARCHAEOLOGY IN AFRICA

IT is less than three quarters of a century since Europe's Congress of Berlin agreed upon a colonial share-out in Africa that was intended to be long enduring, if not permanent. It is less than half a century since Africa's first graduates emerged from European universities; less than a quarter of a century since any significant number of graduates emerged from universities in Africa itself. Does this mean that the independent or about-to-be-independent African states come historically naked, or next to naked, into the civilized and self-governing world? Does it mean that their experience of statehood — their progress from savagery to barbarism to civilization — began no earlier than yesterday?

Many have thought so. "For countless centuries, while all the pageant of history swept by," declared Lord Milverton, a former governor of Nigeria, not long ago, "the African remained unmoved — in primitive savagery." Africans south of the Sahara — to quote a characteristic judgment delivered by an academic follower of Dr. Strijdom in South Africa — "had little more in the way of culture, or of control over physical environment, than is associated with the Stone Age. . . . Their thinking was not concerned

with objective validity and was preoccupied by the mystic powers of persons and things. This centuries-long stagnation cannot be attributed to their isolation from the main streams of civilization." In short, there must be something wrong with Negroes and their kind, something lacking in their nature, something naturally inferior. Others have seen in this view no more than the convenient rationalization of a white man's claim to superiority. What Dr. Melville Herskovits has called "the myth of the Negro past" — that the Negro is "a man *without* a past" — was based on nothing more solid than the imperialist ethos of slaving and colonialism. It was not true, said Herskovits, that the Negro was a man without a past; it was only true that he appeared in that light to those who knew no better.

Yet even supposing that appearances are deceptive, is it possible to *know* any better? Is it possible to offer more than guess and speculation in the matter of African origins, social growth, and political development in the dozen centuries or so before European discovery? Definitely yes. One can know a great deal about the pre-European African past. One can show that it comprised a steady civilizing growth through many centuries.

Photograph of bronze Benin huntsman from THE SCULPTURE OF AFRICA by Eliot Elisofon. In the British Museum.

A little over a hundred and fifty years ago a young Scots surgeon, Mungo Park, rode through Saharan sand and thorn into the remote city of Ségou on the middle reaches of the Niger River. "Looking forwards," he wrote of this experience, "I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission — the long sought for, majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward." To the eastward: triumphantly he had underlined those words. Ever since Ptolemy, sixteen centuries before, men had written on maps that the Niger flowed to the westward. Now at last they knew the truth; and it was the reverse of what they had thought.

Mungo Park perished on the Niger before he could plot its course to the sea; but others followed him. Within seventy years or so, after great pioneering journeys up and down the continent, the main facts were fixed and clear upon the map. Much the same thing is now happening to African history: historians and archaeologists have embarked on journeys of historical discovery that parallel the geographical ventures of Park and Clapperton, Barth and Caillié, Livingstone and Stanley, and so many more.

The problem is partly one of remembering what Europe had thought of Africa four or five hundred years ago. When the Carnegie Foundation joined with the Nigerian and British governments three years ago to award a team of scholars the sum of \$120,000 for the writing of a history of the medieval Nigerian kingdom of Benin, those who prepared to spend the money knew that a large part of it should go toward research in European libraries where many early records lie still unknown.

It is partly a problem of recording what Africans themselves have remembered of their past. Much African history is oral history: the tale of king lists and of more or less mythical events passed down from generation to generation but containing, along with heroic fairy stories, more than a grain of hard historical fact. Perhaps this capacity for true remembrance can best be illustrated in the story of what Emile Torday heard among the Bushongo people of the Central Congo nearly sixty years ago. Their "great king," he knew, was Shamba Bolongongo, who had reigned "a long time ago." But just how long? "As the elders were talking of the great events of various reigns," he afterwards recalled, "and we came to the ninety-eighth chief, Bo Kama Bomanchala, they said that nothing remarkable had happened during his reign except that one day at noon the sun had gone out, and there was absolute darkness for a short time."

"When I heard that," says Torday, "I lost all

self-control: I jumped up and wanted to do something desperate — the elders thought that I'd been stung by a scorpion." Several months later Torday received from Europe the actual date of that eclipse, and "there was no doubt left that it was the thirtieth of March, 1680, when there was a total eclipse of the sun, passing exactly over Bushongo," the only eclipse that would have been visible in the Central Congo during the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. "As there were three reigns between that of Shamba Bolongongo and of Bo Kama Bomanchala, and the great king's as well as that of his two successors had been of more than usual length, we cannot be far out," concludes Torday, "if we put the beginning of Shamba's rule at 1600, or thereabouts." It is significant of Europe's new interest in the possibility and the usefulness of studying African history that Torday's work is now revived and carried further by ethnologists.

YET it is archaeology and some of its newest tools which have really helped historical research. In the context of relatively recent African history — the period, let us say, of 1500 years before the present time — archaeology is of course only at the beginning of its task. Yet its first fruits are not small. In 1929 Gertrude Caton-Thompson examined the stone ruins of Southern Rhodesia and showed that these ruins were medieval in date and Bantu-speaking African in origin. The book in which she published her findings, *The Zimbabwe Culture*, set a new standard in African research. With majestic clarity and lack of passion Miss Caton-Thompson disposed of earlier European notions that Africans could not possibly have built these palaces and towers, and swept into the dustbin, in so doing, a vast mythology that had called in the ancient Egyptians, the Phoenicians, Hittites, or "mysterious peoples from the north."

Later work has confirmed the truth of her findings. And in 1952, at Chicago, the measurement for radioactive carbon of fragments of timber from beneath the walls at Great Zimbabwe brought fresh certainty. By similar tests in London, two years later, these carbon 14 results showed that the earliest builders at Zimbabwe began their work around 750 A.D. About eight hundred years after that, Portuguese raiders would reach the central plateau of South Africa; the history of what lies between is the history of the birth of an African civilization.

That story is not yet written. Much of it may never be known, for much may be unknowable; yet the outline is already clear. More will become clear as the history of nearby regions is detached,

little by little, from myth and guesswork. It is known, for example, that the mining culture of the southern plateau was closely linked with the coastal trade of East Africa. And it happens that a great deal can be learned about this coast trade.

When Vasco da Gama's four small ships had passed the Cape of Good Hope in 1498 and sailed northward along an East African coast that was utterly unknown to Europe then, their near-mutinuous crews, weary from months of battling with gray Atlantic loneliness, were astonished to come upon busy ports and populous cities. To their relief and joy they found themselves among sailors who knew the seaways to India and beyond; who sailed with charts and compasses and quadrants as good as their own, or better; whose knowledge of the world was wider even than theirs. They anchored in havens that were thick with ocean-shipping. They went ashore to cities "with many fair houses of stone and mortar, very well arranged in streets." They watched a flourishing maritime trade in gold and iron and ivory and tortoise shell and slaves, and saw that they had blundered on a world of commerce that was wider and perhaps wealthier than anything that Europe knew. And when at last they sailed for India, it was with an Arab pilot, Ahmad ibn Majid, who knew the voyage well.

It has long seemed likely that new knowledge of this Indian Ocean trade, ranging as it did from Southeast Africa to Southeast China, would throw new light not only on the civilization of the city-states and trading stations of the East African coast but also on their suppliers in the hinterland — among whom the people of the kingdom of Monomotapa, whose capital was probably at Great Zimbabwe, were prominent. For the whole culture of Great Zimbabwe, Miss Caton-Thompson thought, "the trade connexion with India is undoubtedly strong — indeed, I believe it to be the primary stimulus which led to the development of the indigenous Zimbabwe culture."

The latest findings of archaeology tend to confirm this. They also suggest that the light will be stronger than was generally supposed, and more plentiful. Exports from East and South-central Africa were mainly in raw material, and this offers no evidence of date, for it has vanished. But imports into Africa yield much more promising answers. From India these imports were mostly in textiles, which have disappeared, but they were also in beads and pottery; and, from China, in porcelain. Nearly all these "hard stuffs" can be dated with a fair accuracy. And they are there, in East Africa, in no meager quantity. "I have never in my life," remarked a leading British archaeologist, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, after visiting Tanganyika a few years ago, "seen so

much broken china as I have seen in the past fortnight along the coast and the Kilwa islands: literally, fragments of Chinese porcelain by the shovel-ful. . . . In fact, I think it is fair to say that as far as the Middle Ages are concerned, from the tenth century onwards, the buried history of Tanganyika is written in Chinese porcelain."

Since Wheeler said this, a group of British archaeologists, led by Dr. Gervase Mathew, has completed a preliminary survey of pre-European sites along the coast of British East Africa; those for Tanganyika alone number as many as sixty-four. Most of these are medieval, ranging from the tenth to the fourteenth centuries; but some are earlier than that. A few are contemporary with the great years of Ptolemaic and Roman expansion. Coins are also proving useful. Reporting to a conference on African history and archaeology held under the auspices of London University's School of Oriental and African Studies in July, 1957, Dr. Freeman-Grenville wrote of coins discovered on Zanzibar and nearby East African islands, "Sassanian and Parthian: Roman, Byzantine, Ummayyad, Mamluk: a hoard of 176 Chinese coins ranging from the seventh to the thirteenth centuries." Having come so near to accurate dating of these coastal cities, modern research is now on firmer ground for tackling the much greater problems of the hinterland.

THESE few examples may be enough to show that this "rediscovery of Africa" — of African history in the thousand years or so before European penetration — is no longer the product of wishful sentiment or mere enthusiasm. They could be multiplied by many other examples from other parts of the continent. M. Mauny and his colleagues of the Institut Français de l'Afrique Noire, at Dakar in French West Africa, have important findings to their credit. In the region of Lake Chad, M. Leboeuf and others have excavated a hitherto legendary civilization that worked finely in bronze and iron from at least the tenth century onwards. Further north, M. Vercoutter, director of antiquities of the republic of the Sudan, is completing a comprehensive survey of attested sites of the great Kushite civilization that flourished on the middle Nile for a thousand years after about 800 B.C. Dr. Mathew and Mr. Lan-ning have had important things to report from Uganda. Dr. Clark and Dr. Summers have published valuable contributions from Rhodesia. Dr. Biobaku has investigated Yoruba origins in south-western Nigeria. Dr. Dike, another Nigerian scholar, is now in charge of writing the history of Benin.

Can it be said that any broad and general truths emerge from all this research? Can one generalize about the African past, even on the basis of interim conclusions? A tentative and general outline does seem to emerge and runs something like this.

Sometime around 3000 B.C., and possibly before, the drying out of the Sahara set up a barrier between the cradles of ancient civilization and the greater part of Africa. This barrier was always traversable; after the coming of the camel to the Sahara, in the last centuries B.C., it was regularly crossed in both directions, but always with enormous difficulty. The civilizing ideas and techniques of the Mediterranean and the Nile could reach continental Africa only with long delay, muffled by time and space, reduced by the sheer perversity of climate. Africa south of the Sahara entered its Metal Age, accordingly, centuries after countries lying to the north. Fairly conclusive evidence has lately shown that iron was unworked in continental Africa until the last centuries before the birth of Christ or the first centuries after that event; the African Metal Age, insignificant until the working of iron, therefore begins about 2000 years ago.

With the installation of iron smelting and manufacturing industries in continental Africa, southward from the Sahara and the middle Nile, the spread and multiplication of the ancestors of Africa's present peoples could begin and continue. It was the endless movement of migrating peoples across the continent during the first thousand years of this Metal Age that gave Africa the types of people and of social organization whose memory is still preserved today. By the tenth century A.D. the knowledge of iron extraction and manufacture was common to nearly all the peoples of Africa; they had emerged from the Stone Age, although many might still be using implements of bone and stone along with tools and weapons of iron. By then or somewhat earlier, in at least two large regions of West and South Africa, strong and vigorous peoples had embarked on the long road from barbarism to civilization.

In both of these regions the growth of civilization was heavily influenced by trade with the outside world. In West Africa, wealthy from trans-Saharan trade, the historic states of Ghana, Mali, Kanem, Songhay took their rise and spread their growth across a million square miles. In East-central and South-central Africa the Indian Ocean trade gave to city-states on the coast and kingdoms in the interior the same drive that the trans-Saharan trade was giving to the West. In both of these regions the African Metal Age can be said to have shown a steady growth and development toward indigenous forms of civiliza-

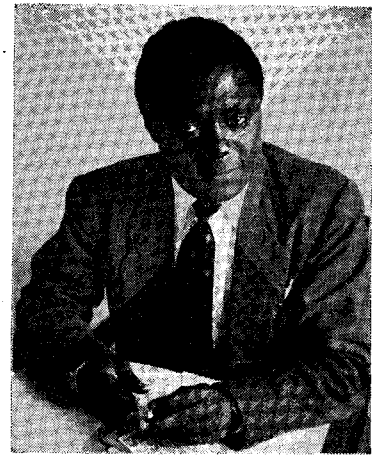
tion for at least a thousand years before European discovery and conquest. These peoples transmuted what they took from the outside world into a synthesis that became uniquely their own.

The achievement was not a small one. Cut off though they were from the Nile and the Mediterranean or India and the Middle East by months of voyaging through sea or sand, the early states of southern Africa nonetheless began their journey out of barbarism not long after states in northern Europe had set out upon the same road. By 700 or 800 A.D., in spite of their great remoteness from the beaten highways of exchange, a number of African peoples had begun to settle in quite large cities both in West and in Southeast Africa. They had evolved their own successful forms of grain growing and cattle raising where none had existed before. They understood the extraction and manufacture of several metals and were mining for iron to a depth of fifty feet or more. They were very skillful in irrigation, and the ruins of their careful hillside terraces may still be seen from the Sudan in the North to Southern Rhodesia in the South. They were good artists, often wonderfully good. They were trading with the Mediterranean and the East and Far East. So famous had their iron exports become by 1150 A.D. that Edrisi could report that just as the best steel came from India, so did India acquire its best iron from Southeast Africa.

In every formal requirement of the test of civilization except that of literacy — yet some of these medieval states and cities had scholars who were literate in Arabic or in the writing of their own languages with an Arabic script — they were as civilized as many of their European contemporaries. The cultural gap between Africa and Europe would immensely widen in later centuries, for Europe would go forward and Africa would go back, but in medieval times the gap was not wide, and sometimes it was not to Europe's advantage.

My central point, however, is not to make comparisons between Africa and Europe, but to show that the fundamental themes of African history are essentially the same as those of any other branch of the human family. People in Africa have encountered obstructions and discouragements that were peculiarly African and that called for peculiarly African solutions. Yet increasingly, as myth gives way to fact, we are likely to see that African peoples, though so often lost to the rest of humanity in that "land shadowed with wings which lies beyond the rivers of Ethiopia," were nonetheless moving toward the same destinations and the same objectives, bad or good, as peoples elsewhere in the world. And surely there is something that is good and hopeful in this. Mankind, it seems, is after all indivisible.

The new constitution for Kenya provided for the direct elections of Africans by Africans to the colony's legislative council, and among the eight candidates who were successful in 1957 was a Luo tribesman, TOM MBOYA. Now in his thirtieth year and the general secretary of the Kenya Federation of Labor, Mr. Mboya is a spokesman for the worker in Africa and a leader who is being watched with respect by the AFL-CIO.



THE AFRICAN REVOLUTION BY TOM MBOYA

Member of Legislative Council, Kenya

IN Africa today a revolution is taking place. In some areas this revolution is political and is manifested by militant nationalist movements. But primarily it is an economic revolution, and it is occurring throughout Africa. The revolution differs in pace, content, and pattern in different countries, but no one can mistake the fact that Africa is fast changing from a primitive, non-industrial, subsistence economy to an exchange, money, and market economy.

Africa's economic development has taken place through stimulus from outside, mainly from Western Europe. The first Europeans to come to Africa were quick to see its great potential, especially after the discovery of valuable minerals in various territories. Not content with trade only, the Europeans sought to achieve permanent control over Africa. This goal led to the partition of Africa and the creation of a system that was founded on exploitative motives, with all economic activities aimed at serving and feeding the economy of the mother countries, completely ignoring the necessity of development from the viewpoint of the African people. Whatever benefit the African got was incidental to the primary purpose of the colonial powers.

To further their policies and to ensure their political control, the colonial powers encouraged emigration to the colonies, especially where suitable land and climate were available or where large deposits of minerals had been discovered.

Despite its force as a stimulus to Africa's economic development, colonialism has been the biggest hindrance to the development of the indigenous people. Under colonial rule little at-

tention has been paid to the necessity to invest in education, health, technical training, and general community development for Africans. The Africans' potential as a local market for consumer goods is ignored. Partition of Africa and the use of each territory as a source of raw materials for different colonial powers have made it impossible for Africa's development to be planned on a continental or even regional basis. Where the economies of two territories were complementary, they could have been developed more quickly as a unit and thus made possible effective competition on the world market through a more diversified economy. Instead, colonial divisions have treated each territory in isolation from the others.

In the post-war period, the world has seen new nations emerge from colonial rule to independence. After India's independence, there was a sudden awakening in Asia and Africa, and many formerly docile peoples began to demand freedom from colonial rule. As the pressure increased and more colonies won their freedom, colonial policies changed. The influence of the United Nations and the general concern of the rest of the world for the people in underdeveloped areas helped to bring about this change. As a result, various territories today are drawing plans for development, and efforts are being made in the mother countries to set aside sums of money for the development of the colonies.

The Colonial Development and Welfare Fund and the Colonial Corporation in Britain, FIDES (Fonds Investissement pour le Développement Economique et Social) in France, and Belgium's

Photograph courtesy TIME magazine.

ten-year plan for the Congo all have been established to further economic development in Africa. This change in policy has also led to an increasing direct participation of the African people and the establishment of projects for the education and technical training of Africans. Agencies such as the Commission for Technical Cooperation in Africa South of the Sahara have been created, although there is still opposition to the establishment of a regional office of the International Labor Organization and to the United Nations Economic Commission.

Africa's economic development is dependent on capital and skill from outside. It is also dependent on markets in the mother countries and elsewhere, and its products must compete with similar commodities from better-developed countries. Economically Africa is divided between mineral territories and agricultural territories. The Union of South Africa has by far the greatest mineral wealth, with its export income derived from diamonds, gold, and uranium. The Rhodesias have copper and chrome, and the Congo has copper, diamonds, and uranium. The mineral territories attract large capital investment; the three territories just mentioned, with a population of 33 million people, have in fact absorbed half the capital invested in the entire continent of more than 200 million people. Since 1947, total investment there has amounted to 10 billion dollars.

Development in the agricultural areas is sometimes dependent on one cash crop — coffee, tea, cocoa, cotton, or sisal — rendering such countries very sensitive to changes in the world market prices. Ghana's cocoa is responsible for 70 per cent of its exports, while nearly 90 per cent of the exports of Kenya and Uganda are agricultural (cotton in Uganda; tea, coffee, and sisal in Kenya), and about 70 per cent of the exports of Nigeria and French West Africa are derived from ground nuts, palm oil, and cocoa.

THERE is no mistaking the fact that the whole of Africa is awake to the need for a diversified economy and speedier industrialization. Lack of co-ordination can be seen in the attempts by a number of countries in the same region to establish aluminum production plants at the same time, instead of pooling their resources. Another example is the proposal to build separate dams for the production of electric power in neighboring territories where one would have been sufficient for the needs of both countries.

Emphasis on industrialization has resulted in a greater effort to increase power development.

Work is already going on at the Kariba project in the Rhodesias, and the first part of the Owen Falls hydroelectric power plant in Uganda, to serve Kenya also, has been completed. In Ethiopia work is proceeding on the Koka Dam, and plans are already being studied for the Volta project in Ghana, the Aswan Dam in Egypt, and the Inga project in the Congo. Note must also be taken of the increasing interest of various United Nations agencies and the World Bank and the contributions of the American Point Four Program. The establishment of the UN Economic Commission for Africa can be regarded as the evident recognition by all that Africa must be treated as a whole and not in isolated parts. This will not only lead to greater coordinated planning, but, even more important, it will open the doors to additional technical assistance and sources of capital for investment.

Economic development in Africa has been stimulated by the introduction of cash crops, capital, technical skills, discovery of minerals, and the creation of new demands. The whole process has gradually led to changes in land tenure in some areas and in the African's social and cultural outlook. These changes have been more pronounced among African workers in the urban areas, where the chief purveyors of capital and skills have in all cases been the expatriate companies: Unilever, ICI, De Beers, and others.

African involvement, participation, and benefits have varied according to the nature of the colonial system and particularly according to the presence or absence of white settlement in the territory. Where no white settlers exist, the African has been the sole producer of cash crops and has in a small way engaged in retail trade, although mining has in most cases been carried out by expatriate companies which have the capital, the technical skill, and the equipment required. In areas without white settlement there has been a quick infusion of better farming methods and a broad-based transition from subsistence to exchange economy. There have also been a gradual but increasing social stability and a better distribution of national income, and labor's share in the economic benefits has grown. Saving has been possible because the African incomes are keeping pace with changes in national income and with changes in demand. Cultural domination is slight, and the doors to skilled jobs and to administrative positions in the government are open to the Africans. There is less political tension, and the right of the African to political freedom is publicly acknowledged.

Examples of this social pattern are found in Ghana, Nigeria, and Sierra Leone. The entry of Africans into large-scale ownership of enterprise is,

however, limited. In Ghana, for example, most of the large enterprises are in the hands of European or American companies, while Syrians are prominent in retail trade. But Accra's business and market life would be dull without the Ghanaian market women, whose activities account for a large share of African trade. Most of the expatriate companies are being speedily Africanized, and Africans can be found even on boards of directors. The government is striving to stimulate local ownership of enterprise through the Industrial Development Corporation. At Kumasi College of Technology, Africans are being trained in technical and professional skills.

IN CONTRAST, the East and Central African territories show a development in which economic balance has been deliberately tipped in favor of the white settlers. Land alienation has taken place, and in Kenya, Nyasaland, the Rhodesias, and to some extent Tanganyika, the growing of cash crops is mainly in the hands of the white settlers. The African has an inferior and insignificant position in the economic life of the country and merely provides cheap labor for European-owned mines, businesses, enterprises, farms, and plantations. The African in these areas works mainly as a peasant in subsistence agriculture.

In the Union of South Africa and the Central African Federation, political and economic domination by white settlers is unrestrained, and policies are conceived to ensure the complete stifling of any attempts by Africans to compete in any field. Skilled jobs are exclusively reserved for white workers. Migrant labor is common. Retail trade is mainly in the hands of the Indians. African incomes are low and hardly go above subsistence level. Saving is almost nonexistent.

Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika have a milder form of racialism than has the Union of South Africa, and political changes are taking place giving the African a greater say in the affairs of the territories. These are agricultural areas. In the post-war period, Africans have entered the field of cash-crop production mainly through producer cooperative societies. In Tanganyika, the African cooperatives are responsible for about 50 per cent of coffee exports, the most important cooperative society being the Kilimanjaro Native Cooperative Union. In Kenya, the Meru Coffee Cooperative Unions have been responsible for the best grade of coffee in the country, although African production is still insignificant. Regulations exist here which control the extent of African participation, such as limitation on credit facilities and restrictions on cash crops which prohibit Africans from growing

more than one hundred trees of coffee. Entry of Africans into skilled jobs and into the government administration is gradually becoming easier. Technical and trade schools are being established, and emphasis is being put on higher education. But despite these encouraging signs, the African has hardly any real say in the economic life of the country.

In Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika, political and racial conflict constantly threatens the flow of capital from outside, without which economic development is impossible, for unlike the Congo there is little if any local capital. Cultural domination is very pronounced and is resented by Africans.

Thus it is that in some parts of Africa the growth of national income is not an index of economic growth in the sense of improvement in technology, skills, per capita income, and general bettering of living standards. The nature of governmental income distribution and therefore the economic lot of the African people and labor are dependent on political forces. The underlying economic development of Africa's settled areas is a conflict of objectives. The questions uppermost in the minds of the different racial groups are: What type of society shall we set up? Which section of the society shall wield both economic and political power?

Wages are low and in many cases are dependent on arbitrary decisions by employers or by the government. Trade unions are young, but already employment and collective bargaining agreements are to be found in a number of territories. Trade union structures vary according to the pattern to be found in the different mother countries. The main problems of trade union development are: the presence of a large body of migrant labor, lack of social security programs, lack of proper housing and educational facilities, and lack of sufficiently experienced leadership. Despite these difficulties, the trade union movement is growing and increasing in influence. The African Mineworkers Union of Northern Rhodesia has proved to be the most effective voice against the racialism of Central Africa, and today some start has been made in opening up skilled jobs for African miners in the copper belt.

The African revolution is gathering momentum; 1958 will go down in history as Africa's year. In April the first Conference of Independent States was held at Accra. In December the first All-African Peoples' Conference was held at Accra, and in the same month the UN Economic Commission for Africa was established. The Africans' part in this development will increase as more and more territories become independent and become responsible for their own economic growth.

AFRICAN SONGS

Recorded by LÉON G. DAMAS

Translated from the French by MIRIAM KOSHLAND

SPITE

from the Baronga, Mozambique

Deny me everything I want of you, beauty
Deny me your body as much as you like,
Refuse it!
The corn your people eat is human eyes
The cups from which your people drink are human skulls
The potatoes your people roast in the fire are human fingers.
Refuse me as much as you like,
Deny me everything as much as you want,
No one but me would be willing to have you!

THE SORROW OF KODIO

from the Baulé, Ivory Coast

We were three women
Three men
And myself, Kodio Ango
We were on our way to work in the city
And I lost my wife Nanama on the way
I alone have lost my wife
To me alone such misery has happened
To me alone, Kodio, the most handsome of the three men such misery has happened
In vain I call for my wife
She died on the way like a chicken running
How shall I tell her mother
How shall I tell it to her, I Kodio, when it is so hard to hold back my own pain.

CUCKOLD CONTENTED

from the Bambara, French Equatorial Africa

My wife told me
I go to the market
I too went to the market
Where I did not
Where I did not find my wife.
My friend told me
I go to my shop
I too went to the shop
Where I did not
Where I did not find my friend.
Walking at the beach
At the end of the day
I see the friend
Stretched out
On top of my wife.
With a thrust of my knife
I could have certainly
Certainly killed him
If he would not just in time
Just in time have awoken.
Just to give me
To give me five pounds
Five pounds which I took
And taking back with me
Taking back with me my wife.
Because water takes off the scent
The scent of love
And money doesn't smell
And money smells of nothing.

AFRICAN SCULPTURE

BY ELIOT ELISOFFON

An internationally respected photographer for LIFE magazine, ELIOT ELISOFFON has made two extensive expeditions in Africa south of the Sahara, in the course of which he uncovered many examples of African art, some of them now part of his own magnificent collection. He is a research fellow of primitive art at Harvard University and the creator of the authoritative, handsome volume, THE SCULPTURE OF AFRICA, a collection of his photographs, published by Praeger, with text by William Fagg and design by Bernard Quint.

THE sculpture which has been produced by the natives of Western and Central Africa has existed for ages, but its proper appreciation by us can be dated from the turn of this century. Although the Portuguese visited Benin, the capital of the well-organized and powerful kingdom of the Bini, in what is now Nigeria, in 1472, and brought back an ambassador from there to Europe, our first record of African carvings in a European museum is at Ulm, Germany, in the late sixteenth century. Nevertheless, we did not appreciate the artistic quality of African sculpture until the painters of the Paris School discovered it, among them Picasso, Braque, Derain, Vlaminck, and Matisse. The reasons for the ready acceptance of African art by the modern artist are perhaps a clue to our own appreciation. James Johnson Sweeney writes in *African Folk Tales and Sculpture*: "European painters, sculptors, and critics in the first two decades of this century were constantly on the lookout for examples of primitive art that did not conform to the naturalistic convention which had dominated the art of their continent for most of two thousand years. . . . And since their time European artists in each generation have been able to find in one or another aspect of Negro art something that seemed to justify their own theories: the expressionists found an emotional use of colour and distortion of shape, the cubists found 'structure,' the surrealists found fantasy, mystery — even a pathological inspiration."

These artists not only discovered African art, but their art in turn was influenced by it. In 1907, Picasso altered the drawing of two of the faces in a large canvas, *Les Femmes d'Alger*, to resemble African masks. The resemblance of Picasso's

Dancer (Figure 1) to a metal-covered figure employed by the Bakota in the French Congo to guard the family barrel of ancestral skulls is so striking that this sculpture (Figure 2) is shown alongside the Picasso. These canvases were the beginning of cubism in painting, one of the important milestones in modern art.

Without the indoctrination of having seen paintings by these modern artists, we would probably have considered the objects in the selection of photographs accompanying this article to be hideous native carvings best left in the jungle. Art is the great conditioner, and the artist leads the populace, perhaps unwittingly and perhaps unbidden, into new ways of seeing. It might be useful here to note that the plastic difference between premodern and African art is mainly one of distortion. This distortion involves changes of the normal proportion of different parts of the body; for example, a head may be carved as large as all the rest of the figure. Other types of distortion appear in the abstracting of bodies, both human and animal, to geometric or, as Malraux calls it, "diagrammatic" form and in the free interplay between human and animal forms combined into one composite sculpture. (There is a good example in the illustration on page 40.) In addition, African sculpture is rarely storytelling, a major characteristic of premodern European art.

Simplicity and strength are perhaps the distinguishing qualities of African sculpture. In contrast to the highly involved, baroque-like carvings of Oceania, African sculpture is a Gothic statement without frills. The sculptures are architectonic, evolving from the original material, the cylindrical tree trunk. One rarely finds the Afri-

can carver adding pieces of wood to this simple shape. Instead, the figure is compressed out of the cylinder by what appears to be a minimum of carving. The feet are flat and form the base, the legs are often bent in what seems to be a desire to achieve tension in stance, the body trunk is straight up and down, and the head is firmly mounted and rarely tilted or turned (see Figure 5). The raw wood is usually stained or painted. In some cases the object was periodically anointed with magical substances.

It is extraordinary that, although African sculpture made an anticlassical appeal to modern artists, it too stems from a classical and traditional canon far more rigid than the one European art seemed to be suffering from. For African sculpture is not a free-flight fantasy of individual sculptors but a tradition so classical that an expert may readily identify almost all African sculpture as to its exact provenance. This seeming regimentation of style in African sculpture did not interfere with the creativity and individual ability of the artist. Indeed, twelve carvings have been identified as the work of the sculptor who produced the Baluba masterpiece shown in Figure 11. Religious art before the Renaissance was rigidly prescribed as to subject, but this did not prevent a Cimabue from producing great works of art.

The gradual metamorphosis in African tribal styles produced many distinct types, each one as unnaturalistic as the other and yet each one unique. It would appear that the process took place over many centuries, with innovations by individual artists capturing the approval of the people and becoming incorporated into a larger style common to all the artists of the tribe. We shall never know, perhaps, why one tribe's mask is cubistic and another's animal-like. The African carver has a style which has been handed down to him by other older carvers and in many cases from father to son.

Sculpture is only one aspect of a larger body of African culture. Folk tales numbering into the thousands, oral history, traditional music and dancing, well-organized governments, and a powerful religion are some of the Africans' attainments. Lack of a written language and thus of recorded history, ignorance of mathematics and other sciences, and a tendency to accept slavery and to practice human sacrifice and cannibalism are some of their uncivilized characteristics. Many have used the word "savage" not only for the African but also for the South Sea Islander and the American Indian, who shared some of these negative attributes. The fact that the people of Benin committed human sacrifices does not lessen the artistic quality of their bronzes, nor does the architectural wonder of Chichén Itzá become less extraordinary because the Maya threw sacrificial

humans into a deep well. We have not changed our opinion of Kant, Beethoven, or Mann because of the horrors of Buchenwald.

INVESTIGATION of the philosophy of the African and the relationship of his art to his beliefs or religion has been pitifully meager. But enough material has been discovered to enable us to come to some understanding of the *raison d'être* of African sculpture. William Fagg, the deputy keeper of the department of ethnography at the British Museum and probably the leading authority on African art today, has done some research on this question among the Yoruba in Nigeria. The late Marcel Griaule, of the Musée de l'Homme in Paris, spent many years investigating the Dogon in the French Sudan. Father Tempels has done fundamental research among the Baluba in the Belgian Congo, who have been some of the finest sculptors of Africa. His findings are summed up by Fagg: "African thought is conditioned by their ontology, that is, their theory of the nature of being; for them being is a process and not a mere state, and the nature of things is thought of in terms of force or energy rather than matter; the forces of the spirit, human, animal, vegetable and mineral worlds are all constantly influencing each other, and by a proper knowledge and use of them a man may influence his own life and that of others."

Fagg continues with his own observations: "Of course . . . foolish and naïve superstitions, developed *ad hoc* to plug gaps in the primitives' understanding of natural phenomena, are in fact part of a coherent and logically ordered system which, though alien to that of the industrial civilizations, has some affinity, for example, with the world of Democritus and even of modern sub-atomic physics. This interpretation of African belief about the nature of things accords well with what we have long known of tribal peoples in other continents, especially the concept of 'soul stuff' in South-East Asia and *mana* in Polynesia. All these peoples seem to share a belief in the desirability of increase in the broadest sense as a principal end of life, together with a corresponding fear of loss of force."

Knowing, therefore, the African's preoccupation with fertility and his conviction that the supernatural exists all around him, we can understand better the variety of carvings used by him for the propitiation of these powerful forces. In this respect the most important figure for unseen influences is perhaps that of the ancestor. Throughout almost all of the sculptor-producing tribes, carved wooden figures of ancestors achieved

primary importance. They vary in size and execution, and it is believed that few are actual portraits, for it is the spirit of the ancestor which is to be respected, appealed to, or appeased. Respect for ancestors is shown among the Bakota in the French Congo by the careful preservation of family skulls in a barrel protected by a metal-covered figure (Figure 2). A similar but more involved skull preservation is practiced in the Pacific, notably in Melanesia, where the skull cavities are first filled in and then decorated.

Wooden figures were also made for magical purposes. Ashanti women carried small figures in their clothing to ensure that their children would be well formed. Yoruba families had statuettes carved in wood in the event of the death of a twin, so that the spirit of the dead one would not further harm the family. The image was carefully kept and even fed. The so-called fetish figures were also magical. They were made to act for the owner, to protect him and his family, to propitiate spirits, or to harm enemies. Magical substances were inserted into some statues. Among the Basonge, human teeth were sometimes inserted into the sculpture, and the object was often decorated with bits of metal, tusks, cloth, feathers, beads, and small antelope horns. I collected among the Basonge small fetishes less than six inches high, each of which had a specific function against evils such as thieves, lightning, and sickness. There were also larger fetishes which protected an entire village.

THE great majority of figures which I have been describing are fairly representational in that the human element is apparent although sometimes distorted. The opposite may often be said of the masks. Here the fantasy of the African knows no bounds. From almost simple, realistic portraiture (Figure 9) to the wildest flight of imagination, in which the face is part human, part animal, or almost entirely cubistic (Figure 8), the mask has achieved great variety in its freedom from naturalism. A mask may have one nose or three or none at all; it may represent a human face sprouting wart hog tusks at six different places; it may be carved as a faceplate or a full helmet or completely flat, painted white as a ghost or flesh-colored as a living human, covered with antelope skin or cloth or beads and shells or strips of metal, made barely large enough to cover the face or so huge that it would seem impossible for one man to wear it. The masks of Africa are an extraordinary manifestation of the unlimited possibilities of plastic variation on any theme.

These masks are worn mainly for two types of function: puberty rites and secret societies. The coming of age of a boy is the most important thing in his life. Even to this day some tribes maintain this ritual. I was fortunate enough once to see part of such a ceremony in the Belgian Congo, when I came across a clearing in the jungle where the young boys of the village had been taken away from their parents for several months to undergo the coming of manhood with their teachers. Here the boys had been circumcised and then taught the folklore of their tribe. I was able to see twenty boys dancing in a snakelike line under the rigid tutelage of a weirdly masked teacher carrying a small whip, before I was invited to leave.

The secret society is one of the most important elements in African tribal organization. There are still some in existence today, although European authorities have done their best to outlaw them. These societies existed almost everywhere in West and Central Africa. They were diverse in nature and purpose, varying from mutual assistance groups to those formed for religious, political, or sinister reasons. Society masks were worn during funerals of members, festivals, and on other occasions. Women belonged to their own secret societies, although this was rare.

The people wearing the masks are generally covered from head to foot with a costume made from woven fiber like raffia. This is sometimes stained or colored brown or left in its original tan color, or there are interesting patterns made by using both the natural and brown colors together. There are usually fringes of fiber at the wrists and ankles and a fringe from the bottom of the mask forming a union with the rest of the costume. When the mask is a small piece of rounded wood, like a faceplate, it is generally attached to a piece of cloth or woven fiber so that it can be slipped over the head.

In addition to masks which are worn over the face, there are others which are worn on top of the head, and there are some which are not masks at all but ornate headdresses. One of the most interesting of this type, the antelope headdress of the Bambara people in the French Sudan (Figure 12), is worn on top of the head by fastening it to a basketwork cap, which is then fastened under the chin. These antelopes are a symbol of fertility and are worn during the dances celebrating the planting of grain. The antelope represents a half-human being, *Chi wara*, who taught the tribe to plant grain, according to a Bambara myth. There are many variations on this theme, and the antelope appears in many sculptural forms in which it is difficult to discover the original animal that inspired the carvers.

Divination objects of different types were also



**1 PICASSO'S
"DANCER"**

*Collection
Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.*



2 BAKOTA FUNERARY FIGURE

Wooden figures covered with brass, iron, and copper strips were placed on containers of ancestors' skeletons in the French Congo. Note its striking resemblance to the Picasso canvas "The Dancer" (Figure 1), painted in 1907, when the artist was beginning his experiments in cubism.

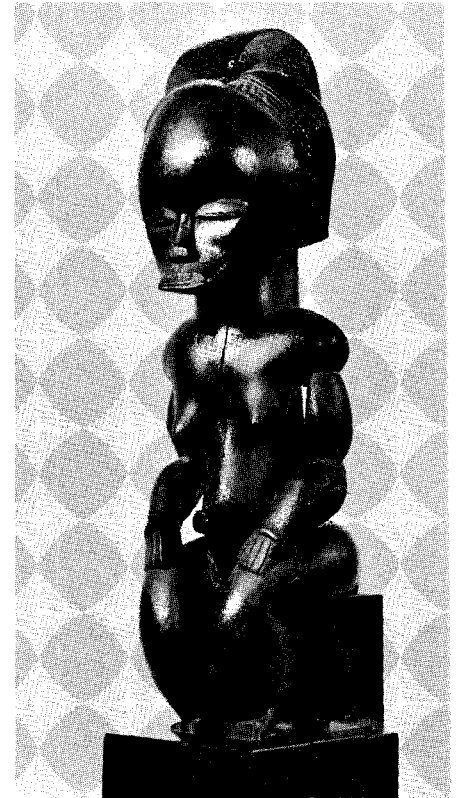
Collection Edith Gregor Halpert, New York



3 FANG FUNERARY HEAD

Wooden heads, half figures, and full figures were placed on containers of bones and skulls of ancestors by the Fang, neighbors of the Bakota in the French Congo, to keep away evil spirits. This sculpture once belonged to Paul Guillaume, one of the first important Paris dealers in primitive art.

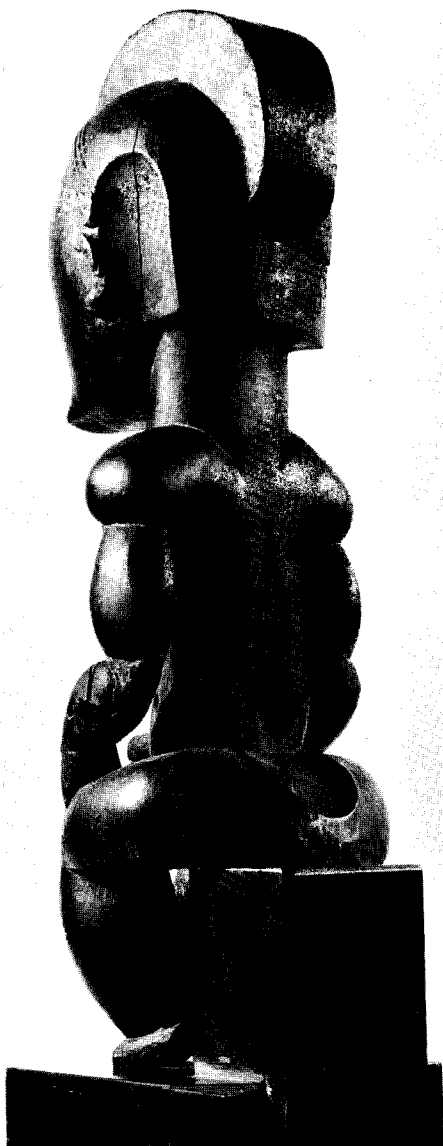
Collection Sir Jacob Epstein, London



4 FANG FUNERARY FIGURE

A full-figure example which, when shown in 1935 at the Museum of Modern Art exhibition of Negro African sculpture, was voted the most popular piece by the public and nicknamed the "Venus de Milo." Alfred Steiglitz held the first art exhibit of African sculpture at Gallery 291 in 1914.

Collection Sir Jacob Epstein, London

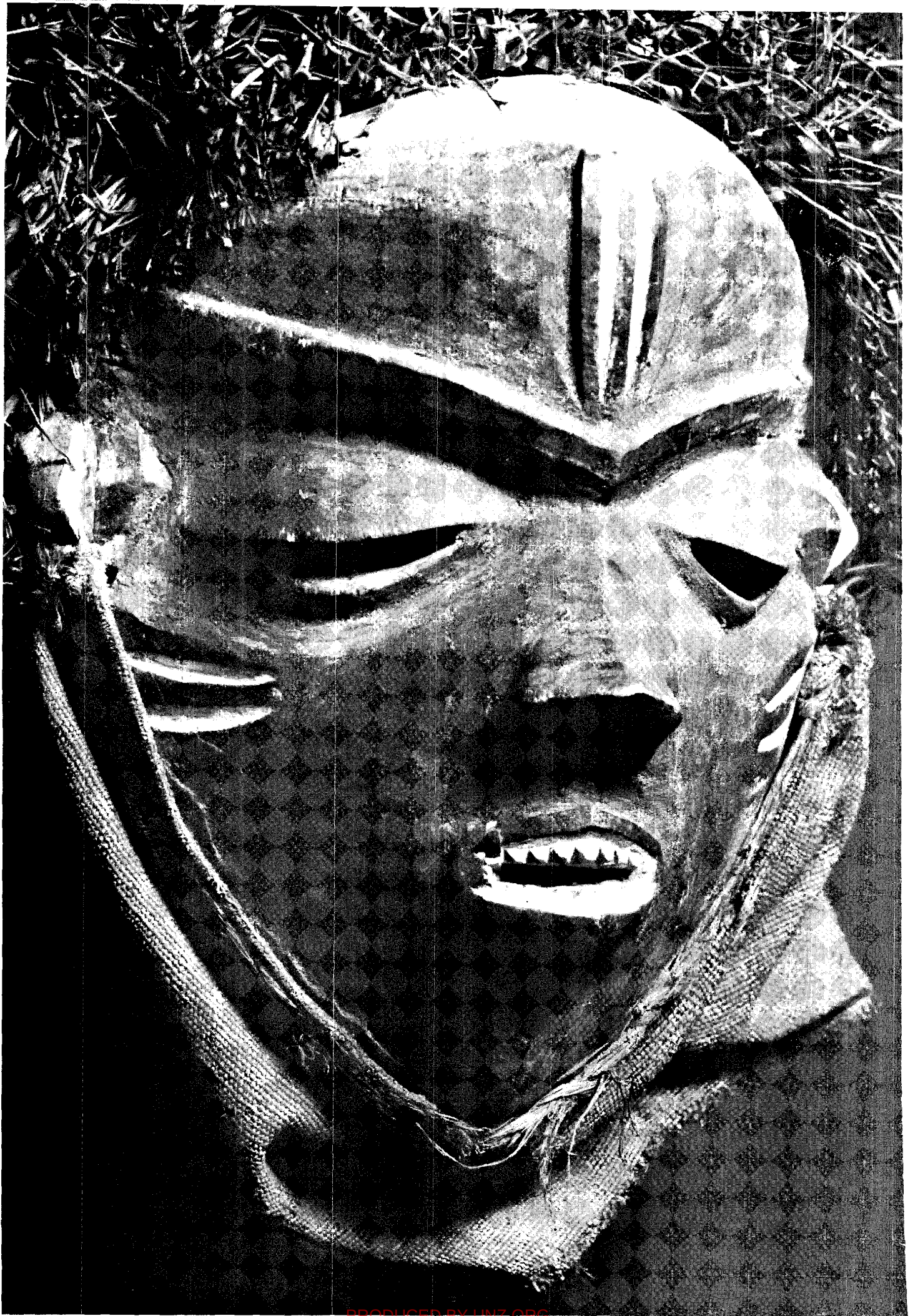


BATEKE ANCESTOR FIGURE 5

The Bateke made figures with the same cylindrical mass, the sculpture evolving from the original log. The arms are always tight against the body at right angles and the legs bent in a zigzag rhythm. Magical substances were usually inserted into the body.

Collection Eliot Elisofon, New York





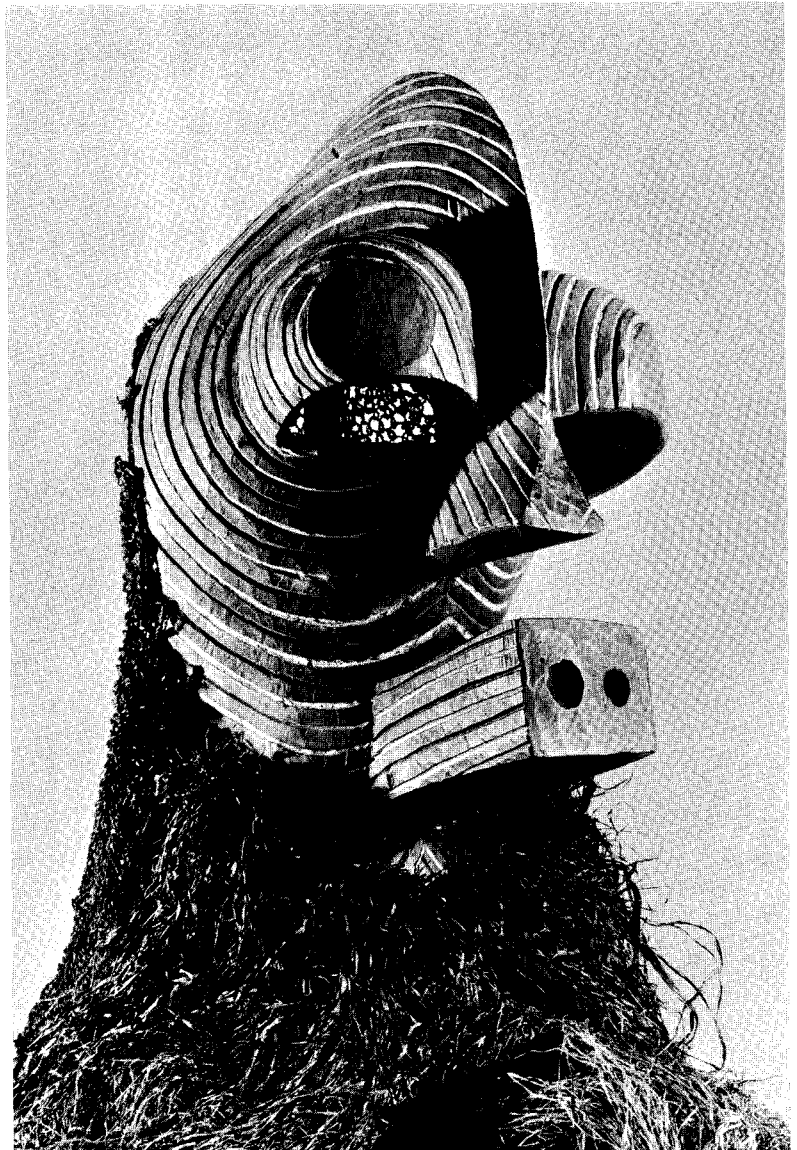
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6 IFE MEMORIAL HEAD

Bronze head believed to be a portrait of an Oni (ruler) of Ife from about the twelfth century. Atypical of other African art, because of its realism, the superb technique and naturalistic modeling have suggested possible Mediterranean influences.

Collection Ife Museum, Nigeria



8 BASONGE DANCE MASK

These extremely cubistic masks have been worn by witch doctors along the Lomani River, and are also known as "kifwebe" masks. The nose and forehead ridge are as streamlined as the keel of a yacht.

Collection Musée Royal du Congo Belge, Tervuren, Belgium

7 BAPENDE DANCE MASK

This mask, with about twenty variations like it, was worn by the boys during dances celebrating coming of manhood. The Bapende is one of the few tribes retaining traditional ceremonies and their related arts.

Collection Eliot Elisofon, New York



9 BAJOWKE DANCE MASK

The naturalistic treatment of the human face is in great contrast to that of the Basonge mask (Figure 8). Called "the maiden," it was worn by dancers covered with woven costumes including false breasts.

Collection Musée de la Vie Indigène, Léopoldville, Belgian Congo



5 BALUBA HEADREST

The two figures show the elaborate coiffure which necessitated these headrests during sleep. This object is an example of beautiful carving and detail lavished on a secular subject.

Webster Plass Collection, British Museum, London



11 BALUBA FIGURE WITH A BOWL

Used to collect offerings, this is one of the twelve known sculptures of the master of Buli, a village where several of his works were collected. The long sensitive face is his hallmark.

Collection Musée Royal du Congo Belge, Tervuren, Belgium

BAMBARA HEADDRESS 12

This forty-two-inch-high antelope (the upper horns are not shown) was worn on top of the head in a dance celebrating the planting of grain. Note the deliberate lack of proportion in minimizing the size of the body in order to gain emphasis for the dramatic head.

Collection Eliot Elisofon, New York



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13 BINI LEOPARDS

These two bronze leopards were part of the several thousand sculptures seized by an expedition in 1897 sent to punish the murder of an English consul who had protested human sacrifices. They are over two feet high and probably date from the late sixteenth century.

Collection Jos Museum, Nigeria

Designed by BERNARD QUINT

made. The Baulé in the Ivory Coast foretold the future by allowing a mouse to pass through a wooden vessel and then studying the pattern of the group of sticks inside, which the mouse had disturbed. The Bushongo in the Belgian Congo rubbed a small button of wood on the polished back of a smoothly carved animal: if the person taking the test was telling the truth, the button stuck.

There are not many examples of African sculpture which were made simply as works of art, the Baulé being one of the few tribes indulging in this practice. But there are numerous useful objects which are decorated and carved in a manner so beautiful that they have achieved an artistic status. Boxes, stools, cups, headrests (Figure 10), heddle pulleys, architectural elements like posts and lintels have been appreciated as an integral part of African sculpture.

The question arises now whether or not the African regarded all this paraphernalia as artistic or simply as efficient. Are the distortions and inventions of the carver part of the magic of the piece or are they man's universal quest for beauty? Meaning as well as beauty is in the eye of the beholder. What may be a cubistic mask of tremendous architectonic quality to us could have been simply a symbol of a secret society.

Does the African appreciate the expressionism so obvious to us, or does he know from tradition that a sculpture of an ancestor figure must conform to a certain appearance? Would the rejection of a Picasso cubistic portrait in the Ingres-David epoch be analogous to the African's refusing an unconventional representation of his ancestors? Hans Himmelheber attempted to ascertain something about this in the Ivory Coast, where he conducted an interview with three native artists. Himmelheber asked them what would happen if they tried to be original and made some small inventions. One artist replied, "It could be done but no one would buy it"; the second answered, "One doesn't do such things"; and the third said, "It wouldn't be beautiful."

How extraordinary it is that one culture could have produced the serene naturalism of the maiden mask of the Bajokwe (Figure 9) and the cubistic *kifwebe* mask of the Basongé (Figure 8).

THE process of artistic transformation is still going on in Africa. Leon Underwood, a well-known English sculptor, made an extensive trip through Nigeria and spent some time collecting Yoruba sculptures, several of which are outstanding. One of these pieces, a great mask now in the collection of Vincent Price, was carved by Bamboye in his

youth. When a school was started by the English in his village, the director, concerned about the preservation of Yoruba tradition, asked the sculptor to teach the boys his art twice a week. Underwood tells the story in his book, *Masks of West Africa*: "The boys cut wood in the forest, replaced it by planting and proceeded to work on traditional lines at Bamboye's direction. But there was something lacking. The work done subsequently by both boys and their master suffered. It acquired an art-consciousness, parting from the ordinary position of art in African life, and soon became typical of the meritorious, though lifeless, work in European art-craftsmanship exhibitions. Bamboye is incapable now of producing work like that which he did under the old tribal conditions. His pupils did not pick up the expression of his old work."

Underwood goes on to note that the divination tables Bamboye carved for the Europeans to use as occasional tables did not have the same liveliness as tribal objects. This is not surprising. Bamboye's art changed because his surroundings changed. Teaching in a white man's school was not his usual atmosphere, and more important still a new set of values had arisen. Tribal paraphernalia was not as important under European supervision and religious influence.

Almost everywhere in Africa the native carvers have been busy producing curios and makeshift objects for the local whites and the ever-increasing tourist trade. Why should the African lavish the attention and ritual on objects which are not understood or properly appreciated by casual purchasers? At best the sculptor copies masterpieces to be sold as real by the few who have had contact with old carvers. An interesting question would be posed if the African today were to be confronted by the connoisseur of African sculpture who not only would appreciate the object but would pay a handsome price for it.

There are a few remote corners in Africa where tribal art is still being practiced on a high level. In 1951, I was able to collect in Kasongo Lunda, several days' truck ride south of Léopoldville, a small but fine collection of Bayaka masks. These had been worn by the boys that year on their triumphant return to the village after circumcision. A nearby tribe, the Bapende, are still performing similar puberty ceremonies and carving excellent masks (Figure 7). The filed teeth shown in the mask and ornately tattooed bodies are still common among these people.

I have also collected interesting material from the Bushongo in the Kasai River district of the Belgian Congo. These people are among the best of all African carvers. I found that an interesting phenomenon in art had taken place. In addition

to the carving of cheap statues to sell to the occasional tourist, the artists of the tribe were still producing beautifully carved objects for their own use. These were small carved boxes which are used to contain razors of native manufacture and also the powdered red camwood, *takula*, which is an important African cosmetic.

Of course, the effects of Belgian administration were seen in the elimination of tribal artifacts formerly used for ritual purposes. One cannot help wishing that the Bushongo were still producing great African art, although one would not wish them still to be ruled despotically by their Chief, the Nyimi, who sat only on humans instead of chairs, possessed (even as late as 1951) over three hundred wives, and, when he died, was buried with a large entourage of older wives who were still alive. It is doubtful that the art can exist without the ritual that required it.

The same problem may be posed in reference to the Bini. A well-organized tribe (like the Bushongo, although they cannot claim a history of 1500 years as the Bushongo can), the Bini were notorious for their bloody sacrifices and rituals. The huge carved elephant tusks, which were held in place on the altar by inserting their bases into an opening in the top of bronze portrait heads, were covered with encrusted human blood. The large bronze leopards (Figure 13), which rank with the finest sculptures of animals extant, were cast by the "lost wax" process and formed part of the altar display of the palace.

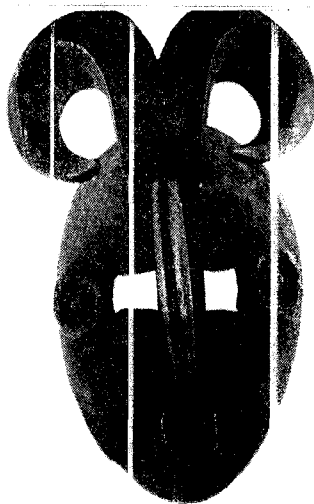
A movement of a new art, secular in nature, has recently been started in various parts of Africa in which the African has been exposed to European techniques and standards. Paintings in oil like those made in Europe are a steady product of a group in the Congo. In West Africa several native sculptors are making large European-type carvings, several of which have been exhibited in England. But very little of this work stems from the original art of the African continent. It is at best a copy or imitation of European traditions with little of the vigor, directness, simplicity, and imagination which are the priceless ingredients of traditional African sculpture.

No one knows how much old African sculpture is left in that continent. Termites and rot quickly destroy wood, the most common material of the African sculptor. The last few years have seen an extraordinary appearance of good pieces from the French Sudan and the Ivory Coast. Tribes like the Senufo and Baga have been proselytized to Islam in large numbers, and one result of this acceptance of a new faith has been the sales of pagan idols to anthropologists, collectors, government

officials, and dealers. Many of these pieces found their way to Paris, and for a while the market was flooded. This may have been the last major exodus of sculpture, but we do not know what else may be hidden away and where. We are certain only of the material in museums and collections throughout the world, and not all of these are of top quality. In the United States, several museums have noteworthy collections of African material, among them the University Museum of Philadelphia and the Museum of Primitive Art in New York.

ARE modern Africans interested in their own traditional art? William Fagg has found a surprising attitude about this. "The majority of them, when they hear Europeans praising African art and urging that it be encouraged to survive, show resentment on the assumption that an attempt is being made to 'hold them back,' the better to perpetuate European domination; to them tribal art is of the bush and therefore to be discarded in favour of a westernized mess of pottage. There are indeed some among them whose attitude is extremely enlightened, and who have supported the efforts of dedicated Europeans to provide museums and other means of conserving the artistic heritage. It may be that under their influence, the naïvely defensive attitude towards art will fall away gradually as the African territories come to independence and full responsibility. Political progress is not enough and Africans themselves must develop a cultural balance between their ancient and honourable traditions and the needs of the modern world."

The existence of several museums for traditional art in Africa and the increase in interest in this material by our art museums and collectors have produced a situation in which the African has to buy his art in order to show it to his children. The museum at Jos in Nigeria is a case in point. The government of Nigeria has been buying Benin material which was taken away by the British Punitive Expedition of 1897. Of course, this is almost an impossible task, since most of the bronzes are in either museums or important private collections. The price is also going higher for fine objects; for example, the Benin ivory mask shown on the cover was sold for \$56,000 last year to the Museum of Primitive Art in New York. The government of Nigeria is still not spending that kind of money to recover its treasures, although it did buy the two great bronze leopards (Figure 13) for almost half that amount. It might not be a bad idea to return some African sculpture to the Africans.



THE SACRIFICIAL EGG

BY

CHINUA ACHEBE

A talented young Nigerian who was educated in missionary and government schools, CHINUA ACHEBE won a scholarship at the University College in Ibadan, where he took his degree in the arts. He studied broadcasting at the BBC and now divides his time between writing and his work at the Nigerian Broadcasting Commission. His novel dealing with life in an African tribe, THINGS FALL APART, has recently been published by McDowell, Obolensky.

JULIUS OBI sat gazing at his typewriter. The fat chief clerk, his boss, was snoring at his table. Outside, the gatekeeper in his green uniform was sleeping at his post. No customer had passed through the gate for nearly a week. There was an empty basket on the giant weighing machine. A few palm kernels lay in the dust around the machine.

Julius went to the window that overlooked the great market on the bank of the Niger. This market, like all Ibo markets, had been held on one of the four days of the week. But with the coming of the white man and the growth of Umuru into a big palm-oil port, it had become a daily market. In spite of that, however, it was still busiest on its original Nkwo day, because the deity that presided over it cast her spell only on that day. It was said that she appeared in the form of an old woman in the center of the market just before cockcrow and waved her magic fan in the four directions of the earth — in front of her, behind her, to the right, and to the left — to draw to the market men and women from distant clans. And

they came, these men and women, bringing the produce of their lands: palm oil and kernels, kola nuts, cassava, mats, baskets, and earthenware pots. And they took home many-colored cloths, smoked fish, iron pots and plates.

Others came by the great river bringing yams and fish in their canoes. Sometimes it was a big canoe with a dozen or more people in it; sometimes it was just a fisherman and his wife in a small vessel from the swift-flowing Anambara. They moored their canoe on the bank and sold their fish, after much haggling. The woman then walked up the steep banks of the river to the heart of the market to buy salt and oil and, if the sales had been good, a length of cloth. And for her children at home she bought bean cakes or *akara* and *mai-mai*, which the Igara women cooked. As evening approached, they took up their paddles and paddled away, the water shimmering in the sunset and their canoe becoming smaller and smaller in the distance until it was just a dark crescent on the water's face and two dark bodies swaying forwards and backwards in it.

Photograph of Ogoni mask from THE SCULPTURE OF AFRICA by Eliot Elisofon. Collection K. G. Murray.

Julius Obi was not a native of Umuru. He came from a bush village twenty or so miles away. But having passed his Standard Six in a mission school in 1920 he came to Umuru to work as a clerk in the offices of the Niger Company, which dealt in palm oil and kernels. The offices were situated beside the famous Umuru market, so that in his first two or three weeks Julius had to learn to work against the background of its noise. Sometimes when the chief clerk was away or asleep he walked to the window and looked down on the vast anthill activity. Most of these people were not there yesterday, he thought, and yet the market was as full. There must be many, many people in the world. Of course they say that not everyone who came to the great market was a real person. Janet's mother had said so.

"Some of the beautiful young women you see squeezing through the crowds are not real people but *mammy-wota* from the river," she said.

"How does one know them?" asked Julius, whose education placed him above such superstitious stuff. But he took care not to sound unbelieving. He had long learned that it was bad policy to argue with Ma on such points.

"You can always tell," she explained, "because they are beautiful with a beauty that is not of this world. You catch a glimpse of them with the tail of your eye, then they disappear in the crowd."

Julius thought about these things as he now stood at the window looking down at the empty market. Who would have believed that the great market could ever be so empty? But such was the power of *Kitikpa*, or smallpox.

When Umuru had been a little village, it had been swept and kept clean by its handful of inhabitants. But now it had grown into a busy, sprawling, crowded, and dirty river port. And *Kitikpa* came. No other disease is feared by the Ibo people as much as they fear *Kitikpa*. It is personified as an evil deity. Its victims are not mourned lest it be offended. It put an end to the coming and going between neighbors and between villages. They said, "*Kitikpa* is in that village," and immediately it was cut off by its neighbors.

Julius was worried because it was almost a week since he had seen Janet, the girl he was going to marry. Ma had explained to him very gently that he should no longer come to see them "until this thing is over by the power of Jehovah." Ma was a very devout Christian, and one reason why she approved of Julius for her only daughter was that he sang in the church choir.

"You must keep to your rooms," she had said. "You never know whom you might meet on the streets. That family has got it." She pointed at the house across the road. "That is what the yellow palm frond at the doorway means. The family were all moved away today in the big government lorry."

Janet walked a short way with him, and they said good night. And they shook hands, which was very odd.

Julius did not go straight home. He went to the bank of the river and just walked up and down it. He must have been there a long time, because he was still there when the *ekwe*, or wooden gong, of the night spirit sounded. He immediately set out for home, half walking and half running. He had about half an hour to get home before the spirit ran its race through the town.

As Julius hurried home he stepped on something that broke with a slight liquid explosion. He stopped and peeped down at the footpath. The moon was not yet up, but there was some faint light which showed that it would not be long delayed. In this light Julius saw that he had stepped on a sacrificial egg. There were young palm fronds around it. Someone oppressed by misfortune had brought the offering to the crossroads in the dusk. And he had stepped on it, and taken the sufferer's ill luck to himself. "Nonsense," he said and hurried away. But it was too late; the night spirit was already abroad. Its voice rose high and clear in the still, black air. It was a long way away, but Julius knew that distance did not apply to these beings. So he made straight for the cocoyam farm beside the road and threw himself on his belly. He had hardly done this when he heard the rattling staff of the spirit and a thundering stream of esoteric speech. He shook all over. The sounds came bearing down on him. And then he could hear the footsteps. It was as if twenty men were running together. In no time at all the sounds had passed and disappeared in the distance on the other side of the road.

As Julius stood at the window looking out on the empty market he lived through that night again. It was only a week ago, but already it seemed to be separated from the present by a vast emptiness. This emptiness deepened with the passage of time. On this side stood Julius, and on the other Ma and Janet, who were carried away by the smallpox.



THE HARMLESS PEOPLE

BY ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS

A young Radcliffe graduate who was a member of three expeditions through the Kalahari Desert, ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS lived for many months among the Bushmen in South-West Africa. In this excerpt from her book, THE HARMLESS PEOPLE, soon to be published by Knopf, she shows how these true aboriginals manage to survive in an all but uninhabitable land.

THERE is a vast sweep of dry bush desert lying in South-West Africa and western Bechuanaland, bordered in the north by Lake Ngami and the Okovango River, in the south by the Orange River, and in the west by the Damara Hills. It is the Kalahari Desert, part of a great inland table of southern Africa that slopes west toward the sea, all low sand dunes and great plains, flat, dry, and rolling one upon the other for thousands of miles. It is a hostile country of thirst and heat and thorns, where the grass is harsh and often barbed and the stones hide scorpions.

From March to December, in the long drought of the year, the sun bakes the desert to powdery dry leaves and dust. There are no surface waters at all, no clouds in the sky for coolness, very few shade trees, but mostly low bushes and grass tufts; and among the grass tufts grow brown thistles, briars, and the dry stalks of spiny weeds.

There are only three months of rain in the whole year; these begin in December, ending the hottest season, when the air is as tight and dry as a drum skin. Under the rain — which is sometimes torrential, drenching the earth, sometimes an easy land rain that blows into the long grass like a mist — the heat and drought melt away and the grass

turns green at the roots. Because the season is short, the plants bud, flower, and fruit very quickly; in March the drought creeps in, just as the veld fruits ripen and scatter their seeds.

When the rains stop, the open water is the first to dry, making slippery mud and then caked, white earth. By June, only little soaks of water holes remain, hidden deep in the earth, covered with long grass. These, which are miles apart from each other, dry up by August, and then travel in the veld is nearly impossible. Because of this, large areas of the Kalahari remain unexplored.

We have crossed this desert three times, my family and I, and these expeditions numbered between ten and fifteen people, including my father, my mother, my brother, and myself, Europeans who were linguists, zoologists, botanists, or archaeologists, and four or five Bantu men who were the staff. We traveled in four big trucks and a jeep and had to carry all our food and water, gasoline and equipment, in supplies to last us for several months. We traveled through great drought areas, once crossing four hundred miles of the central desert of Bechuanaland. All this was for the purpose of filming and studying the

Photograph by Daniel Blitz. Courtesy Film Study Center, Harvard University.

life and customs of the people of the Kalahari, who are called the Bushmen.

Bushmen are a naked, hungry people, slight of build and yellow skinned; the only feature they have in common with their large-boned, darker-skinned neighbors, the Negro or Bantu tribes living at the edges of the Bushmen's territory, is their peppercorn curly hair. Otherwise, Bushmen are like the Asian peoples, often having Mongolian eyefolds and rather broad, flat faces.

They are handsome, though short — a man being a few inches over and a woman a few inches under five feet — and a little swaybacked, which makes their bellies stick out. They are handsome because of the extreme grace in their way of moving, which is strong and deft and lithe; to watch a Bushman walking or simply picking up something from the ground is like watching part of a dance. This is not a beauty of the flesh and therefore exists in everyone who is not an infant or stiff with age. Bushmen have long, slender arms and legs, and the men are built for running, all lean muscle and fine bone, and consequently they often seem younger than they are. They are delicately proportioned too, and they speak very softly.

They dress themselves in the skins of animals, a man wearing only a leather loincloth and a woman a small leather apron and a big kaross, a leather cape made from a whole animal hide, belted at the waist with a sinew cord and knotted at the shoulder, forming a pouch in back where a baby can ride. Sometimes Bushmen wear leather sandals, but mostly their hard, brown feet are bare.

The Bushmen and the Hottentots belong to the same racial and language group, and are perhaps the earliest human inhabitants still living in southern Africa. The Bushmen are materially one of the most primitive peoples living on earth. Although most of their groups own some metal objects, they do not smelt or forge metal but get it in trade from their Bantu neighbors. They use soft metal in the making of a few tools such as knives and little axheads, cold-hammering the metal into shape themselves. They make their other tools from wood and bone, grass and fiber, the things of the veld. They dig roots and pick berries to eat because they have no crops, the desert being too dry for anything but desert plants to grow naturally; and Bushmen, who quickly consume all the wild food available in one place, cannot stay anywhere long enough to tend crops or wait for them to grow. There is not enough water for livestock, and for this reason they have no domestic animals. Instead, Bushmen hunt wild antelope with tiny, poisoned arrows, sometimes made of soft, traded metal, sometimes made of bone.

In order to live the way they do, Bushmen must travel through the veld, changing their abode

every few days in search of food. They rarely bother to build strong huts, making small domes of grass for themselves instead — just a little shade for their heads, grass which the wind soon blows away. Sometimes they do not even bother with this but push little sticks into the ground to mark their places. They sleep beside the sticks and arrange their few possessions around them, symbols of their homes.

Although at one time Bushmen lived all over southern Africa, the only land that is left to them now is land that no other peoples can use. But Bushmen have great endurance to hunger and thirst and need fewer things than other people; they can use shells and leather, grass and sticks, to make their tools and clothing; they can track the antelope of the desert over the hardest ground; and they know each stalk or vine that marks an edible root. So they survive in the most rigorous places. They live even on the vast, rolling steppes of central Bechuanaland, the territory of the Gikwe Bushmen, who for the nine dry months of the year have no water at all and do without it.

IN July, 1955, during the South African winter, our expedition came upon a band of Gikwe Bushmen. We had spent almost a month searching through the veld to find them; Bushmen are suspicious and shy of any stranger and hide when they hear people coming. When we did find the group, we gave them salt and tobacco, and they quickly became friendly with us. Soon they agreed to let us live beside them.

There were eleven people in the band: an old man named Ukwane, his wife, and his son; an old woman and her two sons; a young man named Gai, his wife, two sons, and mother-in-law. Their werf, or tiny village, was at the edge of a vast plain, under the sheltering branches of a little tree where the families had scooped three shallow depressions in the sandy ground, like the shallow, scooped nests of shore birds on a beach. Here, the people could lie curled up and let the cold night wind pass over them. Beside these depressions, the cooking fires were built.

The Bushmen's possessions swung from the branches of the tree, which was festooned with strings of ostrich eggshell beads, bows, quivers, and scraps of drying vegetables. Under the tree the ground was littered with vegetable husks and a few small bones, for the people lived mostly on melons, roots, and small, snared animals. The melons, in fact, were a source of their water, because there was no water hole, no stream or spring or river. Gathering them is the work of women, who chop their pulp into liquid.

The melons grow only in the winter and spring on vines in the dry grass of the plains. In the hot season, they shrivel and die. Then, if it were not for a root called *bi* and for the game antelope, the Gikwe would have no source of liquid. The summer is the hardest season of all for the Gikwe. They go into the veld early in the morning, gather *bi*, bring it back to the werf before the sun is hot, scrape it, and squeeze the scrapings dry. The people drink the juice they squeeze. Then they dig shallow pits for themselves in the shade. They urinate on the *bi* scrapings and line the pits with the now moist pulp, then lie in the pits and spend the day letting the moisture evaporating from the urine preserve the moisture in their bodies. They lie still all day and at dusk go into the veld again to gather food — roots and dry berries — returning to their werf before it is dark, for in the hot season the big snakes, the mambas and cobras, move out of their holes only at night.

In all seasons, game antelope are a source of liquid to the Gikwe. The antelope of the desert do not need to drink water because they get enough liquid from roots and grass. When Gikwe Bushmen shoot an antelope, they drink the blood and the water in the rumen. They do not depend on this as their source of water because hunting is far more difficult and uncertain than veld food gathering. But meat is greatly esteemed as food; hunting is a fine skill. Bushmen say that meat makes people fat and happy and makes the women love the men. A good hunter is a highly valued person in a band.

ONE day, after we had become well acquainted with Gai, he showed us the shoulder bone of an antelope and told us that he was going to make and poison an arrow. He was planning to go hunting, he said, but he had very few arrows, and as he spoke he cut the spinelike ridge from the shoulder bone and pushed it into an open melon. This, he said, would moisten the bone so that it would not be brittle. Some time later, when the bone was soft and pliant, Gai removed it and whittled a tiny arrowhead and foreshaft. He made the foreshaft first, then carefully whittled the head, leaving a tiny ridge up the middle for strength but shaving the edges so thin you could see light through them. When the arrowhead was finished, Gai fitted it into a length of reed. Bushmen make their arrows in two or three loosely joined sections and poison only the foreshaft. When the arrow is shot into an antelope, the reed shaft drops away, leaving the small poisoned arrowhead imbedded in the antelope's flesh. The arrowhead cannot easily be scraped off, as it

could if it were joined to the reed, and the poison has a chance to dissolve.

When the arrow was made, Gai turned it over and over, sighting down its length to see if it was straight. It was. He then took from his hunting bag a handful of round, nutlike tiny shells which we recognized as the cocoons or pupa casings of the poisonous beetles, the source of poison for the deadly arrows.

Gai had stored his poisonous cocoons in a small bag inside his hunting bag to keep them safe, and now he took them all out and felt them, shook them, to see if they were fresh. Then he took his arrow, his cocoons, a straw, and a scrap of leather he had been saving which was so thin and ragged it had very little use, and moving all these things to a place in the grass far away from the werf, he sat down to work. He did not work in the werf because a drop of poison might be spilled and months later would still be dangerous. He then called for a fire, which one of the young boys brought in the form of a few sticks in one hand and a live coal in the bare palm of his other hand.

At last Gai was ready and his fire burning. After inspecting his fingers carefully for cracks in the skin, and telling us to sit upwind from him so that no drops of poison would blow on us, he scratched open one of the cocoons. It opened easily, and Gai fished inside with the straw, dragging out the grub, which struggled feebly with one slight, almost imperceptible convulsion and then lay alive but motionless, curled on the palm of Gai's hand. The cocoon was small, and the grub must have filled it entirely, for, once outside, the grub seemed twice as large as its casing.

Gai laid it across his thumbnail and tapped it gently, then twisted off the head and, squeezing the body, forced the paste inside onto the foreshaft of his arrow and smeared it evenly with his straw. When the foreshaft was coated all around with the poison of several grubs, Gai dried the arrow by the fire, then coated the foreshaft again. He did not poison the arrowhead at all, for if he did, any child might accidentally nick himself and die. There is no known antidote for the poison of these arrows, but because the Bushmen are careful, and because only hunters are permitted to touch the arrows, accidents almost never occur.

It has always amazed me that the Bushmen ever discovered these beetles, which are only one species among thousands in southern Africa and which the Bushmen say are poisonous only in their pupa stage. So far, very little is known about the beetles except that their species is *Diamphidia simplex*. The adult beetles lay their eggs on the leaves of certain marula trees, and the young larvae, when they hatch, crawl down the tree to pupate in the earth among the roots.

It is here that the Bushmen find them. The pupae themselves are enclosed in tiny brown casings with brittle shells, exactly the color of the earth around them. Nothing that the Bushmen eat grows among the roots of marula trees, and although the marula trees have edible nuts that drop and are gathered from the surface of the ground, there would be no likely reason for Bushmen to be digging there. Bushmen do eat certain beetles, ants, and caterpillars, which, they say, are sweet as honey, but even if a Bushman were to eat a poisonous beetle he would not die (unless he had a cracked lip or an ulcer), for the poison works only in the blood stream and even the poisoned black meat taken from the site of the arrow wound can be eaten with impunity.

Bushmen have refined and perfected their systems of poisoning, sometimes adding a binding fluid gotten from a bark to make the poison cling to metal arrows, sometimes adding the juice of a grass which, when dissolved in a wound, has an irritating effect and causes the animal to rub its wounded spot against a tree, thereby stimulating the circulation and hastening death.

I RARELY went hunting, because I am a woman and the Bushmen consider women ruinous to hunting. Hunting, they believe, is *chi go*, a male thing, and women only dull the arrows, spoil the aim, and ruin the luck of hunters. Once, however, I insisted upon accompanying a hunt, and Gai agreed to take me, possibly because he was not sure that I, as a non-Bushman woman, would spoil it for him. Many of the Bantu people throughout Africa believe that magic powers do not apply or extend to Europeans, but so far the Bushmen have not had a chance to find out, and rather suspect that taboos and magic apply to everyone in the world.

Before the hunt, I agreed to stay far behind the men, so that I would not make noise or get in the way, which seemed to satisfy Gai. Early in the morning, he, my brother, and I set off, my brother and I taking nothing with us except a camera, Gai taking his bow, his arrows in their tubular quiver made of a hollow root, and his spear.

It was a cool, fresh morning; we walked in single file and in silence across the plains of yellow grass. Gai watched the ground and the horizon for a sign of game. Bushmen say that hunting is easy in open country; a hunter can see an antelope long before he is seen himself, before the antelope can take alarm; the hunter can then bend over so that his back resembles an animal's and can stalk the antelope easily.

We did not see any game on the wide horizon, and at midmorning, tired and thirsty, we walked toward a forest of thorn trees to rest in the shade. We were almost at the forest when Gai held up his hand to signal us to stop and then slipped off among the trees, crouching, sliding between the bristling thorns like a wild creature. I saw then why he had stopped; we had crossed the fresh, heart-shaped tracks of a gemsbok, made only moments ago, a gemsbok walking, for the tracks were shallow and not far apart. When I looked through the bushes and saw Gai standing perfectly still, poised, silent, I knew that he was too absorbed to notice or care if I followed, so I did.

Gai was a handsome sight, screened by the white thorns, for he was slender and lithe and golden skinned. As he stood poised with his knees bent, he raised his head ever so little to see between the thorns, like a cat judging distance before springing, and as he looked his hand went to his shoulder and removed a poisoned arrow from the quiver. He knew the gemsbok was near, but I do not think he saw it. It was not moving either and probably did not know that we were there.

We stood motionless for a long, long moment while Gai turned his head very slowly, searching. Suddenly I noticed something move in a bush near us, and when I looked carefully I saw that it was an ear. The ear showed plainly, oval and still, outlined against the blue sky between two branches; then it flicked twice and vanished. We heard a slow crunch, crunch of footsteps walking in the dry leaves. Gai had seen the ear too, of course; he crouched again and took up a handful of dust which he let slip through his fingers to test the wind. The dust drifted toward the west, almost imperceptibly, and as he looked at the bush where the ear had showed, his hand moved up again to his quiver and took out four arrows quickly. These he thrust into a strip of leather that he wore around his waist, so that they fanned out like the tail of a turkey. Setting his quiver on the ground, he began silently to move forward, crouching as he stalked. He went quickly, foxlike, in a semicircle, to approach the gemsbok against the wind, for though the gemsbok would have been able to see him if it were to turn its head, it could not smell him and would not know that Gai was a man. The game antelope do not recognize hunters as human beings unless the hunters are standing up.

Gai moved faster and faster, his long back showing above the top of the grass, his bright fan of arrows catching the light. He was so smooth and naked that he slipped through the grass and bushes silently, with nothing on him to catch or tear or make a sound. In the middle of the

clearing he stopped, fitted his arrow against the bowstring, and pulled the bowstring back. I saw the muscles standing out on his arms and thighs, then heard a *whir* as the arrow flew and saw Gai start to reach for a second arrow. In the next instant I heard a great snort and crashing of branches. A huge female gemsbok broke from the thicket and bolted past me, her long horns down on her back, her throat stretched, her gray hide heaving. She came so close to me that I could see her nostrils widen and hear her blowing as she ran, snorting in terror. Gai ran behind her in a short, close run like the rush and charge of a lion; he pulled the second arrow from his belt, stopped, shot it, ran a few steps more and shot again. The gemsbok was far away now, her footsteps faint. Gai's stride lengthened, his long legs reached forward further and further, gaining speed, until he ran in a stride that was open and free like a greyhound or a cheetah, and in a moment he too was gone.

Presently he walked back calmly, picking up his arrow shafts one by one. The gemsbok had been about thirty feet from where Gai was standing when he had shot, but now Gai walked forward and without searching took up his reed shafts from the ground where they had been lying among other reeds. He looked them over carefully and then looked for a drop of blood which might show if the gemsbok had been hit or only grazed. He did find blood, great pear-shaped drops of it, which showed that the arrow had been well placed, and further on, where he had shot his second arrow, he found more blood, dark on the sandy ground, and after noticing carefully the direction taken by the gemsbok, for it would be no use to follow the gemsbok now, we went home.

THAT night, Gai did not say what had happened but remarked very casually that he had shot a steinbok, one of the very small antelope. It is the custom of Bushmen to do this; a man must communicate to the others the news of an antelope wounded so that he can get help with the tracking, but he does not like to tempt fate by saying what the antelope actually was. That would bring bad luck.

Usually, several men follow a wounded antelope. When the antelope crosses hard ground, or when its tracks are joined with the tracks of a herd, the men spread out, and one of them will surely be able to find the tracks of the wounded antelope again. A hunter could track an antelope alone, but it might take a long time for him to do so, and in hunting it is important that the ante-

lope be found shortly before it dies or very soon after, for otherwise vultures, hyenas, and jackals will eat the carcass. Moreover, if the antelope is large, several spears will be needed to kill it and usually a hunter owns or carries only one spear.

The following morning, before dawn, when mist was rising from the veld and birds were calling in the soft, sweet air, Gai went with Ukwane to the spot where he had shot the gemsbok. Before they left, the men drank melon pulp and ate. Then, taking their spears, bows, and quivers of arrows, they walked off in single file. They looked ready for anything; they were not burdened down with food and water because the veld would give them these, and they went silently on their hard, bare feet, walking easily and rapidly until they were out of sight. That was the last we saw of them for three days.

They came back early in the morning of the fourth day, again in single file, against the dim sky where birds were flying. They walked into the werf, sat down, and told the people that they had found and killed the gemsbok, which lay in the veld not far from where she had been shot. She had traveled in a circle, and because she was near, the people set out at once to butcher her. Much of her body's liquid would have been wasted if many people had not gone to carry it away.

We found the gemsbok lying on her side in a field of grass, with a swarm of redheaded flies already at her mouth. Vultures were in the sky above her, and we knew that we would have had no meat if we had delayed much longer.

Gai squatted beside her and began to stroke her udder. He squeezed a teat, and milk squirted into his palm. The gemsbok must have left a calf, alone and lost now on the plains somewhere. As Gai licked the milk, Ukwane squatted beside him. The gemsbok was big enough for both men to squat at her udder milking, Ukwane under her lifted thigh. Almost everyone came by with a palm outstretched for a squirt of milk. Ukwane called for me to come too, and when I did he milked a white stream into my palm. I licked the milk away. It was strong and rank and gamy, not at all like the mild, sweet-tasting milk of cows, yet it was liquid, and the Bushmen milked her dry.

Afterwards, Gai and Ukwane butchered her, Gai preparing himself by casually sharpening his knife on her narrow, heart-shaped hoof. Always working so that her wounded side was up, the two men cut her skin free, not spilling a drop of blood. Near the carcass they dug a shallow pit which they lined with the skin, hair side down, and as blood would well up into the cuts they made butchering, they would collect it and place

it in this bowl. The carcass itself, now red and pink and white, they rolled onto a bed of leaves and branches to keep it clean, and they cut off the front and hind leg of the upper side, forming a bowl of the carcass so that no liquid would escape.

Ukwane lifted the rumen out carefully, like a great water sack that might burst suddenly, and hurried with it to the pit lined with the skin. There he slit it, and water gushed out, every drop saved by the skin. Ukwane and Gai removed handfuls of the contents, a yellow, pulpy mass of partially digested grass, and they squeezed each handful dry into bowls and blown ostrich eggshell containers that the women had brought forward. They did not mind two great, white worms that were discovered living in the rumen, for as soon as enough water was collected, the people all had a long, satisfying drink. The people also drank the blood, scooping it in handfuls to their faces. Soon they were stained with it, and the old women looked savage.

From the body contents of that gemsbok the Bushmen bailed out several bucketfuls of liquid, enough to supply them for almost a week. They cut the meat into strips which they would dry in the sun and use as they needed. There was enough meat for a week or longer, as there were only a few people and the gemsbok was almost as big as a cow.

Soon the gemsbok had vanished. All that remained from the butchering was the pile of squeezed, dry grass from the rumen and a few lumps of feces that the redheaded flies buzzed over. The meat, bones, head, hide, and brush-like tail had been distributed to the people, and all had carried their portions away.

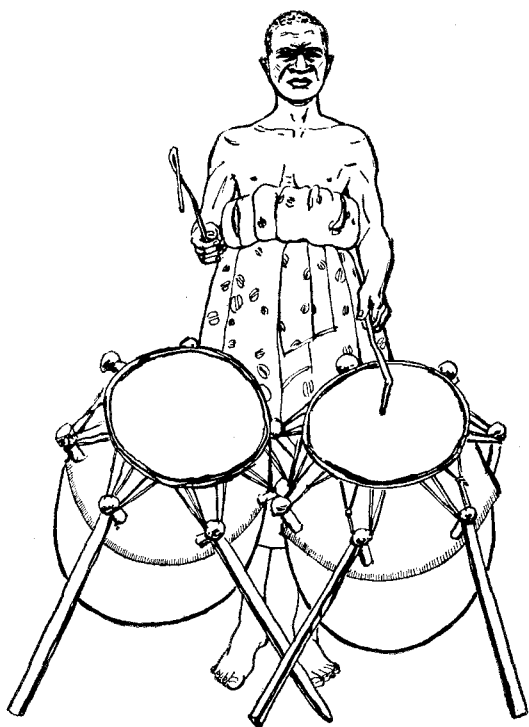
Many days later, when the meat was eaten, nothing was left but the long bones, gray with weather. Then even the bones were divided and cracked for the marrow, and here and there, for days after that, we saw the people crouching in the werf, hungrily digging for the marrow with straws.

WE DELIGHTED, MY FRIEND

BY LÉOPOLD SÉDAR-SENGHOR

We delighted, my friend, in an African presence:
Furniture from Guinea and the Congo, heavy and polished, dark and light.
Primitive and pure masks on distant walls yet so near.
Taborets of honor for the hereditary hosts, the princes from the high country.
Wild and proud perfumes from the thick tresses of silence,
Cushions of shadow and leisure like quiet wells running.
Eternal words and the distant alternating chant as in the loin clothes from the Sudan.
But then the friendly light of your blue kindness will soften the obsession of this presence in
Black, white, and red, O red like the soil of Africa.

*Translated by MIRIAM KOSHLAND.
From ANTHOLOGIE DE LA NOUVELLE POÉSIE NÈGRE ET MALGACHE,
Presses Universitaires de France.*



J. H. KWABENA NKETIA

DRUMS, DANCE, AND SONG

Research fellow at the University College of Ghana, J. H. KWABENA NKETIA is now in America on a Rockefeller Foundation fellowship. A composer and the author of several papers on musicology, Mr. Nketia recently received the Cowell Award from the African Music Society for his monograph on funeral dirges of the Akan people.

THE techniques and repertoire of traditional African music are handed down by word of mouth. There are skilled musicians who make music their profession. However, participation in music is generally expected to be spontaneous and unrestricted. The professional musician receives gifts and payment in return for his services, and his role is to provide the required musical leadership. But the success of an occasion is judged by the display of techniques and knowledge and by the extent of group participation and general enjoyment.

Traditional music in Africa is thus essentially folk music organized and practiced as an integral part of everyday life. One hears music everywhere: the woman sings while fetching water from the well, grinding corn, or nursing her baby; the street vender attracts her customers with song; men at the beer shop make music themselves or listen to wandering musicians.

There are few formal occasions on which some type of music is not heard. In many parts of Africa a baby is named at a special ceremony on the

seventh or eighth day after birth. Relatives and friends of the parents are present. The details of the naming ceremony vary but usually include rites of consecration, libation, and prayer, formal welcoming of the child into the system of kinship relations, formal acknowledgment of parental and kinship obligations, and the giving of gifts.

Transition from girlhood to womanhood is another event that is celebrated with music in many African societies. Eligible candidates of the Adangme of Ghana are admitted into the *dipo* (puberty) "institution" for instruction in mother craft, in the special music and dancing of the transition rite, and in the customs and history of the society. They are put on a fattening diet so that they may look plump and beautiful on graduation day.

Musical processions to ritual places, feasts in the home, drumming, singing, and dancing parties for young and old, and a series of public activities mark the end of the training. Each girl is richly adorned with precious beads, gold ornaments, and

ankle buzzers, and there is a display of music and dancing in the market place. For several days afterwards the girls go around the town performing the *dipo* dance and collecting gifts of money from those who watch them.

Marriage celebrations, particularly among African peoples who do not have elaborate puberty rites, include much music and dancing. A wedding day is usually the culmination of intense negotiation, for the consent of kinsmen must be obtained and formally sealed before the wedding can take place. The music and dancing are primarily for entertainment, but in effect they make a public proclamation of the happy event.

The performance of music at weddings, however, is not as widespread as music at funerals, where there are ceremonial dirges and funeral songs and dances. If the deceased belonged to a band of musicians or to some social group with its own forms of music and dancing, the music in which he participated during his lifetime would be performed at his funeral. An African funeral is very rarely a quiet one.

When the last breath is drawn, the body is cleansed and the hair and nails dressed, because the corpse must be meticulously groomed for the inevitable journey. Messengers are sent to inform all relations. The body lies in state. The doors are flung open. Wailing does not become a man, but the women relatives flock to the bedside in grief, and the funeral wail is begun. Cries of "O Father, O Grandfather, O Uncle, O Brother," depending upon the relationship of the mourners to the deceased, are heard. Grief is personal and private, yet African societies expect that at a funeral it should be publicly expressed through the singing of the dirge. Tribute to the deceased, sympathy for the bereaved, renewal of bonds of kinship, expressions of the worth and deeds, good or bad, of the deceased may be conveyed through the dirge. The singing is usually accompanied by gentle and graceful rocking of the body and head. The mourner turns left and right to greet the people and to thank them for their sympathy.

WITH the African, the dance is always an important consideration during the performance of music. He enjoys dancing and likes to express himself through it at a variety of social functions — at funerals as well as weddings, in times of crisis as well as on happy occasions. Such is the prestige of dancing that in some African societies chiefs are expected to dance at public functions, while priests and messengers of the gods are similarly expected to perform special dances on occasions of worship.

The organization of dancing in community life accordingly goes hand in hand with the organization of music. Indeed, sometimes a musical type may be identified by the dance form or style of dancing with which it is associated.

Many musical types are used in African societies. Spontaneous expressions or extemporaneous creations generally derive their inspiration from existing musical or dance forms. Each musical type may consist of several distinctive individual items or stylistic variations. Instrumental types are for the most part limited in this respect. In the case of a song type (for example, funeral dirges), however, the number of individual items may run into scores of verses. Some musical types are designated as recreational music and may be performed at any convenient time. Some are habitually used as incidental music to other activities, such as storytelling and manual labor, while others are restricted to special occasions.

Musical associations, or popular bands, specializing in one or more types of recreational music and dancing are a feature of African social life. Occupational, heroic, and religious associations may each have its own musical type and forms of dancing. The royal courts of Africa have their own songs or instrumental music, which may be performed at the palace or on special occasions by trained musicians.

Vocal music offers the best opportunities for group participation. With a single drum to provide a background of rhythmic accompaniment, or a gong (cowbell) or clapping of the hands to outline the pulsation of the music, a community will go on singing and dancing interminably. The absence of an indigenous tradition of writing makes the song an invaluable medium for recording traditions and for creating social commentary and criticism. Accordingly, topical songs, songs of insult, and songs of incitement form part of the repertoire of many African societies, and the skilled singer is allowed to make spontaneous additions or re-creations of lines of familiar songs.

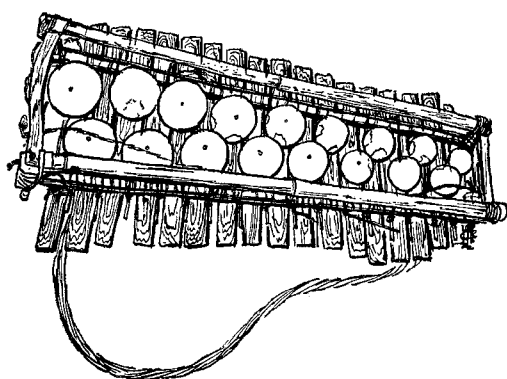
Such is the interest in the song as an avenue of verbal expression that even in cradle songs mothers have the liberty of making statements which are of no particular interest to the child.

Little one, come for a feed.
If you divorce me, you cannot take away my child.
Little one, come for a feed.

Someone would like to have you for her child:
But you are my own.
Someone wished she had you to nurse you on a good mat.
Someone wished you were hers:
She would put you on a camel blanket.
But I have you to rear on a torn mat.
Someone wished she had you, but I have you.

An African song can thus be judged not only by its tune but by its total expression. Words and melody are complementary, and one may compensate for the inferior quality of the other.

ALTHOUGH considerable importance is attached to singing, the development of instrumental music has not been neglected. In African societies one finds many musical instruments. Sometimes they are used alone, and sometimes in combination with voices to provide music for the dance. Though often made of simple materials, these instruments reflect the same kind of acoustical principles that underlie the manufacture of similar instruments in the West, except that they may be tuned differently or a different quality of tone may be sought in their construction.



Idiophone

One of the most common types of musical instruments is the idiophone. The use of gongs (cowbells), rattles, stick clappers or wood blocks, and stamping tubes is widespread in Africa. On some occasions they may be reinforced or replaced by hand clapping or in dance situations by the noise of stamping feet, ankle bells, or buzzers worn on the body. The Caribbean and Cuban traditions of persistent percussion — maracas, wood blocks, cowbells — are derived from African music.

Of even greater importance than idiophones are drums. The Africans' use of this instrument is unique when considered in terms of technique, rhythmic procedure, and the modes of meaning it can convey. Drums are usually graded in tone quality and pitch. There are hourglass drums, goblet drums, kettledrums, open and closed bottle-shaped and cylindrical drums, pot drums, gourd drums, and frame drums. A number of different techniques are used to bring out the essential tone and rhythmic potentialities of each drum.

In addition to music, African drums may be used

for giving signals — call signals, warning signals — or for reproducing speech. The latter is done by the drummer's imitating the rhythm and intonation of speech texts. Such texts may be played alone or incorporated into a dance piece.

The following proverbs played on Akan drums form part of a dance piece. There are over seventy drum proverbs which may be used in this context.

The path has crossed the river.
The river has crossed the path.
Which is the elder?
We made the path and found the river.
The river is from long ago,
From the creator of the Universe.
Duyker Adawurampɔn Kwamena,
Who told the Duyker to get hold of his sword?
The tail of the Duyker is short,
But he is able to brush himself with it.
'I am bearing fruit,' says Pot Herb.
'I am bearing fruit,' says Eggplant.
Logs of firewood are lying on the farm,
But it is the fagot that makes the fire flare.
Duyker Adawurampɔn Kwamena,
Who told the Duyker to get hold of his sword?
The tail of the Duyker is short,
But he is able to brush himself with it.

I hesitate to explain these proverbs, owing to the saying in Ashanti: "Only to a fool must a proverb be explained."

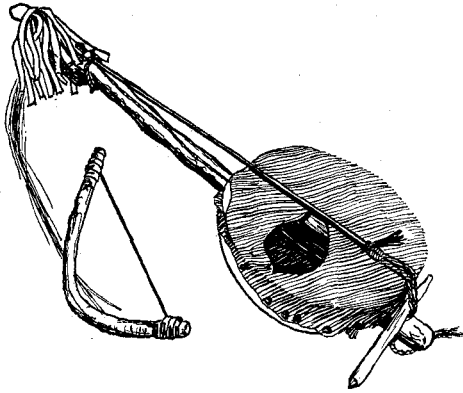
Drums and idiophones are the most widely used instruments, particularly in outdoor situations, but there are also a number of wind instruments. Horns are simple animal horns or the tusks of elephants treated and carved out for musical purposes. Flutes are either vertical or transverse and may be constructed out of wood, bamboo, or the bark of cane. Trumpets, found in some parts of Africa, are made of gourd or carved out of wood.

Wind instruments may be played alone or in combination with drums, drums and idiophones, or voices. They may also serve as background music. Like drums, they can be used as a vehicle of language. The following text is played by the horns of the chiefs of Ashanti:

Duodu the King's servant.
Duodu killed in his valor.
See! The rain washes his parlor away.
Duodu, I am grieved by your death.
Alas! It is an ancient truth:
Once dead, you are gone and useless.

Stringed instruments include lutes of various types: plucked lutes and bowed lutes, such as the one-stringed fiddle of West Africa or the two-, three-, and four-stringed fiddles of the Congo. Varieties of zithers are found. One example is the musical bow resonated in the mouth or by means of an attached open gourd. Raft zithers and harps are used in a few places.

Stringed instruments are not as prevalent as other instruments. They tend to be played in the home for the pure enjoyment of their sound or in combination with voice. There are societies, like the Dagomba, Hausa, Tallensi, and Kusasi, which feature them for outdoor social functions.



One-stringed Fiddle

The structural characteristics of African songs and instrumental music are derived in part from the social contexts in which they are used — which make it necessary to provide for the interplay of leading musicians and other performers or to provide for changing situations, varying forms of movement and dancing — and in part from an intensive cultural use of musical devices such as ostinato, sequence, repetition, and variation.

The interplay of leader and performers gives rise to sectional arrangement of pieces: in songs, it results in alternation of solo and chorus or antiphonal call and response parts; in drumming, the contrasting parts of the master drummer and one or more of the secondary drummers; in flute ensembles, alternating or sometimes intertwining parts of the leading flute and the response flutes; in the music of strings and chorus, alternation of string phrases and vocal parts or ostinato accompaniment. This arrangement gives the leading singer or player a free hand in improvisation and in determining the order of verses or variations, sequence of rhythm pattern, and the duration of the piece.

The sectional arrangement of pieces may also be determined by the dance routine. This is true of drum and other instrumental music in which dancers and master musicians collaborate in the unfolding of the dance drama. Considerations of movement determine the tempo and the metrical and rhythmic peculiarities of a piece. A song not intended for dancing, such as an Akan funeral dirge, may be metrically free, relaxed in rhythm, and lacking in regular pulsation.

There is a general tendency toward rhythmic complexity, which finds its greatest expression in drumming. Rhythm is commonly designed in terms of a series of interchanging duple and triple patterns arranged unilineally or multilineally. In the latter arrangement, cross rhythms are produced which heighten the rhythmic tensions and enhance interest.

The placement of the rhythmic phrase in relation to the beat is variable. It may start with the beat or before or after it. Offbeat phrasing is of particular interest to the African as a means of heightening the rhythmic tensions of a single line of music.

Melodies are built on varieties of pentatonic and heptatonic scales, and every African society specializes in one of these scales. The characteristic modality of African music and its simple harmonic usages are derived from these scales. Pentatonic peoples (Adangme, the Dagaraba, and the Frafra) sing in unison or octaves or make use of elementary quartal harmony — usually parallel fourths or fifths. Heptatonic peoples (the Akan, the Balsa, the Ibo, and the Bemba) use elementary tertial harmony, dominated by parallel thirds and sixths. Triadic forms (that is, double thirds) and fifths or sevenths in contrary motion are not unknown to some of these peoples.

Melodic phrases tend to be stepwise and in a descending progression. Steep rise and fall within the phrase are generally avoided. Ornamental devices such as glissando, rising attack, or falling release may be used. Societies dominated by Islamic culture (Dagomba and Hausa) use ornamental shakes.

Interest in the verbal content of songs leads to the structural use of a variety of song styles, some lyrical or stanzaic, some declamatory or recitative in character.

In songs both the melody and the rhythm follow the outlines of the intonation and the relative duration of the syllables of the verbal text, though with some amount of freedom. Accordingly, linguistic differences between African societies tend to produce corresponding diversity in the tonal and rhythmic character of songs.

To understand African music one needs to look at it not from the viewpoint of artistic values implicit in Western music but from the point of view of values derived from African musical practice. In its setting, it is a part of a complex of activities; singing, drumming, dancing, and nonmusical activities may be taking place simultaneously, for traditional African music is essentially folk music organized and performed as part of the process of living together.

BLACK STATES

OR

PARTNERSHIP?

BY DAVID M. COLE

Born near Sheffield in 1917, the son of an English coal miner, DAVID M. COLE was educated in the Blue Coat School and Sheffield University. He went to South Africa in 1947, to the copper belt of Northern Rhodesia in 1948, and settled in Southern Rhodesia in 1954, where he is editor of the Central African EXAMINER, a fortnightly journal of opinion modeled on the ECONOMIST and the only periodical of its kind published in Africa.

IF David Livingstone the missionary, Cecil Rhodes the empire builder, and a white citizen of modern Rhodesia or South Africa had sat together upon a rock *kopje* and looked at the approaching hordes of Zulu, Matabele, or Bemba tribesmen, Livingstone would have said, "What a flock of souls to be saved"; Rhodes would have said, "What a labor force"; and today's white settler would, alone of all three, have felt the need of a question. "Who," he would have asked, "has the vote around here?"

The first white men to live in Africa did so because they were, essentially, at one with either Rhodes or Livingstone. They were there either to uplift the black man or to exploit him; to teach him how to till his land or to take it from him; to show him how to run his country in civilized terms or to run up over it an alien flag. The map of Africa today is at once a damning commentary and a spectacular tribute to these white men and what they achieved.

In Nairobi, Salisbury, and Johannesburg the great majority of white men are as preoccupied as are the average citizens of Philadelphia or Manchester with income tax, children's schooling, and the incidence of thrombosis. But they have other major preoccupations which are to be found, in this century and on this scale, in Africa alone.

All around are black men in vastly greater numbers, a black majority which ranges from three to one (with the illusion of manageability) in South Africa to one thousand to one in Uganda (with the certainty of an all-black state). And these are black men who are no longer mystified by the Chevrolet, for though they did not make it they know how it works, and no longer content to be ruled by men with white skins, for they know that, where the white men of Africa came from, all men now have a share in choosing their rulers and their form of government.

This is why one of the most difficult questions to answer about the "New Africa" is whether the white man has any real, permanent place in it other than as a technological expert and an adviser. In many countries south of the Sahara — including such independent African states as Liberia, Ethiopia, Somalia, and Guinea, such British colonies and former colonies as Ghana, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, the Gambias, Uganda, and Tanganyika, and Belgium's Congo — the answer is no. These are countries which have never had large permanent white communities. The whites who have lived and are still living in them, whether as administrators, technologists, missionaries, traders, or planters on estates producing tropical produce, have retained their roots in Europe. They

continue to regard themselves as Italians, Britons, or Belgians and not as Somalis, Nigerians, or Congolese. These countries already have African governments or are committed to courses which must, before long, produce African governments, and whites, with the exception of a tiny handful who become assimilated into the local population, remain as aliens. The numbers of whites become fewer and their role less important as Africans learn their skills and begin to accumulate capital.

The classic contrast to these countries is the Union of South Africa, the one country of Africa which still thinks of itself as a white man's country. South Africa has far and away the largest white community in sub-Saharan Africa, both in numbers and in proportion to its total population. Its white citizens have for three hundred years regarded themselves not as Europeans working a temporary stint in Africa but as Africans, which (distressing though the idea is to the Dutch-descended dominant white group in South Africa) is all that their name, "Afrikaner," really means. White South Africans have always been in Africa to stay. Few have any real roots left in Europe but, since they are outnumbered three to one, they have concluded that the only way to maintain their foothold in the continent is to operate an economy and a system of government which denies all economic and political power to black Africans.

The deliberate adoption of this course has given white men a presently unassailable position in one part of Africa, has provided South Africa with the strongest and best-organized government and economy in the continent, and gives to the possessor of a white skin a position of superiority over all men with black skins. This would be a simple situation were it not for the fact that no privileged minority in history has yet succeeded in producing in the majority it rules a permanent and docile acceptance of inferiority. For this reason alone the South African solution is unlikely to provide a permanent place for white men anywhere in Africa.

South Africa itself — with a strong government unafraid of outside criticism and a well-developed economy — presents less immediate scope for internal revolution than any other country on the African continent. But in a twentieth-century world where nonwhite nations are increasingly in the ascendant and where South African theories of the superiority of the white race and the South African autocratic system of government are anathema almost everywhere, it is difficult to see how the Union's solutions can be anything but temporary — nor, alas, how they can be changed except by drastic and violent means.

As the rest of the 220 million people of Africa move in the opposite direction, the position of the

3 million whites in the Union must become steadily more precarious. If it is left to external and internal pressures finally to bring about a day of reckoning south of the Limpopo, the white man there must expect to pay dearly for his few snatched decades of domination, a tragic outcome which no man who has lived and worked in South Africa and among South Africans can contemplate except with horror.

BETWEEN the African states and the Union lie a number of countries whose course and future are less certain. These include the French and Portuguese territories, the British protectorate of Uganda, and the United Nations trust territory of Tanganyika, which in all probability are destined to become African states similar to Ghana. Less committed than these is the British colony of Kenya. There the British government is still trying desperately to live down the years of Mau Mau insurrection and to establish a multiracial state with Africans, whites, Indians, and Arabs as its citizens. Kenya will probably end as an African state; the only matter in doubt is whether its white citizens will surrender their privileges with good grace or whether a recrudescence of Mau Mau will first be needed to persuade them.

Between South Africa and the countries of East and West Africa, geographically as well as politically, is the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, formed in 1953 by linking together the British colony of Southern Rhodesia with the British protectorates of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

The Federation is a landlocked block of territory covering approximately half a million square miles. It is somewhat larger than the Union of South Africa and larger than Texas, California, and New York combined. Its three constituent territories differ widely in area and in population. Southern Rhodesia has an area of 150,000 square miles and a population of 2.5 million blacks and 200,000 whites; Northern Rhodesia's 74,000 whites and 2 million blacks live on 290,000 square miles; while Nyasaland's 37,000 square miles contain 2.5 million blacks and a mere 8000 whites.

It is in this vast, half-empty land — where a population of 7 million Africans and 300,000 whites still has a little time and a great deal of space in which to maneuver — that the only real chance of white-black partnership, of giving the white man a permanent place in Africa *as a white African*, still exists. And even here it exists only if positive action is taken, and soon.

White settlement in Central Africa did not begin until the closing decade of the last century. Southern Rhodesia was settled almost exclusively

by whites who came north over the Limpopo from South Africa after Cecil Rhodes formed a corporation, under royal charter from Queen Victoria, to develop the area. These men were predominantly settlers, already regarding Africa as their permanent home and coming to Rhodesia to look for minerals and to farm temperate-zone crops. The whites who came to Nyasaland, on the other hand, were chiefly from Britain and were of the administrator, missionary, trader, tropical-estate planter sort, typical of such African colonies as Uganda and Tanganyika and those on the West Coast. Northern Rhodesia falls somewhere in between. In the early part of its existence, its eastern half, which adjoins Nyasaland, was settled by the same kind of white men as was Nyasaland. Its western part lay within the sphere of Rhodes's chartered company, and Rhodes's own white miners and farmers came northwards to it, crossing the Zambezi from Southern Rhodesia.

The first turning point for the area came in 1923, when Rhodes's chartered company administration ended. A referendum was held among Southern Rhodesia's whites to see whether they wished to become a self-governing British colony or to join the Union of South Africa. They took the former course by a comparatively small (three to two) majority. At the same time Northern Rhodesia became a British protectorate, governed directly from London, the status which Nyasaland already enjoyed.

For the next thirty years, Southern Rhodesia developed as a self-governing colony on lines not unlike those followed by South Africa. Alongside it, Nyasaland drifted sleepily as a typical tropical African British colony. Southern Rhodesia, left alone, would eventually have found itself part of South Africa, as it nearly did in 1923, and Nyasaland would have become an all-African state resembling others with a similar population make-up in East and West Africa.

Three factors saved the day for those who believed multiracial states and multiracial partnership to be possible. The first, and most important, was the development in Northern Rhodesia of what is now the world's third largest copper-mining industry. The industry is under the control of two major international corporations, in one of which American ownership predominates and sees such issues as the industrial color bar and race prejudice in modern American and world terms rather than in a parochially African context.

Without this industry, Northern Rhodesia would have developed like Nyasaland. With copper there came into the country enlightened industrial leadership, which in turn produced a powerful white trade union (determined to protect its South-African-style white labor privileges) and,

at a later stage, the strongest African trade union in the whole of Africa. A protectorate which had been controlled completely by a British government chiefly interested in keeping the peace until such time as a black population could take over was thus forced in a very short period of time into the stream of world affairs and international industry. Northern Rhodesia therefore became a unique territory in Africa, with a significant element of settled white citizens, and neither a tropical backwater like Nyasaland nor a white-dominated colony like Southern Rhodesia. Elements of both these factors were present, but Northern Rhodesia toed the line of neither.

The second factor was the growth of anti-British Afrikaner nationalism in South Africa, culminating in the return to power in 1948 of the Afrikaner Nationalist Party government, which has increased in strength in two elections since. Although Southern Rhodesia was at first colonized primarily from South Africa and although Southern Rhodesian whites share many South African attitudes toward black people, the large majority of Southern Rhodesian whites today are of British and not South African Dutch descent. Many of them have old-style British imperialist foibles, but they do not suffer from the Afrikaner delusion that they are a chosen people, encircled by a hostile world in which both capitalists and Communists are bent on mongrelizing the pure Afrikaner *Volk*. Southern Rhodesian whites, through Britain, remain closer to European and world thought than Afrikaners who, as the inevitable consequence of a policy of defying the world, now try pathetically to isolate themselves from it and take refuge in mystic beliefs in a "divine mission for the race." Two fifths of Southern Rhodesian whites in 1923 were prepared to go along with South Africa when that country was led by pro-British statesman General Jan Smuts. Not one Southern Rhodesian in ten would today be sufficiently unrealistic to want to join a South Africa led by men who cling to power on a twin policy of opposition to everything British in South Africa and the keeping of the black forever "in his place."

The third factor, curiously, which prevented eventual Southern Rhodesian union with South Africa was the sharply contrasting economic positions in which the three Central African countries found themselves in the post-war years. Southern Rhodesia brought in many thousands of white immigrants after the war, overspent its resources in providing them with services and high living standards, and by the early fifties became involved in financial difficulties. Nyasaland, a country devoid of developed mineral resources, never rich at the best of times, found itself existing on handouts

from a British government which in the post-war years was itself financially hard pressed.

Meanwhile, Northern Rhodesia was enjoying an unprecedented economic boom, the result of the sharply rising world copper prices which post-war reconstruction brought about and which the Korean War boosted still further.

It is fashionable in Britain and in Central Africa to suggest that the Federation was created largely to provide Africa's last real chance of white-black cooperation. In fact, it was primarily economic considerations that finally decided the British government to unite the Rhodesias with Nyasaland in 1953 — together with, ironically, the fears the growth of an aggressive Afrikaner nationalism in South Africa had created both in London and in Central Africa.

Federation, which made the copper resources of Northern Rhodesia available outside the territory itself, saved the British government some of the expense of maintaining and developing Nyasaland. It saved Southern Rhodesia from a financial crash to which only the British government could have brought help.

Federation was accepted by Southern Rhodesian whites for economic reasons; by Northern Rhodesian whites, among them the present federal Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky, for political reasons, because it reduced the chances of Northern Rhodesia's becoming an all-black African state; and by whites in Nyasaland for both economic and political reasons. It was welcomed by Southern Rhodesian Africans because it seemed to lessen the danger of Southern Rhodesian links with South Africa; and it met with a lukewarm, and in many cases downright hostile, reception from Africans in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland because they felt that to join Southern Rhodesia brought them nearer to South Africa and its policies. As much to reassure Northern Rhodesian and Nyasaland Africans as for any other reason, the progenitors of Federation, both in London and in Central Africa, proclaimed the policy of racial partnership as its cornerstone.

THE question is, will partnership be successful? A precise assessment of the success of the partnership idea is not easy. So much depends on the preconceived viewpoint of the observer. The short answer is that it has been working reasonably well, but that it will have to work much better in the next eighteen months if it is ultimately to succeed.

Economically the Federation has been the success it was expected to be. It has attracted considerable outside investment; it has successfully

weathered the world slump in copper prices; it has begun to diversify its economy; it has almost completed one of the world's largest hydroelectric schemes (Kariba on the Zambesi River), for which it obtained the biggest single loan ever made by the World Bank. And, in this economic progress, Africans have shared with Europeans. National income has risen from a pathetic £35 per head in 1953 to £43 in 1957. Communications, health, and educational social services have been expanded at a rate which would have been impossible without federation. Africans, especially in the predominantly African territory of Nyasaland, have benefited greatly from this expansion, much of which has been made possible by the capital and skill of white men but which would have been impossible without the labor of black men.

In the Federation, as everywhere else in Africa, the white man initially contributed everything to what can be called Western-style economic development. In many parts of Africa, the white man is justly reviled because he took out of the country far more than he put into it. In Central Africa this is not true and has never been true and, in this sense at least, black-white partnership is working.

Partnership has not yet succeeded in the establishment of overt mutual confidence between the races. The Federation had never suffered race riots of the kind experienced by South Africa in recent years and by the Belgian Congo this year, until, with the emergence from self-imposed exile of the African demagogue, Dr. Hastings Banda, trouble broke out in Nyasaland in February. But less spectacular incidents continue to plague race relations: cases of assault by white farmers on their black laborers, by white miners on black miners, are still too frequent; Africans in some areas still regard whites with suspicion and stone motorists who are involved in accidents with African cyclists or pedestrians; and common courtesies in shops, post offices, and the like are too often lacking.

Far more important than these pinprick incidents is the overall failure so far of the two races to build a common loyalty to the Federation. Each still tends to regard itself primarily as being white or black and not as Rhodesian and Nyasaland. Where an Italian-American, a Chicago Negro, or a Puerto Rican thinks of himself as an American, most Rhodesian blacks think of themselves only as Africans, and to many Rhodesian whites being a Rhodesian is less important than being a European — a term which here indicates no special connection with the continent of Europe but which means simply white-skinned.

For this the British government must bear some blame. When the Federation was created in 1953,

the federal government was given only limited powers, the British government reserving to itself considerable jurisdiction over matters directly affecting Africans in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. This reservation was well-meant, but its result has been that many Africans focus their loyalty on London rather than on the federal capital of Salisbury. The British government's reluctance to see all control pass out of its hands too soon is, of course, understandable, for it has the example behind it of what happened in South Africa when London surrendered all power to Pretoria.

In the political field, the federal government, though answerable to an almost all-white electorate, has taken creditable practical steps toward implementing racial partnership. Recent changes in the franchise offer a reasonable certainty that no man, white or black, will in the future find it easy to be elected to parliament on an exclusively racialist program. The government has virtually abolished the color bar in the civil service; it has helped to establish a multiracial university in Salisbury. Yet, at last year's federal general election, less than 4 per cent of the electorate was nonwhite. Few Africans had enrolled as voters, partly through apathy, partly because they were advised to boycott the elections by the Northern Rhodesian and Nyasaland African National Congresses, whose confidence the federal government has yet to win.

Industrially, the entrenched "white man's job" clauses in copper-belt labor agreements have gone, and the color bar has been broken beyond repair; a major victory but spoiled because too few Africans have yet been trained to fill the skilled jobs now open to them.

Again, there are few Africans in any but the junior civil service jobs and few African university students. The reason for this is that not many Africans are yet properly qualified either for senior civil service jobs or for university entrance, to which Africans will reply that whites are to blame for providing such meager educational facilities for Africans in the past, to which whites in turn reply that, since they and not Africans have been paying for 95 per cent of the educational facilities enjoyed by Africans in Central Africa for the past fifty years, this is scarcely a fair argument.

Thus any attempt to assess accurately which partner is the more to blame for the partial failure of racial partnership on the political level is unlikely to prove fruitful. The hard fact is that mutual confidence between the races is still lacking. For this the politicians themselves, black and white, are largely responsible. Welensky acts liberally and talks as if he is permanently haranguing an audience of black-hating artisans on South

African railways. This, says Welensky, is because he has to talk tough if he wants to win elections with a predominantly white electorate and thereby be able to act liberally. He points to the example of former Southern Rhodesian Premier Garfield Todd. His party was wiped out at the polls last year, not because Todd acted any more liberally than Welensky but because he *talked* a whole lot more liberally. Similarly, the comparatively moderate Northern Rhodesian African nationalist leader, Harry Nkumbula, may be in danger of political eclipse because he has not carried advocacy of African nationalism to the extremes that fellow Northern Rhodesian Kenneth Kaunda and Nyasaland Hastings Banda have.

All this may seem to hold out little hope for the partnership experiment in the Federation. But the important fact is that means of communication between white and black exist in the Federation; Africans can and do become involved in the mechanics of government and in the economic machine. Twelve of the fifty-nine members of the federal parliament are black men; one is a government party whip; one is likely this year to be a Minister of the Crown. In Northern Rhodesia the copper-mining corporations have introduced a policy of deliberately advancing Africans to more skilled jobs. There is increasing contact between white and black in fields other than that of master and servant. Africans, organized in legally accepted trade unions in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, can and often do stand on their own feet and fight for their own rights, being free to repay rudeness with rudeness, fair treatment and a sympathetic hearing with the same response. To anyone who has been nauseated by heavy-handed paternalism and the patronage of "white *baas* speaking nicely to Kaffir boys," this alone is a tremendous achievement.

What is vital in the crucial next eighteen months is that traffic through these channels of communication should be greatly increased, that there should be less talk on both sides aimed to prove that the speaker is a "good European" or a "good African," and that more positive partnership actions should be taken.

Welensky and the whites may argue that, since they have already done more to implement partnership than have the Africans, it is now up to the Africans to do more than the whites. If they do advance this argument, they will be sadly mistaken. The choice in Africa today is not between white states, black states, or partnership. It is *only* between black states and partnership. Africans, therefore, start at a considerable advantage. They cannot lose. They can only win or draw. Whites, on the other hand, cannot win, but only draw or lose.

AJAIYI AND THE WITCH DOCTOR

BY AMOS TUTUOLA



A Nigerian novelist born in 1920, AMOS TUTUOLA came to his writing the hard way. He was educated in the Salvation Army School and at the Anglican Central School at Abeokuta, and he helped to earn the necessary fees by working on his father's farm, selling firewood, and doing odd jobs. His economic status improved when he became a coppersmith in the West African Air Corps. Today he is the author of several books, chief among them THE PALM-WINE DRINKARD.

THERE was once living in a village a young man named Ajaiyi.

Ajaiyi's father was a farmer and Ajaiyi was helping him in the farm until the father became so old that he was unable to go and work in the farm, but Ajaiyi was carrying on the work until he became old enough to marry, but he was so poor that he had no money with which to marry a lady.

Of course, there was nobody who could assist him with money. He pawned himself to a pawnbroker and then he married a lady with the money that the pawnbroker gave him.

A few months after he had married, his father became ill. The illness was so serious that he died within four days that the illness had started.

Just to get money for the funeral of his father, Ajaiyi went to another pawnbroker. He pawned himself and he spent the money that he got from the pawnbroker for the funeral.

Now Ajaiyi had pawned himself to two different pawnbrokers. He was working for the first pawnbroker from morning till twelve o'clock and for the second from two o'clock till the sun set. Thus he was working very hard every day for both pawnbrokers.

Though, as he had no time at all to work for his and his wife's living, his poverty was so grave that all his neighbors shared in his grievance.

One day, one of his neighbors advised him to go to a witch doctor and find out the cause of the grave poverty and to ask what he would do that would end the poverty.

Without hesitation, Ajaiyi went to the witch doctor. He explained all his difficulties and the witch doctor explained to him, "If you like to be free from your poverty, you will buy nine rams and nine sacks as well. You will put each of the rams alive inside each of the sacks. Then in the midnight you will carry them to your father's grave. You will put all on top of it. In the morning, if you go back to the grave, I believe you

Photograph of Bambara mask from THE SCULPTURE OF AFRICA by Eliot Elisofon. Collection Pierre Verité.

will be very surprised to meet on the grave only the empty sacks, and that means your father has taken all the nine rams.

"When you meet there only the empty sacks, take them back to your house and put them in the room. Certainly in a few days' time all the nine sacks will be filled with money by your father who has taken the rams. Because it was your father who had caused your poverty, for you have never sacrificed rams to him since when he died. But let me know the real midnight that you will take the rams to the grave."

After the witch doctor had explained, Ajaiyi thanked him and then he left.

"How did the witch doctor explain to you about our poverty?" Ajaiyi's wife asked from him immediately he entered the house. And Ajaiyi perplexedly explained to her what the witch doctor had told him to do. But when he said that he would not be able to buy the nine rams his wife said politely, "Are we going to die in this poverty? Though you have already pawned yourself to two pawnbrokers, I believe if you pawn yourself to a third pawnbroker you will not be able to satisfy all of them. Therefore, I will go to another pawnbroker, I will pawn myself to him as well. So by that, we shall get money to buy the nine rams and the nine empty sacks. For I want our poverty to finish as soon as possible."

"If you pawn yourself to another pawnbroker, who will be working for our living then?" Ajaiyi asked his wife with great sorrow.

"Never mind about our living, we shall be living on whatever we get," she replied.

THE following day she went to a pawnbroker who gave her ten pounds. Then she and her husband went to the market with the money. Unfortunately the ten pounds was not sufficient to buy nine rams, though it could buy six rams and six empty sacks. Ajaiyi was greatly perplexed having seen this. He told his wife to let them go back to the house with the money.

"Oh my husband, let us buy as many rams and empty sacks as this ten pounds can buy. You will take them to the grave of your father as the first installment. You will beg your father to take them and you will bring the rest three to him as soon as you have money to buy them. Because I believe if we take the money back to the house we shall spend it on another thing and by that we shall remain in our poverty."

Ajaiyi agreed when his wife advised him like that. They bought six rams and six empty sacks and in the midnight Ajaiyi put each of the rams inside each of the sacks. He carried them one by

one to his father's grave which was at a short distance from the village. And he explained before the grave that he would bring the rest three rams as soon as he had money to purchase them.

Early in the morning, he and his wife hastily went to the grave. They were very happy when all the rams were no more found inside the sacks. They thought the dead father had taken them away before the morning. They came back to the house with the empty sacks and were expecting that their poverty would end very soon.

Having waited and waited and waited until the days became month and again waited and waited and waited until the months became year, and their poverty did not even reduce, but it became from bad to worse and they were even hardly eating twice in a week.

Then Ajaiyi blamed his wife. "I have told you on that day to let us return home with the ten pounds when it was not sufficient to buy the whole rams."

When he told his wife very painfully like that she said, "Don't let us give up yet. My advice now is to go back to the witch doctor and find out from him the reason why our poverty is growing from bad to worse instead of to finish."

Then Ajaiyi went back to the witch doctor. He explained that he had sacrificed six rams to his father but his poverty does not finish. "Hah, your poverty cannot finish yet until after you have sacrificed the rest three rams to your father!" the witch doctor explained loudly.

Having heard like that from him, Ajaiyi came back to the house. He said to his wife, "As you know and quite sure that we have not even one penny in hand, how much more to get such a big money with which to buy three rams? But my intention now is that when it is in the midnight I will visit my father inside his grave. I will tell him, 'You were quite sure before you died that I have no money and I am in poverty. But after you have died you are demanding nine rams from me. Of course, I tried all my best and I gave you six rams out of the nine, but I am told by the witch doctor that you insist to take the rest.' If he says it is so, then I will behead him at the same time and then I will come out from the grave if possible."

In the midnight, Ajaiyi took three empty sacks and one long, sharp cutlass to his father's grave. He stuffed two of the three sacks with earth in such a sensible way that both seemed as if it were rams inside them. After that, he entered inside the third and then he was expecting his dead father to take away the three sacks.

But when it was about two o'clock the witch doctor came there with his two servants. The three sacks were carried to his house. Imme-

diately the sacks were put down in the witch doctor's room, he started to loose them with the intention to take the rams out and to slaughter them at the same time and then to give the empty sacks to his servants to return them to the grave. But he was greatly surprised to see inside the first and second sacks that both contained the hard earth instead of rams. And he hardly loosened the third when Ajaiyi jumped out unexpectedly with cutlass in his hand.

Ajaiyi grabbed the witch doctor with left hand and he held the cutlass above his head in such a fearful way that the witch doctor was puzzled. When he wanted to shout for help, Ajaiyi covered his mouth with the flat part of the cutlass. "Do you believe that I shall free from my poverty as you have taken the six rams for yourself?" Ajaiyi asked impatiently.

"You cannot free from it hence I am the right man who had taken the rams and not your father," the witch doctor muttered.

"But I believe you are my dead father and as you have taken the rams from me you are banned to set me free from my poverty this midnight," Ajaiyi told him loudly and then grinned.

"No, I am not your dead father in any way!"

"Certainly you are my dead father who has the power to set me free from my poverty and I am glad that I shall be free from it this midnight!" Ajaiyi roared horribly on him. And at the time, he forced the witch doctor to show him the place that he kept his money. Willing or not, the witch doctor showed the place when Ajaiyi wanted to behead him. Then Ajaiyi took all the money and went back to his house.

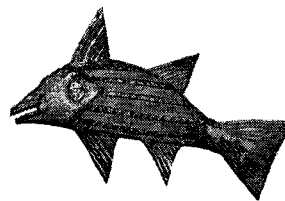
"Ah, you come back, Ajaiyi? What did your father tell you when you visited him in the grave? And what time did he tell you that we shall free from our poverty?" Ajaiyi's wife asked impatiently immediately he entered the house with a huge bag of money on his left shoulder.

"We shall pay all our debts tomorrow morning. Because the witch doctor had turned to my dead father this midnight and he supposed to set us free from our poverty or he had taken our rams by false pretense," Ajaiyi exclaimed.

"How did the witch doctor set us free?" she asked wonderfully.

"Because I have taken all his money by force and this is the money."

Then both of them counted the money and it was more than six hundred pounds. The following day, out of the money, they paid back the money that they had borrowed from the pawnbrokers. Having freed from their debts, Ajaiyi and his wife were living comfortably.



DAVID DIOP

AFRICA

TO MY MOTHER

Africa my Africa

Africa of the proud warriors in the ancestral
savannas

Africa my grandmother sings

By her faraway river

I have never known you

But my gaze is full of your blood

Your good black blood dispersed over the fields

The blood of your sweat

The sweat of your work

The work of slavery

The slavery of your children

Africa tell me Africa

Is it then you that back which bends

And drops under the weight of humility

That trembling back striped red

Which says yes to the whip on the noonday roads

Then gravely a voice answers me

Impetuous son that young and robust tree

That tree down there

Splendidly alone among white faded flowers

Is Africa your Africa which sprouts again

Which resprouts patiently obstinately

Whose fruits little by little acquire

The bitter savor of liberty.

Translated by E. S. YNTEMA

*Photograph of Ashanti brass weight from THE SCULPTURE OF AFRICA
by Eliot Elisofon. Collection Pierre Verite.*

The CONFLICT of CULTURES

A PLEA FOR PATIENCE

by K. A. BUSIA

Born in 1913, K. A. Busia was educated in his native Ghana before taking his university degrees in England. For ten years he was head of the department of sociology at the University of Ghana, and when his country gained independence he became the parliamentary leader of the United Party, which merged the six organizations opposing the government of Prime Minister Nkrumah.

CULTURE, as the anthropologist and sociologist conceive it, is cumulative. It embraces all the modes of thought and behavior handed down by communication and interaction; it is the social heritage acquired through the learning process rather than through inheritance. The cultural anthropologist or sociologist does find differences in culture, but the differences are not racial differences. Cultures are cumulative, based on experience and learning. It is important to emphasize this point because the belief in a pacific and workable adjustment of social situations created by cultural differences depends on the fact that culture can be learned. The problems of social change in West Africa, as elsewhere, arising from the impact of peoples possessing different cultures, do arise precisely because men aspire to assimilate cultures different from their own.

The impact of Europe and America upon West Africa is most obvious in economic life. The houses in which people live, the clothes they wear, and the ways in which they earn their living, the shops and factories, motor roads and railways, all testify to the changes that this impact has wrought. All over West Africa, a large number of men and women earn their living by selling and distributing the manufactured products of Europe and

America, from canned foods to luxury cars and radio sets. There are now many ways in which people earn their living, from unskilled labor on the roads, on cocoa, rice, and cotton farms, or in the mines to the work of the highly skilled technician, engineer, barrister, or doctor. The self-sufficient economies of small African communities have been displaced by a money economy and dependence on international trade.

There have also been changes in the physical environments. Forests have been cleared to make room for cocoa farms or new towns, some villages have disappeared while new ones have sprung up along newly built roads, and large towns have grown near mines or factories.

With all this have gone a redistribution of population and new social patterns. Workers who have acquired new skills play new roles. The traditional social structure is changed. No longer does the network of kinship encompass all the activities of social life, and relationships, obligations, and reciprocities are changed or are expressed in new ways.

Illustrations of this may be found in the kinship and marriage systems, which are an essential part of the social structure. In West Africa, as in other African communities, the network of kinship em-

braces all the needs and activities of life. One's duties and behavior toward one's kinsfolk are clearly defined and taught. Included in the kinship structure is the domestic group, which is variously composed: there may be the monogamous household, consisting of parents and their unmarried children; or the polygamous family of one father and two or more mothers, in which the mother and her children constitute a separate unit of the group; or the extended parental family, in which a man lives in the same household with his married sons and their wives; or the domestic group consisting of a man and his wife and their daughters and their husbands.

Though in rural areas these patterns of residence remain, in many new towns and cities the housing situation makes the maintenance of the old traditional patterns difficult. The domestic group is divided. In many rented houses, members of different tribes and classes share the same dwelling, and so the old structure has been destroyed and new ways have to be found to fulfill the ties and obligations of kinship.

Whatever the size of the domestic group in West Africa, the range of relationships recognized for social purposes extends beyond it to the larger kinship group, the lineage, which is a group of relations descended from a common ancestor or ancestress. One owes duties and may expect help from this larger group at certain crises of life. The kinship system provides security.

But marriage and kinship systems are products of evolution. They are affected by the change from a subsistence economy to one based on acquired skills in a money economy. They are also affected by modern systems of communication and mobility, by industrial agriculture and mining, and by the impersonal relations in large towns and cities. Traditional forms of behavior, old sanctions of morality and conduct, the reciprocities and security of the large kinship group, all tend to change. The isolation of the family unit in the town, the splitting up of domestic groups of kinsfolk between urban and rural communities, the new social contacts and relationships in a competitive capitalistic economy, all compel changes in the established ways.

THE encounter between Europe and West Africa has also led to profound changes in political and administrative structures. Colonizing countries, such as Britain and France, have brought together tribes and chiefdoms that were once separate or at war with one another and have administered them as one territory. Out of alien rule and administration the concepts of nationhood and na-

tionalism have been learned, and nationalist Africans have challenged imperialism by using the political philosophies and arguments employed by their imperial rulers. The administrative structures built by imperial officials laid the foundation for nation states. Where opportunities have been given to Africans, they have learned new ideas and skills and have accepted and incorporated changes in their culture to meet the new situation. So, in West Africa traditional chiefs play new roles alongside elected African cabinet ministers and African administrative officers.

The false racial theories by which some have sought to justify imperialism and segregation have been disproved by the successful assimilation of alien political institutions and culture, as exemplified in West Africa. The independent states of Liberia, Ghana, and Guinea — and the approaching independence of Nigeria, the Cameroons, and Togoland — all testify that, given adequate opportunity, contemporary man can master highly developed cultures whatever the color of his skin. The parliamentary institutions of European democracies and the techniques and machinery of government have been successfully adapted in West Africa.

Europe brought to West Africa its own system of education through formal schooling. In West Africa today, there are primary schools, high schools, teacher-training colleges, technical institutes, and universities, all on the French, British, or American model. Those who receive instruction at these seats of learning are prepared for service and leadership in their own countries. They encounter the culture of Europe through what they learn at school, but they live in their own traditional culture, which is undergoing rapid social change.

Education in school or college has been based on the requirements of the European ruler, missionary, or businessman, and it has taught more about Europe and its culture than about Africa. Today in some of the best schools this is being remedied; there is an increasing awareness that the school must be rooted in the culture of the society it seeks to serve. But reading and writing were taught, and some Africans were given the opportunity to share in contemporary European culture.

Those who learned to read and write acquired a new status and prestige. They became clerks, teachers, skilled artisans, or professional men. They became leaders in political life, displacing the chief and the traditional councils from political leadership. The birth of West African nationalism and the agitation for independence are the direct result of education as introduced from Europe and America.

The assimilation of European education and the adaptation to the social changes it has brought about are another proof that pacific and workable adjustments can be made to changes in culture, under favorable circumstances. In West Africa, where the opportunities for education have been given to Africans, even if on a small scale in relation to the total population, those who have benefited have shown that cultural differences are not due to differences in capabilities, as is maintained by scientifically unsupported racialists, but to differences in experience which can be eliminated through the learning process.

There is plenty of evidence from the writings of cultural anthropologists and sociologists to show that differences of culture do not support policies of segregation and separation, for cultures can be and are learned. Every people wants to preserve some aspect of culture which is peculiarly its own and which continues to serve desired purposes in its society. These cherished traditions are not signs of inferiority but of differences in experience.

For every people has its own reflections on the nature and purpose of life and its own beliefs concerning the supernatural, to which its religious rites give expression. In West Africa generally, there is the belief in a Supreme Being who is the Creator of man and the universe, and also in other gods, and in the ancestors who continue to guard and guide the present generation. To peoples holding these beliefs of polytheism and ancestor worship, European missionaries brought the Christian gospel of one God, of salvation through Christ, and of universal brotherhood. Christianity is one of the factors of social change that the impact with Europe has introduced into West Africa.

As an institution, the church has provided fellowship among different tribes, education through the Bible and the hymnbook and through reading and writing, and opportunities for new types of associations that help to provide some of the services and security that the all-embracing kinship groups once provided but no longer adequately do. Christianity has also offered cultural challenges. It has insisted on monogamy in societies whose customs permit polygamy. It has challenged ancestor worship and polytheism, which provided some of the sanctions of conformity to social norms and usages. It has taught new songs and music and frowned on our traditional forms. It has made converts refrain from joining in some tribal rites and religious ceremonies and necessitated their rejection of some cultural patterns. But within the church there is a growing awareness of the problems of social change, and a concerted effort is being made through research and exchange of views at conferences to meet and resolve the new challenges in the light of Christian teach-

ing and insight. The church recognizes the need for every Christian, white or black, to belong to his social group and share its life as fully as possible.

This approach itself expresses belief in the fact that the problems arising from the conflict of cultures can be solved in a pacific way. The spread of the Christian church in West Africa and the prominent part it has played in social advancement give proof that people from different cultural backgrounds share certain values and that fellowship is possible on the basis of intellectual and spiritual communion.

THE impact of Europe on West Africa has often been destructive of social, economic, political, and religious systems. Cultural changes carry some problems of maladjustment in their wake. The obligation to share scientific, technical, and material resources requires a sensitivity to cultural and social values. Money values have often replaced the personal values of the traditional system. In the place of the desire to maintain harmonious human relationships has grown the insatiate acquisitiveness for material things. It is true that the standards of living in West Africa are, by comparison with those of Europe or America, low, and men need material things to live with; but even more, they need an adequate system of values to live by.

A study of the social and political institutions of West African peoples will show that a great deal of emphasis is laid on personal relations and that the quest for a harmonious and peaceful society is basic to all their social practices and institutions. This quest for a humane society is not confined to West Africa, but in industrialized countries like those of Europe and America it has tended to be obscured by the quest for power. At any rate, in the encounter between Africa and Europe, it is Europe's power that has most impressed the African and stimulated his quest. Europe's power over nature, conferred by science and technology — its power to produce more things to enrich the life of man, to build roads and railways, to overcome the barriers of space, or to prolong life by successfully combating illness — has expressed the superiority of Europe and has made the African want to learn European ways. For it is clear to Africans, too, that African cultures are less efficient than those of Europe or America for bending nature to serve the needs of man.

Large buildings are being constructed and harbors, roads, railways and airfields, hospitals and dispensaries, schools and colleges; and the trained African personnel that man these services testify

to the fact that science and technology can be learned. They cannot be acquired without changes in other aspects of culture and without social problems and maladjustments, but social change in Europe and America has been attended by similar problems.

Contrasts between the cultures of Europe and West Africa are everywhere manifest. Yet even in the remotest village, with its narrow streets and simple mud houses, some product of Western technology will be found in the shop or the home.

The impact with Europe is seen in the clothes that people wear, which may be the latest fashion in New York, London, or Paris or the traditional robes made to suit local tastes and style from materials manufactured in Europe; in the churches, where Christians sing tunes and recite creeds familiar to European congregations; in the schools and colleges, where the language spoken or the ideas examined may be the same as in any European school or college; in the courts, where barristers in wig and gown cite European law before judges dispensing justice according to European

traditions. Yet beside all this are the traditional religious ceremonies; the local courts settling disputes according to native law and custom; the old African world of song and dance and rhythm, of family ties and relationships, of chiefs resplendent in traditional regalia. The old herbalist tries out his cures alongside the trained African medical specialist equipped with the latest instruments and knowledge of European medical science. It is in this amalgam of life that cultural adjustment goes on; new ideas being learned or rejected, old ones being discarded or retained or modified.

In the encounter between peoples there is an interchange of experience, and folkways change. In spite of the superiority of Europe in science and technology Europeans have changed in response to the encounter with Africa. West African communities are already evolving cultures that testify both to their encounter with Europe and America and to their own genius and heritage. Under conditions of favorable opportunity and freedom, the process of growth and social change will continue without friction.

Excerpt from the long poem **DEBOUT**

by **TCHICAYA U TAM'SI**

. . . here is the stream again under the rainbow
the stream takes me by the feet and the head
the jackals are like my teeth
they stink of the knowing serpent
in one of my memory's holes
the owl watches me take
my first steps drunk with so many stars

my life is one that kills
take it

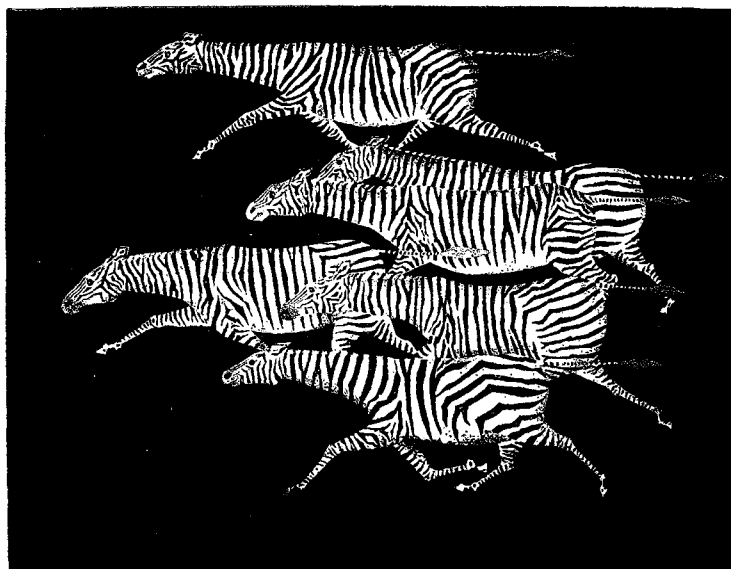
not to die
I realize that my congo
wants to live free
freedom for

my teeth
to be jackals
redolent
any apple will do
if love is sad

night will come my soul is ready

Translated by E. S. YNTEMA

THE VANISHING HERDS



BY GEORGE TREICHEL

Conservationists everywhere have been watching with mounting concern the destruction of wild animals and their habitats in East and Central Africa. Two years ago the New York Zoological Society and the Conservation Foundation sent GEORGE TREICHEL to Africa to find out the facts. A biogeographer, specializing in African studies, Mr. Treichel spent fourteen months afield in forty-five major faunal areas south of the Sahara.

AFRICA, and particularly British East Africa, is generally considered the foremost stronghold of spectacular wild fauna in the world, an area teeming with vast herds which are composed of an extraordinary diversity of species. Earlier in the century, this was indeed the case. But the rapid pace of settlement and development has altered the image of a wild unspoiled Africa, particularly since the beginning of World War II.

Today, those immense herds are but mere memories, except for a very few in the famous national parks and sanctuaries. Large animals outside of the major parks are being rapidly and disastrously eliminated at an ever-increasing pace because of widespread destruction of habitat through settlement and ranching projects, shooting to control disease carriers (especially the tsetse fly), and poaching. Conservative estimates indicate that well over half of the original wildlife areas have been eliminated and that more than three fourths of the animals in the remaining areas have been killed. People in government and economic planning circles believe that over much of Africa all large animals will be completely wiped out during the next decade or two, except perhaps in fenced national parks and on a few tracts of marginal lands.

Raids on the African fauna south of the Sahara have been continuing ever since the earliest Arab and European explorers and merchants established footholds. The elephant was the first mammal to be exploited on a commercial scale by these early adventurers, and slaves often were required to carry precious ivory from the interior to the coast. In the east, the Arabs stripped the central Tanganyika area lying along the route to Ujiji of its finest ivory long before the arrival of the Europeans. And at a much later date, more than one million elephant tusks were purchased by one of several agents operating at the Red Sea port of Suakin. These tusks were carried by caravans from the Sudan and Ethiopia between 1853 and 1878.

During the nineteenth century, unscrupulous European hunters slaughtered much of the fauna on South African plains, and this was followed to a lesser extent by similar activities in East Africa. Little sporting ingenuity was required in those early days, for enormous congregations of wildlife blackened the veld. In East Africa, the impact of the European became critical during the early phase of World War II. Large numbers of animals were killed off to feed the troops, many natives were armed for the first time, and jeeps penetrated

"Six Zèbres Courant," aquatint by Mario Avati. Courtesy Boston Library Print Department.

to every last water hole. During the Italian campaign, some herds were extirpated by machine guns.

In addition, there have been numerous official government projects to destroy wildlife in the effort to control the tsetse fly. Notorious are the schemes in Natal and Uganda, and particularly Southern Rhodesia, where there have been decades of wasteful slaughter in the name of government fly control — some of it successful, much of it not. Since 1924, it is estimated that at least 1.25 million head of wild animals have been destroyed in operations against the tsetse fly in Southern Rhodesia alone. In the 70,000-acre Umfolozi White Rhino Reserve in Natal, over 110,000 head of all wildlife species except rhinos were killed from 1942 until 1950. It is important to remember that Africans have witnessed or actually carried out most of these controlled shootings under European supervision.

The European confuses many of the Africans. First he orders that all wildlife be killed off in a tsetse campaign; next he desperately attempts to preserve wildlife in other areas called national parks! Africans have seen the destruction of wildlife all across the continent and, more recently, they have started to play a major destructive role also. To understand why, it is essential to review some historical developments.

PRIOR to the coming of the European, constant intertribal conflict, famine, pestilence, and disease kept the human population at a low level. In the places where the herds covered the landscape, primitive man was, in every sense, merely a clever and effective predator. In other regions, tribal warfare made large areas unsafe for human occupation, and these areas became, in effect, wildlife sanctuaries. But the European changed all this. A civilized and orderly community was forged in a short span — only a half century in many parts of Africa. Law and order prevailed where previously they were unknown, and tribal warfare was stopped abruptly.

Modern medicine and science have eliminated or controlled most diseases, and improved agriculture has made the scourge of famine nothing but a memory. The result of this Western civilizing influence is an exploding indigenous population, a situation that will become acute as the population doubles in the next twenty to thirty years. Expanding population crowding onto limited land space with limited resources is a problem in other parts of the world; in Africa, a submarginal agricultural continent, it is a tragedy.

In earlier times, the African killed only what

he needed, for strict codes were enforced by powerful chiefs and elders in many areas. In more recent years, the authority of the chiefs and tribal leaders has diminished at the same time that the staggering increase in the population occurred. While previously the natives hunted only for the village pot, today more and more Africans are engaged in poaching, some of them with techniques learned from the Europeans. There is now a sizable illegal traffic in biltong (dried meat), rhino horn, and ivory, and poaching for these items is so profitable that the income from poaching exceeds what a rural African can earn in any other way. The poaching is carried out with a pernicious assortment of snares, pits, ring fires, poisoned arrows, and muzzle loaders. Not less than 150,000 large wild animals have been killed every year by African poachers in and around the Serengeti National Park. Today in Tanganyika, many more animals are destroyed by poachers in a few days than are taken by licensed hunters during an entire year, for hunting safaris are now strictly regulated and are not permitted to destroy the breeding stock, whereas poaching is indiscriminate.

Hamstringing is widespread to preserve fresh wild meat on the hoof. In addition to the poaching of antelopes and buffaloes for meat, elephants are slaughtered only for their tusks and rhinos for their horns, which are in great demand in the Far East as aphrodisiacs. In many places, giraffe are killed only for their tail hairs, which make excellent fly whisks. Poaching exists on a scale inconceivable to those who have not seen the evidence.

A recent successful anti-poaching campaign in Kenya revealed the extent of poaching of elephants in the Tsavo National Park near the coast. In this relatively small area, 1250 elephant carcasses were discovered, and it was estimated that not less than 3000 elephants have been slaughtered with poisoned arrows in this region during the past three years. Since the total elephant population of the entire Tsavo region is now estimated to be but 4000, there can be only one result if poaching is allowed to continue on this scale. Many other species have reached a dangerously low level, also. Wildlife authorities estimate that in all Kenya today there may be fewer than 1000 black rhinos left. Yet ten years ago 900 black rhinos were shot in the Makueni area alone to make way for a new agricultural settlement scheme. And this winter thousands of animals perished in the floodwaters impounded by the new Kariba Dam in the Rhodesias.

Properly administered national parks are the bulwark of our faunal defense in Africa, but in addition, wildlife management projects, which would harvest an annual surplus of animals on a

sustained yield basis, are needed in regions entirely unsuited for domestic livestock. The critical factor, however, is African participation.

Africans should be encouraged to conserve wildlife, if for no other reason than as a future meat supply. The present tribal attitude is that all animals are simply so much uneaten meat being held — and therefore wasted — for the pleasure of the resident Europeans and their visitors from foreign lands who like to take pictures or go on sport-shooting safaris or simply observe the enchantment and excitement of the African bush. Africans view properly constituted national parks as European institutions, a strange colonial custom of setting aside substantial blocks of land for the exclusive use of wild beasts.

Some native leaders reject many of the things connected with colonialism, including the national parks and wildlife conservation. How can we convince them that, from an international point of view, their respective colonial governments did a creditable job in developing the national parks? The future is rather gloomy unless we can interest a sufficient number of emerging political leaders, chiefs, and students in the important values of the wildlife and national park resources. Native leaders must be invited to participate in working out future wildlife conservation programs, and the tribes must be recipients of direct economic benefits accruing from the conservation of wildlife.

The great national parks and wildlife reserves of Africa — areas like the Etosha Pan Game Reserve in South-West Africa near the Angola border, the internationally renowned Serengeti in northwestern Tanganyika, the Garamba National Park in the Belgian Congo — are unique cultural assets having not only local value but a distinct international value, which is not comprehended by the Africans. Someday, as their interests expand, they also will regard these places as priceless living museums of natural history, without comparison in the rest of the world. They represent a cultural heritage belonging to the whole world, of which the people of Africa must regard themselves as trustees. Most modern nations maintain national parks and reserves, and our total cultural and scientific heritage would be much impoverished if any of the natural sanctuaries were destroyed. Eliminating them would be comparable to the destruction of the great art collections and cathedrals of Europe, or the temples and shrines of Asia, all of which are part of our total international heritage as civilized, perceptive human beings.

Anyone familiar with the African bush and back country realizes that at this stage it would be impossible to point out these facts to most of

the rural people. Eight out of ten natives are still in the bush, leading a simple tribal life bound by tradition, witchcraft, and sorcery. They think of themselves not as part of a nation but as members of a single tribe. Our only chance of achieving success depends on the cooperation of Africans in positions of authority. To maintain the superlative national parks which the European powers established is an urgent consideration in view of impending political developments throughout East Africa.

Wildlife will not be maintained by natives for sentimental reasons alone. There must be economic benefits, such as those derived from tourist receipts. Tourism has played an enormous role in saving wildlife areas from destruction, and in most of Africa tourism and wildlife are indivisible. This economic appeal is invariably convincing to people of all races, and a powerful argument can be made for the wilderness on this point alone, particularly in countries where tourism is the third- or fourth-ranking industry.

The parks and reserves serve as catalysts in promoting travel and the importation of precious foreign currencies. Wild fauna is the most important element in the African scene, and to enjoy the greatest of wildlife pageants visitors have to enter the national parks and sanctuaries. Between these widely separated "islands" of wildlife, one views not the enchantment of animal life but the emerging, developing Africa — and, quite often, the effects of man's abuse of his environment: overgrazing, woodland destruction, soil erosion, and declining fertility.

The present situation is critical, and unless adequate measures are taken soon, another decade or two may well see the almost total extinction of African wildlife except in a few token regions. Are these wild animals really worthy of preservation, or are they merely an anachronism, inevitably doomed to disappear before the advancing tidal wave of civilization?

Like many others, I feel that there is room for wildlife in certain parts of Africa, not just because these animals are attractive and nice to have around, but because they have a great part to play in the economic and cultural life of each country. A forceful international appeal for wilderness and wildlife in Africa is essential, and everything possible must be done to inform opinion in Europe and America about the urgency of the problem. Greater attempts must be made to arrest the tide of depredation and establish sound new programs with African participation. The spell of old Africa will forever be broken if the giraffe and wildebeests, zebras and gazelles on that magnificent acacia plain at the base of Mount Kilimanjaro are allowed to vanish.

LAST CHANCE IN AFRICA

An American View

BY JOHN SCOTT

On global assignments for James A. Linen, the publisher of TIME, JOHN SCOTT has since 1952 made fact-finding trips to Europe, the Middle East, Southeast Asia, and most recently through the entirety of Africa. A Philadelphian educated at the George School and the University of Wisconsin, Mr. Scott worked for five years as a welder in the industrial plants of Russia until the great purge of 1937 forced him from Soviet industry. He stayed on in Moscow for three years as a correspondent for the London NEWS CHRONICLE. Author of four books, best known of them, BEYOND THE URALS, Mr. Scott has worked for Time Inc. for the past seventeen years.

IN THE whole of Africa, there are only about 6 million white Europeans, yet they control most of the continent's wealth and power. About 98 per cent of all Africans are Hamites, Semites, Bantus, and other dark-skinned peoples, more than a third of them still animist or pagan. About one third are Muslim. And Islam is increasing steadily, at the expense of paganism. Christianity is barely holding its own.

Most of Africa's 220 million dark people are dirt poor. Their average per capita income is less than a hundred dollars a year, but the continent's gross product has been increasing by a spectacular 5 per cent a year. With a population increase of about 2 per cent a year, per capita production has been increasing by more than 3 per cent a year. Distribution of the income from this production has been most uneven. For example, the Union of South Africa, with 6 per cent of the continent's population, produces 22 per cent of its gross product — and the Union's 3 million Europeans get most of that.

Africa is plagued by most of the diseases known to mankind, as well as by some of the most virulent social afflictions. The vast majority of the people are chronically undernourished, poorly clothed and housed. They own virtually no property. An overwhelming number cannot read or write. Only

three of the approximately seven hundred principal languages that are spoken (aside from Arabic) had achieved their own written script before the coming of the white man: Amharic, Tamachek, and Vai.

In the twentieth century, the disintegration of Africa's traditional tribal society and the progressive disappearance of colonialism have made most of the continent a political vacuum. The paradox of new, modern, and beautiful cities — Casablanca, Dakar, Abidjan, Léopoldville, Cape Town, Johannesburg, Salisbury, Nairobi, Douala, Algiers, not to mention ancient but perennially magnificent Cairo — must be comprehended against a background of the rest of Africa: unstable, restless, primitive millions, barely existing on a continent whose economic potential is immense.

Africa produces a large part of the world's uranium, one sixth of its lead, one third of its chrome, almost three quarters of its cobalt, nearly half its antimony, 14 per cent of its tin, more than one third of its manganese and phosphates, almost one quarter of its copper, nearly two thirds of its gold — and practically all its diamonds. Africa's agricultural and hydroelectrical resources have hardly been touched. Petroleum potential is enormous, though production is still small.

Africa's hydroelectrical projects include Rhodesia's Kariba (1.2 million kilowatts scheduled to start in 1960); the Edéa project in the French Cameroons (installed capacity: 125,000 kilowatts at the end of 1958; expected annual production of aluminum: 50,000 tons); Uganda's Owen Falls (150,000 kilowatts capacity by 1960); the Upper Congo's De la Commune and Le Marinel projects (partially finished, will develop 398,000 kilowatts); the Volta River scheme in Ghana (a \$700-million project just begun); the planned Inga Rapids development on the Lower Congo (an immense thirty-year project that will cost between \$3 billion and \$4 billion and will develop 20 to 25 million kilowatts — about three times France's present installed capacity).

Best figures indicate that total capital investments in Africa are now running between \$4 billion and \$5 billion a year, or between 15 per cent and 20 per cent of the continent's gross product — an average well above that for the Western world. (In the Union of South Africa, the capital formation rate is running at nearly 25 per cent and in Rhodesia around 30 per cent, percentages that are among the world's highest.) The results of this immense investment have been substantial: in the last decade, mineral production has increased by 60 per cent in tonnage and by 300 per cent in value.

THE HARVEST OF COLONIALISM

Though colonial peoples are naturally often loath to recognize it, colonialism did a great deal of good. However rapacious the motives which brought the colonial powers to Africa, and however rich the stockholders in Europe may have become, economic development did result. Furthermore, in every case, doctors, missionaries, engineers, teachers, geologists came, and generally with the highest motives. Many of these men and women spent decades of selfless service working for the good of the native populations.

To summarize the achievements of colonialism:

1. Local tribal warfare was diminished and some kind of order and security established and maintained.

2. Cannibalism, slavery, ritualized murder, and other atavistic practices were suppressed.

3. Elementary communications were created: roads, bridges, railroads, telephones, airlines. Though these facilities were usually established for the convenience of the European settlers themselves, they were inevitably used by the natives and served to open up the country.

4. Public health measures were taken against such scourges as the tsetse fly (carrier of sleeping sickness to humans and nagana to cattle), the

malarial mosquito, tuberculosis, trachoma, and such endemic infectious diseases as syphilis. In many cases, these campaigns virtually stamped out diseases which for centuries had been the local populations' principal killers. At the same time, hospitals and clinics furnished improved therapy for everything from hunting accidents to childbirth. These facilities too were frequently set up essentially for the protection of the European minorities, but their effect on the native population was immense. In many cases, life expectancy was doubled in a few years; in some instances, population increases outran food resources — an unexpected and unintended result of colonial public health activity.

5. Substantial progress was made against such chronic disasters as floods, droughts, locust invasions, and the famines which historically followed such catastrophes. This progress also led to rapid population increase and consequent chronic undernourishment.

6. Educational facilities were created, though it is true that these were often shamefully inadequate and discriminatory. It is disgraceful that in Algeria, for example, after almost one hundred and thirty years of French rule, only one Muslim boy in five, one girl in sixteen, were in school in 1954. But it was an eye opener for me to see that in Liberia (independent since its founding in 1847) the school situation is far worse than in Algeria, and that in Ethiopia (independent since the days of Solomon) there was no public school system at all until the Italian invasion in 1934.

7. Frequently colonialism brought with it teams of anthropologists, curators, musicologists, linguists, and others who studied and sought to preserve native culture.

8. In most cases, colonial authority established some rule of law — the white man's law, to be sure, and discriminatingly administered at that. But it is interesting to note that as African countries achieved independence, they usually retained European legal codes, adapting them to the needs of their societies.

9. Colonialism created conditions under which capital formation began. To produce enough food to supply the growing population, needed machinery was set up: power plants, fertilizer industries, port facilities, soil conservation and reforestation projects, as well as numerous and diverse manufacturing industries. Here too the motive was usually profit for the imperialists or settlers; but the factories stayed in Africa even when the profits were repatriated.

10. Finally, major efforts were made to enlighten native populations by religious conversion. Millions of tribal Africans embraced Christianity and Islam, which at best engendered sobriety,

honesty, and respect for one's fellow man. This was important, because among millions of Africans the breakdown of tribal codes of ethics had left a menacing social and spiritual vacuum.

Different policies and methods of administration were used by the European powers in Africa. Some were more effective than others, for various reasons. The Turks and Germans were squeezed from the continent many years ago as a result of considerations having nothing to do with their colonial administrations. Both left deep marks on their former colonies; both were harsh but fair; both were relatively efficient. Holland, of course, had been pushed from Africa even earlier, leaving Britain, France, Belgium, Portugal, and Spain in control of most of Africa.

Britain has worked toward preparing its colonies for independence and — as Indians, Burmese, Ghanaians, and many others can testify — has in due course withdrawn, in each case leaving the newly independent nation free to determine whether or not it wanted to continue as part of the Commonwealth. In most cases, the advantages of sterling bloc services and Commonwealth preferences have been such that the cast-loose colonies have decided to become voluntary members of that impressive association of free nations.

France's policies have been the most diverse and contradictory, for, in principle, France has been dedicated to the assimilation of its colonies, to making Frenchmen of its Africans. But outnumbered as they have been until recent years by their colonial citizens, the French have been unwilling to implement their own principle, lest France itself be assimilated by its empire.

After France and Britain, I would rate the colonial powers in this order on their chances for orderly evolution to some sort of friendly and mutually advantageous Afro-European association: Belgium, Portugal, and finally, at the bottom of the list, the Union of South Africa, where horrible violence is almost inevitable.

The Belgians are running into trouble, because they have not given their Africans an early start at political training or political responsibilities. I expect the Congo will have self-administration in three to five years, and independence perhaps within a decade. If the Belgians try to retard these developments, there will be more violence, but I hope they will prove sober and realistic enough to avoid this.

INDEPENDENCE ON THE WAY

With all its diversity, colonialism in Africa shares in all countries one common attribute. It has spawned its own destroyer: nationalism. By educating at least some natives, giving them new

skills, desires, and appetites, colonialism signed its own death warrant. Millions of Africans who had never before been conscious of their national entity or of the very substance of independence now think and act as Nigerians, Tanganyikans, Algerians.

During recent years, radio communication has told millions about the four freedoms. The stories of man's fight for freedom in other areas, the Magna Charta, and the American, French, and Russian Revolutions have been brought to Africa by colonials and their schools. Vying with one another for African leadership, such statesmen as Egypt's Nasser and Ghana's Nkrumah have sought to whip nationalist sentiment into a frenzy of impatience and insistence. The whole continent is afire with the demand for independence *now*.

Many African nations, however, are patently unprepared for independence. When Libya became an independent state in 1951, it had no engineers, virtually no trained administrators, no middle class, almost no intelligentsia. When the Sudan achieved independence in 1956, the country was administered largely by British civil servants, most of whom promptly left, almost causing an administrative disaster. Foresighted Nigerians, preparing for their independence in 1960, have taken measures to persuade several thousand British civil servants of their country to stay on, because no adequate supply of trained Nigerians is available or in sight.

But ready or not, independence is on the way and within a very few years will certainly sweep the whole continent of Africa. It cannot be stopped, nor do most Africans want to try to stop it. As one British spokesman has put it, "Nationalism in the colored world is patriotism expressed in terms of race. When a colony is inhabited by one race, as in West Africa, nationalism expresses itself in the united desire of all the people to govern themselves."

Some Africans use the analogy of marriage: "If one waits to marry until one is completely prepared — emotionally, educationally, and financially — by that time the girl has usually married someone else." I have heard other Africans full of newly gained knowledge ask, "Were you Americans really ready for independence in 1776?" The less sophisticated use other analogies: to learn to fly, the bird must be tossed from the nest; one learns to swim in the water, not on the land; before one walks, one must creep.

In many cases the colonial powers are more than ready to withdraw and leave their colonies to independence. (A German diplomat in East Africa spoke for his whole nation when he expressed profound satisfaction that circumstances then beyond Germany's control had deprived it

of its colonial empire and left it free to do business on an equal basis, without prejudice, with newly independent states.) The British left Ghana and the Sudan and are leaving Nigeria with timely grace. French policies in black Africa are enlightened, and French investments are unmatched by those of any other power. On the other hand, the European settlers in South Africa, Rhodesia, Kenya, and Algeria are fighting independence with every weapon at their disposal.

THE ECONOMICS OF INDEPENDENCE

Political independence is all very well, but it often leaves many economic problems not only unsolved but intensified. Albert Schweitzer expressed the idea to me in these words: "Political independence is meaningless without economic independence."

Having achieved political freedom, most African states face the problem of decolonializing their economies. For example, a large percentage of the Moroccan economy was still in French hands two years after independence. Independent Ghana's entire cocoa crop (the country's main source of income) is marketed through London. In an attempt to throw off the residue of colonialism, the Egyptians seized the Suez Canal and, after the Israeli invasion, many other foreign assets; then found themselves driven to Moscow for arms and credits they needed but could not obtain from the West. If and when a United Nations developmental fund for Africa is organized, it may undertake interim measures, freeing the newly independent African states from residual economic colonialism while assuring them the developmental funds they so desperately need.

A universal problem is the shortage of trained people: professors and electricians, engineers and economists, marketing experts, journalists, accountants. Except for Egypt, Tunisia, and the Union of South Africa, no African nation can begin to fill its needs for these cadres. Now and for years to come, thousands of these jobs will have to be filled by British, French, or other foreign nationals, who in many cases will receive and be worth salaries well above those paid Africans in similar jobs.

WHAT ISLAM OFFERS AFRICA

It was a recurring surprise to me in many parts of Africa to find Islam vigorous and expanding. Having always thought of sub-Sahara Africa as essentially pagan, I did not expect to find nearly half of West Africa's 60-odd millions nominally Muslim. In East Africa, for example, there are large and active Muslim communities as far south

as Durban, while such cities as Dar es Salaam are almost solidly Islamic.

Perhaps more significant is the fact that Islam is still actively and successfully proselytizing all over the African continent. Young Muslim Africans, some newly returned from schools in Cairo or Khartoum, are busily demanding that Arabic, the language of the Koran, be taught in public schools. They are also seeking to stiffen the orthodoxy of African Islam. They rail against the dilution of faith by pagan and animist influences clearly visible in the Sufism so widespread in Africa. They urge the enforcement of a modified Sharia law and propagate the principle of a theocratic state.

These Muslim reformist efforts, in their enthusiasm and their search for pure orthodoxy and austerity, call to mind the Wahabi reformist movements in Arabia and also the religious reform movements in Morocco in the early 1920s, which spawned today's major nationalist party, the Istiqlal.

French officials, hypersensitive to anything new in Islam (perhaps because of Algeria), are disturbed and speak darkly of indirect Communist subversion via Egypt (unmindful that there are many more Communists in France than there are in Egypt). The more objective British try to use the Islamic reformist movement — indeed, even organizing Islamic schools of study (I visited an impressive one in Kano in northern Nigeria) and giving jurisdiction to a modified Sharia law in predominantly Muslim districts under their control. I talked with British civil servants in several parts of East Africa who were pleased by Islamic expansion in their areas. One of them said, "When these chaps adopt Islam, they tend to become sober and honest — an excellent thing."

Whether the British or the French evaluation is more exact, it is interesting and significant that Islam is vigorous enough to seek to reform itself and is still expanding in Africa, while Christian proselytism in many parts of Africa is virtually at a standstill.

The reasons for Islamic conversion successes are clear. Islam fits into the polygamous way of life and the highly personalized sociology of black Africa much better than does Christianity. It is easy to become a Muslim, and so tolerant is the faith that it is quite possible to be a believer and still observe animistic ritual. More important, Islam offers tribal chiefs continued power in a theocratic administration, whereas Christianity, some chiefs think, would tend to destroy their power.

The possible results of Islamic expansion are obvious. First of all, it is a vehicle for Egyptian expansionist aspirations in black Africa. Second,

in countries such as Nigeria it may lead to schisms like that which rent India, possibly with the same kind of violence. Third, along with other factors it is apt to make multiparty parliamentary democracy all but unworkable in newly independent African states, at least at the start. Last, as an involved and indirect result, it could be the vehicle for the spread of Soviet influence, particularly in East Africa.

COMMUNIST INFLUENCE

Actually, there has been surprisingly little Communist influence in Africa so far. In French black Africa there are a number of nationalists, most of them Paris-educated, who are Marxists, often accused by their enemies of being Communists. The leaders of the Cameroon independence party (UPC) with whom I talked in Cairo are certainly Marxist and may be crypto-Communists, but their activities are limited to nationalism. There is no organized Communist Party that I know of in all black Africa.

In the Union of South Africa, however, I was surprised to find a vigorous though illegal Communist Party, with perhaps three thousand activists working through several legal fronts. These groups hold meetings, raise money, and organize legal defense against relocation, segregation, economic inequities, and government attempts at suppression of various kinds. *New Age*, a well-written weekly, appears simultaneously in both Johannesburg and Cape Town and has an immense multiple readership. Several times the government has suppressed it, but it has shortly reappeared under another name. Encouraged by broadcasts from Moscow in English and some native languages, these Communist-led Leftists work with diligence, dedication, idealism, and interracial comradeship against apartheid and economic discrimination. Leadership is mostly white and, as in similar groups in Europe, often Jewish, but influence among the natives is growing.

Leftist leadership is also prominent among those natives who are trying to organize trade unions. So far, the government has outlawed and crushed every budding local, but all objective prerequisites for trade unions exist, particularly among the Union of South Africa's mineworkers. And when the unions emerge, as they surely will, they may be Communist-led.

I saw virtually no attempt being made by anyone to wrest from the Communists leadership of these legitimate movements against racism and exploitation. Both the Union's major political parties are conservative, support apartheid principles, and back the heavy-handed enforcement of the suppression-of-Communism law, one of

whose principal effects is to force well-meaning liberals into the arms of the Communists.

Communism in most of Africa does not yet represent a serious mass movement, but there is every reason to expect that it soon will. The imminent opening of diplomatic relations between the Soviet Union and Tunisia and Ghana — in addition to Ethiopia, the Sudan, Egypt, and Morocco, where the U.S.S.R. already has diplomatic missions — will be an important factor. Radio Moscow is clearly audible in much of Africa and has won a wide listenership by such flexible tactics as broadcasting English lessons, currently heard in Morocco.

It is clear that should any part of Africa go Communist, it would be not only a bad shock for the West but a far worse shock for the Africans, because Soviet colonialism today is far more tyrannical and exploitative than any Western colonialism has been for half a century. We owe it to both ourselves and the Africans to combat Communist influence. Africa's trade unions can be most useful in this respect.

THE TRADE UNION MOVEMENT

Unions are new in Africa, but already they have had an immense effect. The International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU) alone has twenty-one affiliates in eighteen African territories and countries, which have a total membership of well over a million. Other unaffiliated unions and one or two associated with the World Federation of Trade Unions in Prague bring the total up close to 1.5 million members, which is remarkable considering the fact that in the continent's principal industrial nation, the Union of South Africa, native unions have been outlawed.

The ICFTU maintains regional offices in Nairobi and Accra and currently is working toward the formation of African trade unions in the Union of South Africa, Ethiopia, and the Portuguese territories, where such organizations are at present banned.

The African trade union movement has produced some of the most vigorous and talented nationalist leaders, and the chances seem good that it will continue to do so, particularly in view of the absence in most of Africa of a middle-class intellectual elite. I talked with a number of African labor leaders about the necessity of keeping labor productivity increases above wage demands and found general agreement on this issue. The unions are most active in fighting for equal pay for equal work for African labor and also take a strong stand on such political issues as the support of the Algerian nationalists.

This concluding generalization is important:

the labor unions of Africa constitute one of the most important barriers to Communist infiltration into the continent. If dealt with fairly and properly, they can also play a major role in raising labor productivity and in education. The prejudiced views of administrators unable to comprehend the trade union movement can only inhibit economic progress and introduce additional divisive elements into the ferment of African politics.

AFRICA AND THE UNITED STATES

Our relations with Africa have always been commercial, cultural, and religious rather than colonial. Missionary activities have been extensive, and so have various kinds of economic aid and private investment in recent years. The World Bank has loaned a total of about half a billion dollars for various African projects over the past decade (out of a total of \$3.5 billion the Bank has loaned altogether). Grants from the U.S. government, foundations, and religious organizations total about \$1 billion.

American private investments in Africa during the past several years have increased radically (up 42 per cent from 1953 to 1957). Total book value (exclusive of Egypt and the Sudan) is about \$573 million. This is invested about 30 per cent in mining, 30 per cent in petroleum (mostly distribution and marketing), 20 per cent in manufacturing, 20 per cent in other activities. U.S. public and private loans and grants to Africa in the past ten years amount to a little over \$2 billion.

According to a U.S. State Department study made in January, 1958, during the previous two and a half years the U.S.S.R. and the Soviet bloc promised a total of \$1.5 billion to ten underdeveloped countries in loans, grants, and credits. About a third of this was promised to Africa. The department added that those commitments had so far been fulfilled promptly and that interest rates in general had been about half those charged by Western lending organizations. Thus, U.S. loans, grants, and investments in Africa, while substantial, have not been so extensive as those of the European powers combined and not much greater than Soviet efforts in this direction, in terms of the respective figures for gross national products.

The United States has important military installations in Africa: several bases in Morocco, one in Libya, one in Ethiopia, with a total value of about \$1 billion. And American prestige is very high in much of the continent, where the Africans look to the United States for economic aid without strings attached when they achieve their independence. Nationalist leaders in the Cameroons,

in French West Africa, and in Rhodesia expressed confidence that America would render major aid. (Simple people in the Belgian Congo told me that they were sure the United States would send troops into the Congo to help get rid of the Belgians.) In those African countries where the United States has bases, I found people much less enthusiastic and sometimes hostile. It was surprising to find that comparatively few people in black Africa were aware of the problems of discrimination in the United States.

MOSCOW'S CALL TO FIGHT

In only forty years, the Soviet leaders will say, Russia transformed not only its economy but its culture by purposeful planning under a small group of men who knew where they were going. "Africans, take your choice," says Moscow, with its voice of strident materialism. "Fight for yourselves, and be like us — else America's neo-imperialism will beat and drug you into economic slavery based on racism and degradation."

The word "fight" raises the central question of violence in a world where new weapons have made the use of force extremely dangerous and where higher conscience and intelligence may soon make its use unnecessary. But *how* soon? In Algeria violence continues, though intelligent French leaders know they cannot win what the ignorant want — perpetuation of colonialism — and the ablest of the FLN leaders know that historically they cannot lose. Yet the war drags on, while at the other end of the continent the self-righteous Afrikaners are preparing a blood bath that could make the Algerian war seem a minor affair.

Between apartheid and Algeria, the Africans may be inclined to accept Moscow's call to fight. And this is at the very core of Communism's challenge to the West today in Africa and elsewhere. It is an expression of the Marxian rejection of humanity and conscience, its assertion that reforms are not granted but won. Conscience and humanity cannot move men to kindness and generosity in a class society, says the voice of Moscow, because the competitive system makes it mandatory for those with wealth and power to invoke every evil in order to keep and increase both, lest they be outdone by their competitors. Communists concede no good will, no legality to others.

Slavery was abolished, the Communists argue, because of slave revolts and economic pressures. Strikes and strikes alone forced the British to adopt labor reform legislation. Britain was forced to leave India, they say, while today workers can improve their lives only by revolution. The

masses of Africans can assure themselves better lives only by rebelling against imperialism. The Florence Nightingales, Leo Tolstoy, and Albert Schweitzers are addled liberals, whose main historic role is to mislead the masses and defend the status quo. So runs the Communist line.

It is not hard to demonstrate the incorrectness of Marxist statements on Africa's history. It was not violence which moved the British to stop the slave trade. Nor was it avarice which brought thousands of educators, doctors, and missionaries to Africa for long years of selfless work. Ghana received its independence without a shot's having been fired, and so will Nigeria and Somalia.

Yet there remain apartheid and Algeria, flat failures of Western conscience and intelligence. As long as these failures exist, the African will be tempted to listen to Moscow's call to more violence, while men of good will from the West will at best be forced to view Africa with "dynamic pessimism," to use a phrase coined at the 1958 Rhodes Conference for Cultural Freedom.

And so, my first conclusion: the West, which still has almost complete control over Africa, must act to strengthen conscience and to bring a rule of reason to bear in areas still gripped by violence and bigotry. The West must use its collective moral and economic sanctions to enforce the rule of reason and conscience, just as a century and a half ago the British used their fleet to force less principled neighbors to abandon a slave trade which human conscience and dignity could no longer tolerate. The French in Algeria and the Afrikaners must be brought by the collective conscience of the West to make concessions before it is too late.

DEMOCRACY IS NOT ENOUGH

Multiparty parliamentary democracy cannot be expected to work effectively anywhere in Africa for the moment, or until the continent's new nations achieve much higher levels of literacy, higher incomes, and a more developed sense of citizenship and social conscience than most of them can hope for in this generation. The current rash of new Asian and Middle Eastern military dictatorships pinpoints the problem without offering anything but a fortuitous and haphazard solution. That has been the Latin American way, but the world should be able to do better in the mid-twentieth century.

The restriction of franchise used in Britain and the United States in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries cannot long be used in Africa. The demand for universal suffrage, for "one man, one vote," is too widespread and too insistent. Yet some machinery is needed to guide illiterate elec-

torates and the unwieldy, amorphous legislatures they elect to undertake intensive education and capital formation, thus creating the basis for what may be prosperity and effective democracy in a generation.

In my opinion, a strong monolithic political party in each newly independent country may be the instrument best fitted for this task. But though led by dedicated young nationalist leaders who are willing to forgo multiparty democracy for the present and who can be counted on to relinquish their dictatorial powers gradually as the evolution of the electorate proceeds, this kind of political organization may well be far more similar to the present-day Communist parties of Eastern Europe than to the loose-knit political parties of the United States, Britain, or France. The West must try to understand, to be patient, and, above all, to encourage these new nations toward their goals.

PARTNERSHIP THROUGH INVESTMENT

Africa's great need for capital, in the public as well as the private sectors, cannot be overemphasized. In this respect the United States has not done well, and I hope we will do better. I should like to see us spend 10 per cent of our gross national product, as Britain did at the turn of the century, on capital investments overseas — instead of the less than one per cent that we spent last year.

But as important as the amount is the question of *what* we invest in. So far, the West continues to regard Africa essentially as a source of raw materials and primary crops — copper, gold, phosphates, cocoa, peanuts. This is the way Europe regarded the United States until the middle of the nineteenth century. Africa's 220 million inhabitants who are living close to subsistence would like to become both producers and consumers. To help them make this leap ahead is to create markets for commodities and for processes and techniques. It is to open up interesting and challenging job opportunities for scores of thousands of Western technicians and lay the basis for the most important prerequisite for a peaceful and prosperous world partnership.

My final conclusion centers around the word "partnership," for this word embodies the concept of brotherhood so deeply rooted in the Christian ethic; it embodies the concept of economic cooperation and the idea of racial harmony, both so necessary in dealing with Africa today. And only when we have convinced our African friends and associates that we want them as partners may we expect them to resist that new and deadlier colonialism spawned in Moscow which so menaces Africa today.

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THE SUREST THING IN SHOW BUSINESS

BY JESSE HILL FORD



A thirty-year-old Tennessean, JESSE HILL FORD received his B.A. from Vanderbilt University and his M.A. from the University of Florida. He has recently abandoned a profitable career in public relations to devote full time to his writing.

THINGS didn't pan out in Texas, so my wife, Jerry, and me, we come East in our old car, hauling a trailer loaded with three hundred pounds of snakes, an old cheetah, and a bear cub. We found this place we could rent on the highway, just outside the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, on the Tennessee side, so we decided to give her a try. It had a large clear space for parking and was on a long mountain grade going into the Smokies. A long grade that way will get you traffic that stops because the motor gets overheated, and then too, the kids will be yelling they want to see the snakes. So between the radiator and the kids, Daddy, he can't do nothing but stop.

Jerry, my wife, she helped me paint the signs, thirty-nine of them, all bright yellow and red enough to dazzle your eyes, and we tacked them up for two miles along the road on either side of the place, but mostly on the downgrade side. I was able to pick up three fair-size iguana lizards and a couple of pretty good Gila monsters from other reptile folks passing through on the way to Florida, and by the time traffic started really coming through in June, Jerry and me had a nice palisade wall, an admission booth, a free ice-water fountain, a free radiator water tank, and a Cherokee squaw named Lizzie who held down the candy, cigarettes, and souvenir stand.

Lizzie was okay, only she cussed and swore when

she got excited, which had got her fired from her job at a souvenir joint inside the park. And, too, she was somewhat of a problem at first because she wanted to call me a swear word, and I don't like to have nobody but myself to swear around Jerry. What Lizzie called me sounded like *sumitch*, all one word: "Gimme some change for this goddam drawer, sumitch." She wouldn't call me by my own name, Jake, so finally we hit on a sort of middle bargain. "How's about just calling me Mitch?" I says. And after some practice it worked out okay, and that's how come we changed the name to Mitch and Jerry's Reptile Show in place of Jake and Jerry's. For in show business you got to be ready to wheel and deal and bargain a little if you make it. And any show around the Smokies that don't have at least one real Indian is like a kite without no tail.

By July we was going full blast, and I had took on an old man and a boy to milk a couple of afternoons a week so I could tend to building more animal cages and ordering hot snakes in place of the old ones we brought with us. The old man couldn't do no more than hang a snake's mouth over a milk jar and grin — I mean he didn't actually milk out no venom and never learned — but he had a good line of gab and always drank a little dab of colored water he hid in the jar ahead of time, and the crowd liked him. Another thing,

the old man put on he was more feeble than he really was and made his hands look real shaky so they figured he was going to get bit any second. And that's the whole secret. You go in there to make them believe you might get bit. But now the kid, he milked good and he handled them good and took all kinds of chances, but he made it look too easy and he never got the attention the old man did. The kid never got the point that you can't make it look too easy.

So on the Fourth of July the stranger showed up, one of those long pale guys in a shiny blue suit too small for him, wearing shoes that were never meant for walking — the pointed kind that might have been yellow when they were new — and of course he had walked about a hundred miles. He stayed around the Cherokee's counter for about two hours until she told him to get the hell away from there. Then he hung back a little distance like a stray dog and just stared and waited. Then about noon he got some free ice water and hiked on and I just wrote him off of my mind like a bad debt and patted myself on the back for having got a smart Indian out front like Lizzie, even if it did mean changing my handle a little bit. About four o'clock that afternoon he was back. He marched right up to the ticket window like he had money and asked Jerry, my wife, if the boss was around. He didn't need to explain that he was down on his luck. I guess the thing was that he had a Texas drawl and an unexpected soft voice. All of those fellows' voices will startle you, though. The voice never sounds like the guy looks. It's the road that does it. Jerry just pointed at the palisade gate with her thumb, and he slipped right on in on me. I could hear Lizzie swearing when he opened the gate. You would have thought some of the animals was loose. But Lizzie didn't have no use for white men in any form or fashion, especially his kind. They don't take too kindly to walking tourists up in the Smokies, for the walking ones never want to buy nothing and are always looking to put an honest Indian out of her job.

He come in and closed the gate behind him and give a sidelong glance at the cheetah, which was napping on his sawdust bed in one corner of his cage. I was just through with the three-thirty show and was trying to make a six-foot diamondback get on in his box. He was a new snake and was still hot as hell. I just kept coaxing him with my snake hook and holding that tail, and the other guy waited real polite till I had the diamondback in the box.

"Well?" I says. He was a pitiful sight. With

everything else he had a blond mustache. It made him look like the next rain would dissolve him. But then he spoke up, brighter and more eager than I looked for.

"I need a stake," he says, waving one long hand like he was fending gnats away from his eyes. They were bright and yellow, like the Western sun, and Texas was right there in his voice so that he got to me fast, like remembering home and the old folks. But us show people are soft-hearted anyway.

"I found a little hick place over the ridge there," he went on, "talked them out of the high school auditorium for this evening to do a reptile show." The hand went hunting down into his pocket, the back pants pocket of the blue suit, and I couldn't hardly believe my eyes when it came out again. "I already collected fifty dollars in advance." He unfolded the bills one right after the other on top of the glass reptile case at his elbow. The snakes raised up and rattled a little and then laid right back down. They were the last of that original three hundred pounds, and they were getting wore out in a hurry. The most of them don't live over six weeks.

"Hey," I says, "I'd call that a pretty good stake already."

"Yeah," he says, "only I ain't got any snakes."

And there it was. He had located a school and store and a clump of houses up there on the edge of the park, and in three hours he had to be back up there ready to put on a full-feathered reptile show and he didn't have so much as a frog in his pocket. It wasn't any wonder to me at all, because if I've learned one thing after twenty-five years in show business, it's the fact that there ain't a single living American that ain't had a great-granddaddy or a stepuncle or some connection like that who was swallowed whole by a rattler. Understand, they never *knew* him, but Granny told them about it, which makes the rattlesnake the surest money-maker in American show business. They will pay to see what swallowed Granddaddy every time. Of course you have to expect the comments. If you have an eight-foot snake — it's another story, but me and my brothers did have one once, a Florida diamondback, and we was so scared of him that we would have almost rather been shot at than to work him. It took three of us to handle him, and never a show went by that some smart bastard didn't pipe up and remark how he killed 'em bigger than that with his bare feet every morning, right by his kitchen door. "You call *that* a snake?" they yell. But then that's part of why they pay, and in show business you got to roll with the punches.

So he just stood there with the money laid out on the glass over them dying snakes, and I finally

says, "And they even let you leave with the money."

"Yeah. I told them my truck was broke down and I had to get it fixed before I could bring up my reptiles."

"When is the show for?" I says.

"Seven o'clock," he says, "in the Hartsville High auditorium."

"You handled reptiles much?" I says.

"You bet your boots. Hell, it's practically all I ever done."

"You want hot snakes?" I says. There was two kinds, the fresh hot ones, straight up from the Mexican border and feisty as a coon dog pup, and the old ones, so weak you couldn't hardly put them into a coil unless you just took and wound them up like a piece of old rope.

"Whatever you can spare. Snakes, lizards, anything you can lend me. I'm willing to pay. The money's right there," he says, tossing his long sand-colored hair out away from those eyes where it had drooped while he was looking down.

THE crowd was grouping up real nice about the arena next to us. I could see the glare off the white sand floor lighting their faces. I took a red balloon out of my pocket and blew it up and tied it. Then I stepped out into the middle of the arena and let it drift down onto the sand floor. Their eyes all went after it like a bunch of bees swarming with their mother queen. "Now folks, the show starts in just a few minutes," I says. Nothing can get quiet so quick as a crowd around a snake arena.

Then a kid yells: "Where are the snakes?"

"Now just be patient, Sonny. I'll be rounding up the stars of the show right away," I says, and this woman give a hysterical laugh, something like a coyote, and I ducked back into the reptile shed. The stranger had put one of the hot snakes into a coil, a four-foot Mexican green rattler.

"Now there's a hot one, ain't he?" I says, trying to cheer him up.

"Yeah," he says, "he's a jim-dandy." He turned his eyes on me and brushed his hair back from his forehead. "How much?" he says.

"I ain't going to charge you nothing," I says. "I know what it's like to be down."

"Well say, that's mighty swell. I ain't no beggar, understand."

"Naw," I says, "I'm glad to do it. Only thing, I don't see how I could get anything over there to you much before seven thirty, daylight lasting like it does now. But if seven thirty won't be too late, I'll box up some stuff and hustle it over to the schoolhouse for you in my car. How's that sound?"

"I can hold them thirty minutes easy."

"Well, I got to get started. This here is a continuous show all afternoon, so I'll see you at half past seven."

"Couldn't be better," he says. "Mind if I watch your act?"

"Help yourself," I says. I saw him sticking his money back into that rear pants pocket as I picked up my snake box. I left him there in the shed and stepped back into the arena and put my box down. They were still watching the balloon. I took out my snakes and put them each one in a coil by slapping my foot down at them, making a semicircle of coiled rattlers and starting my spiel. I looked up and saw he had elbowed his way to the rail. When I looked up the next time he was gone.

Before the milking act I took out one of my new iguana lizards. You got to be careful about how you hold an iguana because he's got a bite like a bulldog. The only difference is he don't give you no warning first, no growl, no frown, no hiss. He don't even quiver his eyes or show his tongue before he bites the very *bee-devil* right out of you. I held his head with all the iron I could get into my grip, and when I was done I took out a Gila monster. The old Gila was strong as a young steer. I held him the same way because a Gila is just like an iguana, only worse — once he gets his fangs into you he starts chewing like you was a plug of tobacco or something and you haven't got no alternative but to cut his head off to get him aloose. By then you're poisoned sure enough. So I was glad when I had worked the lizards and got them back in the box. I announced the milking act, and the old man came stumbling out with the kid right behind him and damned near scared the crowd to death. The kid brought the little milking table with the cocktail glass clamped to it, and I milked one and the old man did one, or made out like he did, and then I squirted a little stream of it right out in the air, just to prove to them it was real, squirted it right out of the snake's fang and got another coyote laugh out of the woman. I had just turned around when the old man started to howl and stuck his hand in his mouth. The crowd laughed some because they all thought it was a phony. They always think the real thing is phony, but I didn't even have to look at his hand to know it was real. The old man's face looked like a batch of cold grits at four A.M.

"Oscar," I says to the kid, quiet-like, "drive him to the hospital and don't worry about blowing out no tires." They went out and directly I heard the car take off outside and I had lost my best helper, probably for the rest of the season. I had it to myself for the rest of the afternoon, for when Oscar come back from the hospital he was too

shaky to do nothing but stand around trembling like a tramp in January. He said the old man was in awful shape, that he was having a rigor and they had cut his arm open and all. "Don't tell me about it," I says. "I've been bit before." But he kept on, which is the trouble with them natives in the Smokies, that they can't shut up once they get shook. So finally I had to either tell him to go home or get my own self bit just to get away from him. So on the Fourth of July, like it will always happen in show business, I lost my extra help and had to clean out the cheetah's cage and tend to the armadillos all by myself and doctor the bear cub's paw where some tourist had give him a lighted cigar, until I was plumb whipped.

IF JERRY, my wife, hadn't asked what that guy wanted I guess I would have forgotten him all the way. As it was I didn't start putting anything in the boxes until seven thirty, and then it was harum-scarum. I just grabbed up the first things I could lay my hands on and marked the cardboard boxes on the lids. Since I hadn't had no assistants to go behind the crowd and start them clapping, there hadn't been no applause all afternoon and Jerry could see I was whipped out. It's that applause that keeps you going in show business anyway. I went on marking the boxes, and Jerry says, "I hope he realizes what a favor you're doing him, after what all happened. You look wore out, Jake."

"Look," I says, "will you just start putting these here boxes in the car? I promised him seven thirty. He's up there on the ridge now trying to hold his audience." I was in a hurry, so I just put on MG for Mexican green and TDB for Texas diamondback and G for Gila monster and so on, right on the top where he could read it before he took the lid off. I took the hottest stuff we had and piled it in the back seat and grabbed a snake hook and we took off, me and my wife, Jerry, fast as the old car would run. The last word the Cherokee yelled when we left was one I don't like to hear said around Jerry. I could tell that Indian squaw was against us giving any helping hand to a walking tourist. "He had a nice way of talking," Jerry said while we rolled up the mountain. "Texas," I said back to her and reached out for her little hand and give it a big squeeze.

I guess it was eight o'clock anyway before we got to the schoolhouse, and he had crowded more natives into it than I would have thought was staked out in all them hills. Not only that but they were waiting just as faithful and polite as a bunch of treed house cats. A few had stood up and

were jawing a little, but when Jerry and I came in they sneaked on back and sat down like they was trained that way.

The reason was right up there on the Hartsville High School auditorium stage, and when he opened his mouth it wasn't any wonder. If his spiel was a little wild, it was anyway one of the best I ever heard. Before Jerry and I could get the car unloaded and get the boxes on the stage, he had me believing I really was his "assistant," as he called me. Not only that, me and Jerry both hurried whenever we went out to the car for more boxes, so we wouldn't miss too much of what he said in his introduction. It wasn't any question but what he was good. And every time I took him a box onto the stage I tried to take him aside to explain about the markings on top, and every time he gave me the most elegant my-good-man treatment, waving me off and telling me where to set the box, until I just finally gave up.

I'll say this much for him. He did save us two seats down front which I appreciated, for I was in a notion to have a little nap during the show. In fact, if somebody had of told me anything could keep me awake, I would of laughed. But we hadn't sat down good and I hadn't closed my eyes quite shut, listening to him run on about Africa and Tibet and Peru and Norway and jungles and all, until Jerry's elbow, which is a sharp little thing, come into my side like a pool cue. I snapped open my eyes and started to say something rough to her, and then I looked at the stage and swallowed my words whole. For he had put a Mexican green rattler into a coil and set a four-bit piece on its head. I heard him say it three times: "Now folks, I'm going to push that fifty cents off on the floor with my nose."

"Aw, why don't he *do* something," the woman on the other side of me says.

Jerry had hid her face against my shoulder. There just wasn't no way for the Mexican green to miss hitting him in the face. I figured we wouldn't get him outdoors until he'd be dead. And there his crowd was, already bitching and griping and him up on the stage like somebody bobbing apples without no tub, right over that snake's head, and it rattling so fast it was singing. He was doing a stunt that I had not seen or heard of, and which I knew I would not ever see again. In show business you always save your best stunt until last, and so I knew then what he was and where he had probably escaped from. It was the kind of stunt to end your life, instead of your act. I kept wondering if he had got the idea somewhere that their fangs had all been pulled out. The snake missed him three times and three times he put his four-bit piece back on its head. The last time he got his nose down and pushed

the money off. By then it had sort of got through to the crowd what he was up to, and when that money hit the floor the last time, you could hear it roll. Then the snake struck and missed. It struck right through his hair, where it was hanging down, and I saw him brush it back with that quick flip of his head. He started up his spiel again, and I started wondering if maybe he used his hair that way on purpose. I didn't have to wait long. He was talking and opening boxes and the snakes were getting out mostly by themselves. Sometimes he stomped at them and put them in a coil, and other times he just let them come on out like they would or even dumped them. Then he reached in a box and hauled out the iguana by its tail. He held it up right in front of his face and laughed.

"Folks," he says, "I'm going to be honest with you. I don't know what this thing is." It was the truth, because he scratched it on the head. I kept waiting to hear him scream. But the iguana just hung there like he was in a tree at home and let that guy do anything he pleased.

Then he found the Gila monster. "Now," he says, "I do know what this here one is. This here is a Gila monster."

He handled it like it was stuffed and had its jaws wired. In fact he sort of waved it about while his spiel went on. I could feel my heart jumping, and Jerry's fingernails dug into my arm until it was starting to get numb. "You've heard lots of folks say Gila monsters is poison? Well, my friends, this little old lizard is not poison at all. People have told a lie on him all these years, and this evening I'm going to prove it to you. I'm going to show you he's ab-so-lute-ly harmless. Yes, friends and neighbors, I want you to watch me now. I'm going to stick my own tongue into this little feller's mouth."

"Anybody knows *they* ain't poison," the woman next to me says. "He sure is a gyp, ain't he?"

"Well, what did you expect?" says her old man.

It's the only time I ever left Jerry alone like that since we been married, but I just took her fingers aloose. "You ain't leaving?" she says.

"Yes," I says. "I'll be just outside if you need me."

"I'll holler for you when the monster latches on," she says.

"No need," I says. "I ain't going more than a mile. I'll hear him okay."

There was several guffaws as I walked out and I turned just once to look, and sure enough, he had that lizard up and was trying to poke his tongue in its mouth. I just hurried on outside and leaned up against the wall of the school build-

ing, feeling dizzy. I felt to make sure I had my pocketknife. Somebody would have to catch him and hold him while I cut the lizard's head off and then prized it off his tongue. I didn't know if I'd be up to it, and it was right there, the first time, that I wondered if I could stay on with show business. Inside they was busting gussets in all directions, laughing like a bunch of stooges. Then I heard his spiel again and risked a look inside the door. He had put the Gila monster up and was moving into something else. He had put a Texas diamondback around his neck like a scarf. I went on back in and sat down by Jerry.

"Everybody knows he's yanked the teeth out of every last one of them pore varmints," the woman by me says. "A fake, that's all in the world he is."

"What happened?" I says to Jerry.

"He couldn't make the lizard open its mouth," she says.

After a few more things, like milking venom straight into his mouth, he wound up his show and Jerry and I started the applause. It was kind of seedy. I didn't say anything. I just helped get everything off the stage and back into the boxes. Then we loaded the car and he crawled in the back seat instead of sitting up front like I asked him, and we started back down the mountain. I figured he wanted to get in the back so he could pet the iguana some more. Anyway I was too sore at him to say anything for a while. Finally I asked him what his name was.

"Doug," he says.

"Where did you say you worked reptiles before, Doug?" I says.

"I ain't going to lie to you," he says. I guess he thought it over then, for he paused before he finally said the truth. "Tonight was my first time," he says.

And then he told us he had worked around oil fields mostly and was just coming East when he saw our place there on the road and saw Lizzie behind the souvenir counter. I felt like stopping the car right there and kicking him off the side of the ridge, but in my business you can't always yield to temptation and make a go of it. I had to bear in mind that the old man was in the hospital snake-bit and Oscar was so shell-shocked over it there was no telling when *he* could go back to milking again. So I waited awhile until I could get a hold on myself. We passed the first one of our signs. It drifted by in the headlights. "Doug," I says, soft as I could manage, "how would you like to learn the reptile business?"

"By gummy, Mitch," he says, "I was hoping you would ask me that."

PETER USTINOV

Playwright, actor, and producer, PETER USTINOV is now in Hollywood, where with Sir Laurence Olivier he will play a leading role in the film being made from Howard Fast's novel, SPARTACUS. Meantime, in occasional sessions behind locked doors, he continues to write for the ATLANTIC his independent and uninhibited stories, each in its way scrutinizing a vulnerable area in contemporary life. This is the sixth.



A Place in the Shade

MOST modern guidebooks on Spain hardly mention Alcañón de la Sagrada Orden; in older ones, its name does not appear at all. And yet, the frequent discovery of Roman coins beneath its soil and a rich treasure of amphorae in its rocky waters testify to the fact that it is one of the oldest villages on the Iberian peninsula. It is not as beautiful or as dramatic as some Andalusian pueblos, but it is unspoiled and dignified.

The Church of La Sagrada Orden is by no means an architectural gem, and the interior is spoiled by some religious pictures of quite frightening sentimentality, ranging from the false Murillo to the Victorian. A vast Virgin Mary, seemingly made of marzipan, with crystal tears embedded in the rosy cheeks, dominates the body of the building as she sits, doll-like, behind glass, in a startling baroque sunburst. Typically, this outsize piece of devotional saccharin is the pride and joy of the village, and it is even said that the crystal tears miraculously turned to water during the last day of the siege of the Alcazar.

There are one or two splendid houses tucked away in side streets, including the headquarters of the local Caíd, dating from the days of the Moorish Caliphate, and a statue of the village's

proudest son, Juan Rodriguez de la Jara, stands copper-green under the trees of the main square.

According to the description of this intolerant-looking hidalgo on the base of his statue, he advanced into Arizona, driving from where Tucson stands today north past Phoenix to Reno, where he died of some local plague, his last words being: "*Por España y por Alcañón.*"

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the village, however, is its bull ring, which dates from roughly the same time as the one in Ronda and can therefore lay claim to being among the oldest in Spain. White and squat, with weeds growing patchily on its sand, it seems dangerously intimate for such a sport. The words *Sol* and *Sombra* are still visible on the dirty wall although the black paint has faded and flaked away, and the arena itself is remarkable because there is no advertisement of any sort, no reminder of a particularly delectable sherry or cognac to desecrate the functional purpose of the ancient edifice.

Although for years past the arena has been used only occasionally, the odor of animals still permeates it, just as the pungent smell of ancient urine still floats unhealthily around the public entrances, meeting places for parliaments of flies.

"Bull," woodcut by Edmond Casarella. Courtesy of the Boston Public Library Print Department.

From the days of the Conquistador Juan Rodríguez de la Jara until the end of World War II, Alcañon vegetated comfortably in its poverty and pride. Even the Civil War did not shake it out of its dreams of glory, since it passed to the advancing troops of General Franco with only two casualties. In 1940, however, the rot set in when the great English poet, Oliver Still, decided to retire there. He was one of those men whose reputations increase the less they write. A slim volume of verse published in 1912 attracted some attention, and the agony of waiting for a second volume gradually turned into extravagant adulation. By the time a very short novel appeared in 1925, he was known the world over. A third book, some eighty pages long, crept into print in the late thirties and made of him a demigod. Now he was a familiar figure, with his riot of gray hair and his characteristic turtle-neck jersey, which looked as though it had been knitted years ago for the gallant lifeboatmen by some half-blind old lady and which he wore defiantly, regardless of the climate.

In 1948 he produced a few pieces of mysterious, contorted poetry, bursting with rocky metrical variation and so dense as to be barely readable at a normal pace, entitled *Recuerdos de Alcañon*. These unventilated phrases, a kind of lyrical *foie gras*, a dense paste of verbless images, were hailed as remarkable, and what Dr. Schweitzer did for Lambaréné, Oliver Still did for Alcañon. The village became a place of pilgrimage, and there was invariably a Swedish journalist in the vicinity, camera at the ready, precariously hidden among the rocks to capture some unique and candid mood in the great man, while the wife waited patiently in a car decorated with flags and messages of good will.

Gradually Oliver Still began to acquire a rival, as the great wave of Americans in search of ancient verities and noble savages began to break across Europe and as the sport of the *corrida* beckoned the sophisticates with its promise of gaunt and terrible simplicity.

The Mayor of the village, Señor Ramón de Villaseca, who could trace his family back to a mistress of the great de la Jara without any difficulty at all, saw the menace growing and determined to meet it with a cool and arrogant eye.

He disliked everything about Oliver Still, the poetry, the man, and the kind of interest he inspired. First of all, Still roved over the landscape wrapped in distant and impenetrable thoughts, a gnarled walking stick in his hand and an old Boy Scout rucksack on his back, smoking a pipe from which clouds of sickly smoke vomited, too deeply lost in his private world to acknowledge either a stray courtesy or his wife, who trotted behind

him, a tragic figure. It had been noticed that the local dogs, who were of one accord unreasonably ferocious, barking at cars and biting the tires, cringed guiltily when they saw him, and this gave him a reputation for subtle, indefinable evil.

The pilgrims did not improve matters, with their air of conspiracy and their incessant questioning of the villagers. They seemed to regard the poet with the kind of devotion which was to Señor de Villaseca obscene when lavished on any target smaller than God himself. The fact that Still avoided all publicity assiduously, and did his best to discourage his disciples by ignoring them completely, failed to endear him to the Mayor.

"First of all, it is unnatural for one man to inspire such worship in others. Secondly, once he has inspired it, it is equally unnatural for him to reject it," he once said to Sergeant Cabrera, of the Guardia Civil.

"It is a case of two minuses making a plus," Sergeant Cabrera had answered penetratingly.

"Two minuses making a plus? Since when?"

"Since Aristophanes."

"Not in Spain, thank God. Spain is the one country where Catholic order still prevails and where two minuses still make two minuses."

Sergeant Cabrera was forced to agree, more out of patriotism than conviction.

SEÑOR de Villaseca wrote poetry himself, ornate stuff of meticulous rhyme and scansion, fired by the unapproachable qualities of Calderón but tempered by a *fin de siècle* heart and a penchant for the lachrymose. These poems had never been published, but they had been recited frequently on various civic occasions and, owing to their lofty patriotic sentiments intertwined with sonorous references to the moon, roses, the heart, the soul, jasmine, and the state of motherhood, their effect had been immediate and tumultuous. At the same time the verses of Oliver Still, translated into Spanish in a slim volume propagated by the cultural agency of the British government, induced overt hostility when Señor de Villaseca read them aloud to a select body of local intelligentsia.

The priest, Don Evaristo, was the most inclined to be charitable, but then sleep had overtaken him before eight lines had been recited.

"It is to be presumed," he said, his stout face bathed in a glow of universal brotherhood, "it is to be presumed that some of the beauty and even some of the meaning of the original have become waylaid in translation."

"That is out of the question," Señor de Villaseca

replied, "since the expressiveness, the plastic and emotional content of the Spanish language, more than compensates for any loss which may occur."

"Are you suggesting that it is a positive advantage for a Chinese thought to be transplanted many thousands of kilometers for the sole purpose of enjoying the privilege of being expressed in Castilian?" the priest asked.

"Certainly," said Señor de Villaseca calmly. "The Chinese language is hardly an agreeable vehicle for the diffusion of any thoughts, even of Chinese ones."

"I agree with that," said Sergeant Cabrera. "My brother was in Yokohama for a while."

And so it went on, this literary discussion, Don Evaristo inclined to tease by suggesting that perhaps Señor de Villaseca would prefer to hear Mass in Spanish, the Mayor replying stoutly that if the Romans had preferred Latin, that had been their loss and was probably the reason for their ultimate decline. All were agreed, however, that the works of Oliver Still were more or less meaningless and consequently an affront to the Spanish intellect. The world was a bitter place to reward such charlatanism with fame.

"You will reap your harvest in celestial pastures," Don Evaristo consoled the Mayor.

"I need no comfort," the Mayor replied stiffly. "My own convictions and the adulation of the good townspeople are sufficient. What revolt me, however, are the disciples this poetic quack seems to engender."

"Who are we to say that they are disciples?" asked Don Evaristo. "Can it not be that they are mere tempters, sent to put his vanity to the test?"

"I find it even more intolerable to think that he might be worth tempting."

"Are we not all worth tempting?"

"On such a scale?"

"Well, after all, Don Juan probably seems to us the most tempted man in history, but is that not because he invariably surrendered to temptation? Do we not all know temptation, and yet does not our religious formation lead us to resist it?"

"Perhaps," admitted Señor de Villaseca, thinking momentarily of his own mistress.

"To which Don Juan are you referring?" asked Sergeant Cabrera, who knew his way around the family trees of royalty.

THE silent war between the unheeding poet and his cabal of critics continued until the spring of 1950, when a decision by the Duchess of Torrecaliente inspired an invasion as momentous in its small way as that of the Visigoths had been many centuries before.

The Duchess was a bosomy lady, half American and half Polish, who had in her day borne a vague resemblance to Goya's famous picture of another, more notorious duchess, painted both dressed and naked. As though to compromise between the two aspects of her illustrious predecessor, and thereby to achieve a quintessence in both similarity and subtlety, she dressed as audaciously as the natural amplitude of her frame would allow her to.

The Duke was a man drained of personality by the rigors of breeding and, although he looked remarkably like a King Edward VII shrunk by some irreverent South American Indians, he opened his mouth only to cough. He was just a fraction under five feet tall, and a grandee of Spain. Among his few achievements, perhaps the most noteworthy were that he shot one or two very small birds every season and that he sat and slept on various committees. The Duchess, on whose energies he made no very stringent demands, sat on rather more committees than he and was especially active on the council of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was she who had the brilliant idea of organizing a bullfight in aid of her favorite charity, and she had succeeded in interesting two great *toreros* in her good works. Cordobano IV, celebrated everywhere for his majestic gloom and more locally for his green Pontiac convertible, one of the newest cars in the entire peninsula, had agreed to appear, as had El Chaval de Caracas, a Venezuelan matador of incredible daring who was a network of lacerations and whose face was pitted with horrible craters like the moon.

Don Jesús Gallego y Gallego, one of the most crude of authorities on the *corrida*, then had a brain wave and suggested that instead of holding this benefit in Madrid, which had become, to use his words, "polluted with *turistas Norteamericanos*," it would be fitting to reopen the historic arena at Alcañón, "part of our *patrimonio nacional*, which will make of this a Spanish occasion, an occasion on which Spanish bulls are fought by Spanish" — and he faltered in committee — "for the purposes of my contention, I would remind you that Venezuela is part of our cultural and taurine heritage — Spanish *toreros* before Spanish spectators, for the benefit of Spanish animals." The applause was so volcanic that the one whom many consider the greatest of living bullfighters, Rafaelito, decided there and then to come out of retirement and to wield the third sword. With tears streaming from their eyes he and Don Jesús embraced, while the committee shouted vociferously and one or two Pekingese, at bay in the laps of their aristocratic mistresses, began barking fitfully. Rafaelito had withdrawn from the arena

for the third time a few months before and was twenty-four years of age. He had recently been unsuccessfully tested for the part of the prophet Isaiah in Hollywood. He spoke no English.

THE next step was for the Duchess of Torrecaliente to visit Alcañon. She traveled together with Don Jesús, Rafaelito, and a friend of hers, the Countess of Zumayor, who was half English and half Italian. They met Señor de Villaseca in the town hall, and after an agreeable lunch the party, joined by Don Evaristo and Sergeant Cabrera, strolled over to examine the arena. Rafaelito threw his hat onto the hot sand, took off his jacket, and, using it as a cape, performed some exquisite passes against an imaginary bull, while the others shouted, "Ole!"

"What atmosphere!" he cried, when he had finished his performance with a perfect kill. "It is as though the spirits of past generations of *aficionados* were fixing me with their critical and hostile eyes. I seem to hear applause from beyond the grave."

The Duchess closed her eyes.

"Yes, yes, now I hear it, too," she said.

"It would be an insensitive man who did not hear it," added Señor de Villaseca.

"What you are probably hearing is the women beating their washing against the side of the bridge," said Sergeant Cabrera.

Don Jesús cleared his throat. "It will be a really classical *corrida*. The cream of society will be present. Somehow we must safeguard the purity of our national festival by attempting to exclude all foreigners."

"No foreigners ever come here," said Señor de Villaseca, "with the exception of journalists to interview the English mountebank, Señor Still."

Rafaelito interrupted. "Since this is a very special *corrida* in which I am to appear, I think there should be a *rejoneador*, as a kind of hors d'oeuvre to the main event."

"You already have Cordobano IV and El Chaval as hors d'oeuvres," said Don Jesús.

Rafaelito scowled. "Inadequate," he replied. "Cordobano has no style, no passion, and no courage. As for El Chaval, he is a stunt man, a wall-of-death rider. It needs a *rejoneador* to begin the thing in style, a horseman. What could be more appropriate to the cause for which we are appealing than a man fighting a bull on horseback?"

The Duchess and the Countess were inclined to agree.

"The horse is such a graceful animal," the Countess observed.

Señor de Villaseca's eyes glowed. "As Mayor

of this ancient town," he said, "would it not be appropriate if I began the proceedings?"

"For heaven's sake, be careful," Don Evaristo pleaded.

"We know that you are knowledgeable in the matter of taumachy," Don Jesús said, "but have you ever fought a bull on horseback before?"

"Frequently. I am the best horseman in Andalusia," snapped Señor de Villaseca with as much modesty as he could muster. "My filly, Paloma, knows no fear, and she is trained in the most elaborate of *haute école* methods. Her mother was a Lippizaner."

"Her father was a horse," said Sergeant Cabrera, "that I knew well. Obrador."

Don Jesús looked doubtful and lit a huge cigar.

"What could be more in the tradition of our festival than that the Alcalde himself should open it?" said Rafaelito. "Remember, it is a popular festival, and its roots are deep in the soil of our country. It is only in recent years, since Belmonte and Joselito, that it has acquired its elegance, its nobility. Its origins are raucous, popular, rough. When this ring was built, it was still a test of strength and stamina rather than the art it is today. What could be more fitting than that a tribute be paid to the glorious past of Alcañon by its first citizen, an amateur, a Spaniard of mettle, who compensates in sheer arrogance what he may lack in style?"

Señor de Villaseca looked at Rafaelito with loathing, since he intended to have immaculate style, but he was silent, because the great man was evidently swaying opinion. Don Jesús was still a little lacking in enthusiasm. As they left the ring, he drew Rafaelito aside and said softly, "What if he makes a fool of himself?"

"I rather hope he does," smiled Rafaelito.

"What?"

"People take us for granted," Rafaelito said, his handsome face cold and cruel. "They think our job is easy. They expect more from us than we can give. Even a wiredancer pretends to fall in order to emphasize the danger of his profession. We can't do that, so let someone do it for us. If he gets hurt, it will remind the crowd that bullfighting is not a ballet but a game played with death."

A dark cloud passed over Don Jesús' face. "That is an atrocious hope," he said.

"It is not the hope which is atrocious," answered Rafaelito, "but human nature. You remember when I was accused of having the horns of my bulls blunted?"

"Is that why you are so bitter?" asked Don Jesús. "They had no right to accuse you of any such thing."

"Why not," said Rafaelito, "since it was true?"

"I know it was," Don Jesús replied in a dead voice.

Rafaelito smiled the smile of a man twice his age. "Bullfighting is no more corrupt than life," he said.

THE forthcoming *corrida* attracted great attention, and a famous impresario, Don Jacinto de Costats, decided that, in spite of the somewhat uneconomical size of the arena, a series of events could be run there on the basis of a kind of Salzburg festival of the bulls. Don Jacinto, a hardheaded and much traveled man from Barcelona, declared in an interview with the assembled press that he foresaw tickets being issued to cover the entire ten days. Furthermore, he said he would hire only the best performers and that the cost of seats would be on the high side to keep the event exclusive. "It will make Madrid's Feast of San Isidro look like a tavern brawl," he added.

So taken was Señor de Villaseca with the intoxication of appearing as a *rejoneador* that he never realized the danger of all this publicity and authorized the use of the ancient bull ring both by the charitable organization and by Don Jacinto largely because he was to appear himself. The businessman had shrewdly insinuated that perhaps the Mayor would care to put in more than one appearance. After an elaborate show of reluctance, Señor de Villaseca allowed himself to be persuaded.

Soon the bills went up all over the town and in neighboring cities. An extraordinary *corrida de toros*, it was to be, with El Famosísimo Rejoneador, Ramón de Villaseca. May 10 was the date selected, and at the same time other bills went up announcing the Feria de San Mamerto, whom someone had hurriedly raked up as patron saint of Alcañon, running from May 11 to 17, for which the greatest swords in Spain were promised.

On the morning of the seventh, Don Jacinto de Costats was seated outside the tavern in the main square of the village talking to Cordobano IV, who had just arrived in his green Pontiac. The Don was in a good mood, and his small blue eyes sparkled with pleasure and with malice.

"They do the work, clean up the ring, tear out the weeds, restore it to its original condition, and then I take over. That's what I call business." He glanced at Cordobano IV, who was frowning, his face lit with a strange dull glow, as though storm clouds were passing behind the head of a tortured saint on a stained-glass window.

Don Jacinto followed Cordobano's gaze to a mauve Cadillac which was parked ostentatiously

next to the only no-parking sign in town, at the very foot of de la Jara's statue.

"Rafaelito?" he said. "You don't have to worry about him. He is essentially a fraud, a matinee idol, without dignity, without melancholy, without honesty."

"I am not worried about him," said Cordobano, "I am worried about his Cadillac. A *torero* is no longer judged by the same pure standards as he was in the old days. Nowadays it is impossible for a *torero* who arrives at the *corrida* in a Cadillac to be a coward, even if he retreats before every bull."

"You exaggerate."

"Do I? Don't you think my Pontiac has helped me in my career? Before, when I used to arrive at the Plaza de Toros in a taxi, it was always my fault if the fight turned out to be indifferent. Ever since I bought my Pontiac, it has always been the bull's fault. And now here's this impudent bastard spoiling the market by arriving in a Cadillac. I tell you, Don Jacinto, it's a deliberate stab in the back, a calculatedly unfriendly act."

"If he had to rely only on quality, he would be nowhere," said Don Jacinto.

"You are a true friend," replied Cordobano warmly.

Later in the day a jeep drove into the square, crammed with electrical equipment.

Judging from the driver's appearance, he was American. He was very fair, had a crew cut over a face like a depressed pillow, covered in freckles, glasses barely able to find a resting place on a tiny nose, and great white teeth protected from adolescence by dentifrice and science. His wife, seated by his side, was dark and sulky. Both wore blue jeans and T shirts.

A few minutes after their arrival, a sports car roared into the square, driven with unnecessary abandon, and squealed to an abrupt standstill beside the jeep.

"I got her up to 150 on the straight!" called the driver.

"You mean 144," cried the exhilarated girl by his side.

"What's the difference?"

Soon all four of them were seated outside the tavern and conspiring.

Don Jacinto and Cordobano IV were still there, sipping their drinks, and with the instincts of the businessman Don Jacinto was doing his best to overhear the conversation. He spoke a little English, and after a while, detecting a note of perplexity in the discussion at the next table, he leaned over and asked if there was anything they needed. The man with the crew cut introduced himself as Bayard Bruin, Junior, and said that he and his friend, the sports car driver, Lake Lin-

quist, and their wives were all directors of a corporation which produced ethnic records in New York. They had been to Guatemala to record the song of the quetzal, unsuccessfully, and they had been waiting for nearly a year for a visa to go to Romania, in order to capture the sounds of the vagrant gypsies. Bayard Bruin talked big, and there was evidently a weight of inherited money behind his schemes, but he failed to reveal that none of his records had yet succeeded in hitting the market.

"Why are you here?" asked Don Jacinto.

"We are *aficionados*," declared Bruin, seriously, "and we hope to put out an authentic disc of the actual sounds of the *corrida* for the American market — not merely the obvious sounds, the crowd, the *paso-dobles* — but the noise of man and bull, if possible, the silences, the tensions, the conflict. Lake here does color photography, and we hope to combine in a single exclusive album the photographs of the *corrida* and the associated sounds, selling for about \$30. We have a great letter from Dali, declining to design the cover, but we feel it's a step on the right road. We may use Joan Miró instead."

Cordobano, hearing a reference to the American market, talked rapidly to Don Jacinto in Spanish.

Don Jacinto translated into English, while the tragic face of Cordobano was lit by an eager smile.

"He wants to know if you wish to do any interviews with the *toreros* for the American market."

"Sure."

"He is ready to do one." Cordobano was violently jealous of Rafaelito not only because of his popularity but because of that Hollywood test. In the confusion of all things American which exists in many simple European minds, Cordobano imagined that an interview might be halfway to a movie contract.

"Excuse my ignorance," said Bruin, "but who is your friend?"

"The greatest *torero* in all Spain," replied Don Jacinto, "Cordobano IV."

The girls shrieked with pleasure.

"We so admired your wonderful veronicas in Valencia," cried Mrs. Linquist.

"Alice, how about that *faena* we caught in Pamplona!" said Mrs. Bruin.

Cordobano bowed gravely, a medieval knight about to enter the lists.

"Yes, how about that?" echoed Bayard, reverently.

"Greatest *faena* I ever did see," added Lake, throwing a piece of sugar into the air and catching it again nonchalantly.

The interview was recorded that afternoon. Cordobano talked for about an hour, attacking his rivals, describing his own genius in grave and

haughty tones, and expressing a great interest in the American entertainment industry. All references to the United States were promptly edited out of the tape by Bayard. He wanted his savages really noble for that ethnic trade.

The next morning the boys approached Rafaelito through Don Jesús, who attempted to throw them into the street until he heard that Cordobano had already done an interview. After a furtive discussion in whispers, Rafaelito appeared in a silk dressing gown covered with undersized matadors and oversized bulls, and Lake promptly took more than a hundred pictures, firing like a machine gunner. Rafaelito dismissed all other *toreros* as frivolous. Cordobano IV? A mortician trying to play Hamlet. Dominguin? Please don't mention the name in my presence, it gives me migraine. Litri? How do you spell it? Aparicio? Why don't you start from the top of the list? He ended his interview by sending personal good wishes to Colonel Darryl Zanuck and other close friends in Hollywood, but once again Bayard saw to it that the messages never reached their destination.

On the afternoon of the eighth, El Chaval and his *cuadrilla* arrived by train, a disreputable and rowdy lot, members of an equatorial beat generation. El Chaval talked English, having been brought up in the oil wells of Maracaibo, and he branded all other bullfighters as effeminate weaklings, more concerned with their physical gentility than with the raw contest. His colleagues, many of whom were as cut up as he, roared with demoniac approval whenever he slammed into his rivals, and Bayard had to hold down the sound on his tape recorder, so uncouth were their jungle noises.

SEÑOR de Villaseca was unaware of these changes in his town, since he was away in a distant field putting his horse through its paces. Sergeant Cabrera stood in the bushes like a racing tout, and a not very happy tout at that. The horse had a highly developed choreographic sense, but the paternal strain had evidently prevailed, and while Sergeant Cabrera played a waltz on an old horn phonograph, the animal seemed to be permeated with the spirit of the *sequidillas* and the *zapateado*, making it extremely difficult for Señor de Villaseca to retain his arrogance, or indeed his seat.

"Put a bull in the field as well, and you've got chaos," thought Sergeant Cabrera. "In the words of the immortal Cervantes, lose all hope, you who enter here."

Oliver Still was also beginning to lose his composure. As he walked through the village, he noticed that there was no one for him to ignore, since

they were all busy ignoring him. He heard English spoken everywhere as the caravansary of foreign *aficionados* streamed into town. The Rolls-Royce of a celebrated literary agent who had never heard of Oliver Still arrived, carrying a film star dressed subtly in Spanish national costume in the interest of public relations. Several parties of squeamish British Naval officers accompanied by their bloodthirsty wives came in from Gibraltar. Two busloads of West German tourists from Düsseldorf were joined by a group from Eindhoven and another one from Uppsala. Some professional gypsies pitched their tents on the outskirts of the town, performing authentic flamenco dances for exorbitant fees and playing jazz records while waiting for customers to arrive. Dispensers of artificial lemonade and candy floss filled every train to pull in at the station, while a track for dodg'em cars was erected just outside Oliver Still's window, so that his august meditations were filled with the commas of lightning from the electrified grid and the hoarse groan of the little vehicles as adults rediscovered their lost childhood by charging into each other inoffensively.

To put it mildly, Oliver Still was in a filthy temper.

He threw a teacup onto the track late that night, and everyone roared with good-natured laughter, believing that he had entered into the spirit of the *feria*. Someone even threw a bottle of gaseous cherry ade back.

"Pack our bags," Still barked at his wife.

"What for?"

"Trust you to ask an idiotic question. We're leaving."

"Tonight?"

"Not tonight. As soon as bloody well possible."

"Where are we going?"

"Greece. Greece or Japan. I'll tell you when I've made up my mind."

"But —"

"Don't you understand plain English?"

To console himself, the great man picked up a recent edition of the *Atlantic Monthly* and read: "Without question, Oliver Still, both as a man and as an artist, represents the last remaining example of the civilized man, the liberal humanist who is not scared of doubt, who does not need the poison of conviction as a justification for existence. As he himself says: 'Is love not enough? It is a river which flows through the pasture of the human heart. What matter if we never find its source? Exploration will never alter the fact that the river is there, that the water is clear, and warm, that it cleanses, that it is. . . .'"

"Will you be needing all your books?" asked his wife.

"Don't interrupt."

At last the great day arrived. The Military Governor of the region, General Castro de Real Montijo, also known as the Wolf of the Sahara, was the President of the *corrida*. He weighed more than three hundred pounds, and his breathing was louder than his voice. At precisely six o'clock he took his place in the presidential box, leaning heavily on the arm of an exhausted Moroccan legionary. The Duchess, crowned by a white mantilla which was stretched complicatedly over a network of combs, making her head look like a radar installation under a camouflage net, sat by his side, holding her Pekingese on her knees so that it could see the sport. The dog, grunting and grumbling adenoidally, had a little black mantilla of its own, and a bullfighter's coat in red velvet with its name stitched on it in gold thread. The Countess sat next to the Duchess. She wore Andalusian costume, meaning that the score of dignitaries seated immediately behind could not see the ring at all. The Duke sat next to the Countess, mounted on a pyramid of cushions, and Don Jesús, assuming the drawn mouth and dark glasses of the professional critic, looked bored at the end of the line.

The places in the shade were largely taken by the society people who had traveled from Madrid and from Seville for the occasion, but the yellow heads of the Swedish and Dutch contingents could be plainly seen. The Germans were busy passing beer and sausages to each other over immense distances, and some of the ladies, frightened of sunstroke even in the shade, had made knots at the four corners of handkerchiefs and sat munching their endless picnic with these unbecoming helmets on their heads. The elite of Hollywood sat in the front row, which was a-glitter with telescopic lenses. The people, among them the Bruins and the Linqists, sat in the sun.

Don Jesús was disgusted. Spain was too poor to dispense with foreigners. He had done his best to exclude them, but the dollar and the hard mark and solid krone had spoken. The General looked at his watch, or rather he extended his arm and the Moroccan told him the time. His rate of breathing increased audibly as he reached for his handkerchief in his breast pocket. His medals tinkled like a glockenspiel as he fumbled. Eventually he found it and, making a supreme effort, held it aloft.

The sour trumpets sounded, a door slowly opened, and two venerable horsemen emerged, dressed from head to foot in black, with orange cockades in their hats. Like all the auxiliary horses seen in the ring, these seemed to be moving on their points, aged ballerinas giving farewell performances. They headed the procession. Behind them came the *toreros*. Cordobano's suit of

lights was green, the green of his Pontiac, and he strode across the arena oblivious of everything but his comportment, which was dignified to the point of absurdity.

Rafaelito, dressed in a mauve which exactly matched his Cadillac, was smiling in an icily inviting way to his public, while El Chaval seemed frankly out of place in such company, wearing a suit the color of old ivory, which, judging from the ill-disguised patches and rents, had seen more than its ration of *corridas*. He grinned sheepishly under a montera several sizes too large. Behind them came Señor de Villaseca, who spent most of his time looking nervously over his shoulder, since his horse was giving him trouble already and seemed to prefer walking backwards. The picadors followed, like Sancho Panzas on mounts borrowed from Don Quixote. After them, the team of mules, gaily caparisoned to tug the carcasses from the arena, and an ancient truck, rented from the street-cleaning services of a neighboring township, its rusty sprinklers dropping two parallel tracks of water on the sand.

THE two *alguacils* bowed to the President, sweeping their hats aside, and then galloped stiffly in a great arc, while the matadors bowed in their turn to the President, who responded by nodding. As he did so, the blood was squeezed out of his chins, which became white. The matadors then exchanged their *capotes de paseo* for their capes, and waited. One of the *alguacils* cantered back, received the order to proceed from the President, and then handed the key to the keeper of the gate leading to the *toril*. As he was doing this, Señor de Villaseca reappeared, noble as an equestrian statue if not quite as passive, his filly showing the whites of its eyes in a decidedly disconcerting manner.

Before anyone realized it, the *toril* gate was open and shut, and one of the ferocious bulls of Doña Concepción Morales Prado, from Albacete, stood in the sun, perplexed yet confident. A gasp of expectancy rose from the crowd. Attracted by vague movements in the crowd, the bull moved forward cautiously and was observed to have a slight limp.

"*Fuera, fuera!*" roared the spectators, "away with it! Another bull!"

Señor de Villaseca studied his adversary without much enthusiasm, since he could not induce his horse to move. Just then, on a signal, the band began a *paso-doble*. The horse, which had been trained to the sounds of a distant phonograph and which had had no opportunities in its short life for much musical appreciation, suddenly shot forward at a terrific clip and headed straight for the bull.

A cry of enthusiasm went up. So precipitate was Señor de Villaseca's advance that the bull, unable readily to identify the character of the missile heading in its direction, retreated nervously.

"What arrogance!" cried the Duchess, and even the small dog's eyes seemed to bulge with admiration. For one exquisite moment, the townsfolk were really proud of their Mayor. Even Rafaelito wondered for a second whether he had not made a terrible mistake. The doubt was short-lived, however, because at one and the same time the bull realized that the black blur which had flashed across its field of vision was nothing more than a man on a horse, and the horse realized that the static obstruction in the middle of the arena was something as horrible as a bull.

Señor de Villaseca had very little influence on the chase which followed, except that, to his credit, he managed to stay in the saddle. The bull apparently had a one-track mind and a surprising wind, whereas the horse was a singularly stupid strategist and even tried to leave the ring by pawing the barrier.

Twice the bull's horns became enmeshed in the horse's tail, while the crowd was too spellbound to hiss. At last the bull stopped and stood in the bright sunlight, panting. A volcano of booing erupted. Señor de Villaseca, in a fury, managed to bring the horse to a standstill at the other side of the ring. Grimly he took a couple of *banderillas* from his helpers in the *callejon* and spurred the wretched animal with all the violence born of his humiliation. Grudgingly it moved sideways to the center of the ring.

"Toro!" he cried, so that all Spain could hear.

"Toro!" he cried again, Roland's trumpet call at Roncesvalles, the Christian challenge to the infidel.

The uproar was stilled by the magnificence of the challenge, by its indomitable will, by its grandeur. Its effect on men was immediate, but unfortunately the bull heard it too and, turning its head, saw the horse. A second later the horse saw the bull, and the degrading chase began again. To make matters worse, the Mayor attempted to turn in his saddle and place his *banderillas* in the bull's back. Both fell harmlessly to the ground. Luckily the bull was a little weary, and the second chase was much shorter than the first. The booing was now mixed with laughter. Señor de Villaseca took a second lot of *banderillas* from his assistants, said some very offensive things to his mount, and coaxed it toward the puffing bull. This time his approach to his quarry was much more underhanded. He made no attempt to shout. Instead he cleverly profited from his horse's predilection for walking backwards and gave it its head, so that it neared the bull without seeing it. The bull had

come to rest near a *burladero*, one of the four narrow protected entrances in the *barrera*, and stood staring at the chipped woodwork, its black tongue just visible.

While Señor de Villaseca was calculating his distance for the great and triumphal assault he was still envisaging, a long metal rod crept out over the bull's head. The rod had a microphone on one end and Bayard Bruin, Junior, on the other. The bull sniffed the microphone, and Bayard, his anxious eyes just visible over the top of the *burladero*, shouted in the hope of exciting the bull into some sort of recordable sound. Señor de Villaseca, livid, waved to the police, ordering them to arrest the criminal, but in doing so he brought the horse's head round to face the bull. At the moment that the Mayor was leaning heavily to the right side of his horse, pointing at Bayard with both *banderillas*, the horse decided to bolt toward its left, and Señor de Villaseca dropped like a stone onto the sand. The bull ambled over and sniffed him, toyed with him for a moment, and then responded to the urgent tattoo beaten on his back by the rattan canes of the *monosabios*, turned, saw the horse, and resumed the traditional chase.

This was enough for the President, who declared the conflict over, sent for the steers, and the bull trotted meekly out of the arena while Señor de Villaseca wept unashamedly in the arms of the good Don Evaristo, who was ready in the *callejon* in case any Extreme Unction should be called for.

"The bull didn't even kill me!" moaned the Mayor.

"There's always tomorrow," said Sergeant Cabrera in consolation.

AFTER a fanfare, the second bull emerged. The preliminaries revealed it to be an impulsive and unreliable beast. Cordobano studied it grimly. It was given to sudden rushes and equally sudden doubts. Curiously enough, its interest in the picadors' horses was inquisitive rather than hostile. Having had the lance dug into its back once, it was reluctant to go too near the horses a second time. The whole episode was drawn out and ugly in the extreme, the picadors being forced to chase the animal slowly toward the center of the ring, amid shouts of derision and fury from the crowd. Eventually the fanfare announced the President's decision that the animal had had enough of this treatment, and the poker-faced picadors left the ring amid tumult. Cordobano IV walked regally toward the presidential box, where he raised his *montera*, permitted himself a bow of half an inch, and asked permission to kill the bull. The President blinked his approval of the idea, and Cordo-

bano dedicated the bull to the Duchess, who arched her eyebrows with a sense of the tragic, although any observer might equally guess from her expression that a drop of cold water had fallen on her back.

Slowly Cordobano walked to his selected terrain and stared at the bull. The bull moved an inch or two forward, stopped. Cordobano, his feet close together, his pelvis thrust forward defiantly, and his chin tucked down as though holding a violin in place, prepared to elevate an unpromising adversary onto the plane of tragedy if he possibly could. Just then there was an uncanny gust of wind, the first whisper of a storm. Rafaelito, smoking a cigarette in the *callejon*, looked upward and assessed the sky with a grim and expert eye. It was still blue, but far away there was a small cradle of a white cloud, turning black at the edges. He grimaced.

The gust of wind had caught Cordobano's muleta and sent it back like the cloak of a galloping horseman. The bull saw the movement and ran forward to investigate. Quite near Cordobano, it stopped dead. Cordobano, the furrows of melancholy cascading down his cheeks, looked away from the bull in supreme defiance.

"Why don't you look what you're doing?" cried the Dutch tourists, who were thorough people.

The bull charged and knocked Cordobano sideways with his bulk.

"What did we tell you?" cried the Dutch, in Dutch.

"I hope they didn't give you a driving license," cried one man.

Cordobano tried a series of curtailed and unsatisfactory veronicas, but the bull had excellent brakes and no acceleration whatever, which made the passes extremely dangerous. There were some feeble "*oles*," exclusively from tourists, since the word sounded as though they were reminding a receding waiter that they wished milk in their coffee.

"Kill it!" cried the Spaniards, realizing that there was little to be done with such a sly animal.

Cordobano was unwilling to let it go at that, however. That Pontiac had made him the underdog, and he was eager for heroism. Ending his series of passes with a media-veronica, he walked proudly away from his adversary and took up a new position with the intention of performing some *Manoletinas*, passes in which the torero turns away from the bull, with the muleta lifted above its horns as it passes. The first one was surprisingly successful and brought forth the first full-blooded "*ole*" of the afternoon. From the sudden wince on Cordobano's face it was clear, however, that something had gone wrong on the second one. What it was became immediately apparent when Cordo-

bano turned and it was seen that the unpredictable bull, in a sudden tossing motion, had taken away the seat of Cordobano's trousers, and now, conscious of some annoyance, it was strolling around the ring trying to shake the piece of green silk off its horn.

"How charmingly indecent!" cried the Duchess, lifting a lorgnette to her eyes.

"He really is built like a Greek god," whispered the Countess. Continued arrogance was difficult for poor Cordobano. The Spanish public was willing to overlook a bare bottom if the contest was noble, but the Northern delegations, with a more Breughellesque sense of impropriety, roared with uncontrolled glee, some of the ladies mingling their fits of schoolgirl giggles with moments of elaborately offended modesty.

Every time Cordobano moved, the fragile cloth gave a little more, and the famous film star exchanged her dark glasses for ones with more powerful lenses. There was nothing for it but to kill the bull quickly, in the interests of decency, and go to the changing room. Cordobano sized up the bull, dropped his muleta. The bull advanced, and as Cordobano leaned forward to deliver the *coup de grâce*, he felt that the moment of truth had arrived not only for the bull but also for his pants. Wrapping himself in his muleta, he looked as triumphant as he dared. The kill was a fine, clean, honest one.

One witty townsman shouted to the President, "Grant him an ear to cover himself with, for the sake of decorum." The President grunted but awarded Cordobano nothing.

RAFaelito's bull was more athletic, running around aimlessly and angrily for a while.

"*Fuera, fuera!*" shouted the crowd, almost out of habit. These bulls seemed to have every variety of vice. The first had a physical deformity, the second was cunning, and now the third lacked concentration. It charged the horses viciously, however, unseating two picadors, but quickly lost interest in its adversaries and rushed off to find something else to attack. It chased the *banderilleros* all the way to the *burladero* and even charged the *barrera* as the crowd gasped.

Rafaelito smiled and dedicated his bull to the film star, who threw him a rose, which he kissed ostentatiously. He placed himself far away from the bull, put a handkerchief on the ground, and stood on it. The crowd applauded. The bull saw him, lowered his head, and came forward, but a high wind suddenly blew, taking the Germans by surprise and carrying the debris of their picnic into the ring like a plague of locusts. Greasy

papers which had once enclosed sausages mingled with soiled copies of Düsseldorf newspapers and tin foil and even some handkerchiefs. A few feet away from Rafaelito, the bull found itself met by a torrent of white and silver objects, a greaseproof wrapping fixing itself to its chest like a huge postage stamp and a copy of an evening paper bearing a large picture of Chancellor Adenauer settling over one eye. Furiously the bull changed its course, leaving Rafaelito still standing on his handkerchief, isolated and unchallenged. Although weakened by the picadors, the bull charged the *barrera* and with an incredible, almost canine leap landed in the *callejon*.

There was chaos as the doctors, policemen, journalists, and priests ran helter-skelter round the narrow track, followed by Chancellor Adenauer, who was still appealing for European unity on the bull's eye. By the time the bull was lured to re-enter the arena, it was practically cleared except for the small figure of Don Evaristo, who was walking slowly in the sun, his hand grasping his side, and for Rafaelito, who was still standing on his handkerchief.

"Ho, ho!" cried Rafaelito, but the bull, who was quite close to him, evidently enjoyed long sight and saw only Don Evaristo. The crowd called for him to run, but the priest, mistaking their concern for an upsurge of religious conviction, waved back benevolently. Since the yelling increased, he turned around to see the bull rushing in his direction and, gathering up his robes, began to run.

The sight tickled the fancy of the President, who began to rock with laughter, his medals jostling each other.

"It is fitting to see a good friar turning his back on a creature with horns," he wheezed.

"Is he in any danger?" inquired the Duchess with some alarm.

The dog barked asthmatically.

"This *corrida* is becoming like ancient Rome," said Don Jesús sarcastically. "In the absence of competent gladiators we have to sacrifice the Christians."

"Zigzag!" appealed the crowd.

The bull was almost on Don Evaristo when El Chaval rushed out, confusing the bull by hitting its nose with the palm of his hand. The crowd applauded the daring *quite*, and Don Evaristo fainted as soon as he reached the *callejon*. Rafaelito, who seemed to be impaled on his handkerchief, was livid and shouted insults at El Chaval for interfering with his bull. El Chaval made a rude Venezuelan gesture, which few understood, and cockily turned the bull to face Rafaelito, even pointing at his rival. The poor bull was entirely perplexed but obediently moved off toward Rafaelito. The ring was now so covered with ref-

use that it seemed like a field of dandelions in full bloom. Lowering its head, the bull rushed at Rafaelito, who was forced to give a little ground because the wind was now playing havoc with the muleta, wrapping it around him. After a few unsatisfactory passes, including the *Rafaelitina*, which is performed on the knees with the back to the bull and the muleta dropped to the ground, so that the animal turns in a slow circle around the matador, Rafaelito decided to kill it. He made four unsuccessful attempts, while the Teutonic women howled their disgust at him. No ears, no tail.

The rain began to fall as El Chaval rushed to the door of the *toril*, knelt there with his back to the gate, and smiled. "No, no!" chanted the crowd. As the fourth bull appeared, a tremendous gust of wind carried the capote out of El Chaval's hands, and the enraged beast tossed the Venezuelan high into the air while the spectators screamed. El Chaval landed nimbly on his hands, did a spectacular somersault, and faced the bull again.

"Toro!" he yelled, in a transport of passion.

The bull went for him again, and he, armed with neither sword nor capote, worked the bull all the way across the ring by keeping just inside its turning circle, patting it on the forehead, touching its horns, teasing it. A great shout of acclaim rose from the public, but by now it was raining so hard that it was impossible to see across the arena at all. Evidently the sudden icy downpour excited the patriotism and the nostalgia of the Swedes, who began to sing a hearty Northern drinking song in a depressing unison.

El Chaval and the bull stood like scarecrows in the ring and saw the spectators leave by the thousands. The Moroccan legionary opened a huge umbrella over his master, and the Wolf of the Sahara hobbled to shelter. Mistaking a distant motor horn for the sound of the trumpet, Sergeant Cabrera drove the old street-cleaning truck into the arena, its sprinklers turned full on to help the rain in its work of destruction. After all, he was a soldier, and nobody had countermanded his orders. The bull saw the truck and charged it, lifting the back wheels off the ground and dropping them again so hard that the half shaft broke and the truck came to a standstill. Again and again the bull attacked the vehicle, twisting the sprinklers into grotesque shapes, so that the truck began to look like an ornamental fountain, water squirting in all directions. The bull then turned its attention onto the radiator, which it lifted like a honeycomb and threw away. Sergeant Cabrera was a veteran of the wars against the Riff, and he knew how to deal with insubordination under fire. He drew his revolver and emptied it into the bull.

The disgrace of the occasion was on every tongue. In answer to questions, Doña Concepción Morales Prado, the somewhat masculine breeder of the bulls, said, "One does not give one's best bulls to charity." The Duchess of Torrecaliente was nowhere to be found, since her Pekingese had caught pleurisy and she spent the evening in isolation, kneeling by its basket. (The Duke had caught pneumonia the year before, and the Duchess had entrained for Vichy on the very same day, to take the waters.) The film star left that evening for Cannes, accompanied by Cordobano, who blessed the bull for tearing his pants.

"She was slipping from popularity even when I was in Hollywood," said Rafaelito bitterly.

Most deeply wounded of all, however, was Señor de Villaseca. Don Evaristo tried to console him. "Think how truly humiliating it would have been," he said, "if the other displays had been magnificent, but they were not. Why, how can you sit there brooding while close friends of yours were exposed to even greater danger? It is not very charitable, my son. Why, the bull only sniffed you. I have a hoof mark on my cassock!"

"I am not concerned about danger," snapped Señor de Villaseca, "but about honor!"

"There are times when honor is impossible!" cried Don Evaristo.

"In Spain?" The Mayor's eyes flashed. "It is the fault of the foreigners, *los extranjeros*, who come here polluted by dishonor and taint us."

"We must move with the times, my child! Why, even Sergeant Cabrera had to make use of modern technology in order to dispose of the bull. Had he not had his revolver, he would be an honorable Spanish corpse by now, and I'd have dozens of relatives to console. Now I warrant his revolver is not of Spanish manufacture."

"It is German," said Sergeant Cabrera, "a Mozart."

"Precisely," declared Don Evaristo. "We must learn, and not only learn, but be better. Then the foreigners will no longer patronize us and come to our country in search of the picturesque, the out of date."

"By God and all His angels," cried the Mayor, "you're right! They have come to regard us exactly as the great de la Jara used to regard them. We have become *los Indios*, the quaint, the primitive, the savage. They come here to study us as though we were in a zoo. The oversophisticated women of California come here in search of primitive men, machines for uncomplicated, elemental love-making! The men from over there come to record our peculiar habits for posterity on phonographs and on film! It is degrading!"

He took up the telephone and asked for a number in Valencia.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Don Evaristo.

"You will see."

After two hours' delay, the number became available.

"Don Alipio Ybazoa? This is Ramón de Villaseca. After mature consideration, and whatever it may cost me in litigation, I have decided to accede to your terms." The man on the other end seemed highly delighted.

Late that evening, Señor de Villaseca went to church. On his way, he passed the statue of de la Jara. Looking up at the green copper face, he muttered, "You fool. What you started!"

He knelt before the miraculous Virgin and prayed.

"Blessed Virgin of Alcañon," he said, "see to it that we find our way in the world again, as once we did, and that we point the path of progress out to others, since our pride will not allow us to follow, but only to lead. Inspire our men of science to produce a Spanish airplane, a Spanish missile, a Spanish rocket, a Spanish artificial moon, and even if this should take time, grant that the next occasion on which Sergeant Cabrera is forced to shoot a bull, let it be with a Spanish revolver."

The next evening, when the *aficionados* went to the arena, they were surprised to find notices posted around the bull ring announcing the abandonment of the *feria*. Inside, workmen were busy erecting an enormous curved screen. In place of the *corrida*, there was to be a drive-in movie show. With unconscious irony, the film selected to inaugurate this new phase in civic development was *Blood and Sand*. Señor de Villaseca looked at his handiwork with satisfaction. There was nothing to attract foreigners any more. Oliver Still had slunk off to Lemnos, one of the Greek islands, with his disheveled dreams. The disciples would have further to travel. The town was rediscovering its dignity, its expensive place in the shade, for the price of poverty is always excessive. But it was looking forward with confidence to a more modern future. Was there a screen as large as that in all the New World?

As Señor de Villaseca stood there, proudly confident, a furious Don Jacinto strode up to him.

"Ah, there you are, you twister! I've been looking for you all day! I just want you to know that I'm suing you for ten times the amount you'll ever earn in your life."

The Mayor closed his eyes benignly and echoed the words of his great forefather.

"I did it," he said, "*por España y por Alcañon!*"

ROBERTA TEALE SWARTZ

EASTER

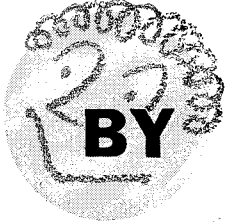
Roll away the stone from my heart!
Not before, with gleaming hair
There's an angel sitting there
And some fitting word is spoken,
And the silences are broken:
Roll away the stone from my heart!

Roll away the stone from my heart!
Someone's gone, where, no one knows,
Lying here his empty clothes.
Bitterly the planets burn;
Friends are bowed in dark concern:
Roll away the stone from my heart!

Roll away the stone from my heart!
Never let that secret place
Wingless be, or out of grace;
Let not others, morning-led,
Find it still contains the dead:
Roll away the stone from my heart!



ESCAPE



BY



PASSPORT

BY GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

English novelist GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD came to the ATLANTIC with his first story, "The Salvation of Pisco Gabar." A born linguist who graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, he worked as a bank clerk in Rumania, sold bananas in France and in Spain, was a British security officer in the Middle East during World War II, and finally settled down to write. All this is told with humor in his revealing book, AGAINST THE WIND, recently published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

COME in, Inspector, come in! What can I do for you?"

"I have been asked to refer to you, Mr. Polhallow . . ."

"You're looking very serious this morning. That was quite a party we had at the port offices last night."

"Yes, sir. I don't mind admitting I wish I were on some other duty. There are three passports I have to show you."

"What's wrong with them?"

"Well . . . for one thing, very old and dirty."

"Nationality?"

"Free Albanian."

"Issued?"

"In Calcutta."

"I see, Inspector."

"Shall I get you a drink, Mr. Polhallow?"

"No, no, Inspector. It was a shock. But I shall be all right. I'm glad it was you who came, and not some ass I should have to beat about the bush with. Very well, sit down and take my statement."

"There must be some mistake, sir."

"There's no mistake, I'm afraid. I shall resign, of course, on the grounds of ill health."

"But you're the best chief we ever had, sir!"

"I must, my dear fellow. We could never keep it out of the papers if I had to be sacked. You surely see that. Can't find your pencil? Here, take this one."

"During the war I was a military security officer in Syria. That was how I got into this racket. Cross that out, Inspector! I mean that my experience was considered to fit me for similar employment by Her Majesty in a civilian capacity."

"Syria was not as it is today. It was full of Europeans in uniform. Besides our own troops and the French, there were contingents of all sorts of romantic allies — Greeks, Poles, Yugoslavs, and anything else you can think of. They were the remnants of the fighting men from countries which had been occupied by Hitler. It was one of my duties to keep a discreet eye on their movements and political sympathies."

"A detachment of mine brought in three Albanians who had been walking along the coast in the general direction of Turkey and living on the chickens of peaceful citizens. Their names were Mitsi, Pitsi, and Ugo. That at least was what we called them. You had better look at those passports, Inspector, and get them right."

"I can't begin to pronounce them, sir."

"Nor could we. Albanians seem to use the letter *x* in such improbable places. But they spoke Greek, and so do I. I wish I'd never heard of the damn language!"

"I got their story. They had been soldiers in the Greek brigade and then distinguished themselves by theft, insubordination, and the attempted murder of an officer. They were regretful but satisfied. They hadn't any sense of shame whatever. Of all the three voluble, self-admiring little bast— Express that differently, Inspector."

"The Greeks court-martialed them and drummed them out of their army in disgrace. The only documents they had were certificates stating that they had been discharged as infamous characters. They seemed offended that these couldn't be accepted as free passes to anywhere. They wanted to go to Istanbul, where Mitsi had once been a cook, Pitsi a waiter, and Ugo a dishwasher."

"Having no lockup of my own, I handed them over to military police to be kept on ice while I checked their story."

"But they were plainly civilians, sir!"

"Were they, Inspector? Were they indeed? The trouble with you policemen is that you think life is simple."

"I remonstrated with the Greek commander. He had no right at all to turn his incorrigibles loose on the civil population. He quite agreed. He assured me that he would have executed all three if we didn't make such a fuss about allied death sentences. He said that if only I could get him permission, the whole company in which those Albanians had served would be delighted to turn out and shoot them."

THEY bounced out of the lockup yelling for their consul. They had no consul. Nowhere. Not even in New York or London or Cairo. Albania had had no official existence ever since the Italians annexed it. I suggested to them that they might be treated as Free Italians. They wouldn't hear of it. They hissed with fury, especially Ugo. He depended entirely on gestures to express himself. If he hadn't greased his hair back he would have looked very like Harpo Marx.

"Mitsi and Pitsi were slender and dark, with little narrow heads and little mustaches. They had a certain catlike grace, Inspector. They were able to go through life trading on the humanity of the non-Albanian world, and carrying Ugo with them. As soon as he had stopped feeling insulted—which always took him half a minute longer than the others—all three knelt down

before me and threw themselves under the protection of the great British Empire.

"How could I resist that? I agreed to do what I could for them. They promptly demanded a pension for the duration of the war."

"I explained in my politest Greek that it was beyond my powers. But alternatively would they work for the British Army as cook, waiter, and dishwasher? They replied that the proposal honored them. Inspector, from that moment I was doomed. I got them jobs at the transit camp, and I gave each of them a temporary pass which would just about keep him out of jail and no more."

"They stayed at work till the first payday, behaving as if they had been trained in the Ritz. Then they insisted on a 50 per cent raise, spat on the orderly room floor when they couldn't get it, and walked out. The camp commandant seemed to think they had learned their manners in my office."

"I hoped they had started on another walk to Turkey, and I gave instructions to my detachment on the frontier that if there were any chance of pushing them quietly over, it was to be taken. A first step in crime. How often we have seen it begin with some betrayal of trust!"

"We must have a bit of give-and-take in the regulations, Mr. Polhallow. You'd do the same today."

"I hope not, Inspector. I sincerely hope not. You know and I know what that sort of thing leads to."

"They were not on their way to Turkey. Two days later I had a call from the D.A.P.M.—my opposite number commanding the military police. He told me that his men had arrested three Albanians who were creating a disturbance in an establishment the nature of which I need not specify and waving passes signed by me."

"Whose army are they in?" he asked.

"Nobody's."

"Then why are they wearing uniform?"

"Because they haven't any other clothes."

"But they can't wear uniform if they are civilians."

"Then take their uniforms off them and hand them over to civil police!" I said, and hung up.

"The military police could never understand a problem until it was presented to them in concrete form."

"That was my sole intention, Inspector; to force those Albanians into civil life and allow the rest of us time to get on with the war. How was I to guess that I had stepped into our now familiar world of bowler hats and umbrellas? I was a simple soldier. And civilians from ministries—even generals are terrified of them."

"He carried an umbrella. I swear it. But no

hat at all. He drove out from Damascus wearing a beautiful cream-colored suit, specially to see me. His name was Potts-Dalton.

"I asked him to have a drink. It was five in the afternoon. He looked at me as if I were a confirmed alcoholic and suggested tea.

"I am advised," he said, "that it was you who ordered the military police to hand over to civil administration three Albanians with no clothes on."

"No clothes at all?" I asked, trying to sound as if some appalling mistake had occurred.

"Their sole possessions, Major Polhallow, were coarse military underclothing and passes signed by you."

"You can beat 'em up," I suggested, "just the same."

"He was shocked. He explained to me that he had nothing to do with the police. He had been posted by the Foreign Office to Syria in order to help the high command upon obscure questions of nationality.

"Then he read me a lecture on the unwisdom of settling problems on the spot instead of passing them through the usual channels. He was courteously grieved. He told me that one should not be too ready to take responsibility.

"I had learned that already. I asked him what the civil police had done with the Albanians.

"I gave instructions they they were to be brought back to you in a closed car. No doubt they will be here by now, should you still desire to lock them up."

"I shouted for my sergeant major, who entered so promptly that he must have been listening at the door.

"They 'ave been 'ere, sir," he said.

"Where are they now, sergeant major?"

"In the road, sir."

"We looked out of the window of my office. Mitsi, Pitsi, and Ugo were sitting in the dust and weeping.

"Took me eyes off of 'em, sir," he explained, "and there was that Pitsi makin' away with one of the office typewriters under his singlet, sir."

"I said helplessly that it seemed very short for that.

"He'd pinched Corporal Wilson's spare pair of trousers as well, sir. And there's plenty of room in them for that Pitsi and the portable, sir."

"I had the three Albanians brought before me. In honor of Potts-Dalton the sergeant major provided them with army blankets. They were as dignified as three red Indians come to treat for peace — until, that is, the sergeant major barked at them. They sprang smartly to attention, and he had to pick up the blankets.

"I told them in real bootblack's Greek what I

thought of them. Mitsi and Pitsi screamed back. Ugo ground his teeth loudly. I never before saw anyone grind his teeth.

"Potts-Dalton held up an outraged hand and asked what was the tenor of the conversation. I explained that they had the damned impertinence to demand compensation for being brutally handled by the military.

"I should imagine they might well have a case," he said.

"Those Albanians understood his tone of voice. In an instant they were round him, pulling at his clothes and shouting for justice.

"I spoke to them quietly and they behaved. Potts-Dalton was much impressed by the promptness with which they deserted him and wanted to know what I had said.

"That you were the public hangman come to measure 'em up," I answered with some relish.

"I must say he did begin to understand the difficulties. But he refused to wave his wand and make them civilians. He insisted that, in the absence of any Albanian authority, it was quite impossible. My passes, he was good enough to say, would suffice for all practical purposes.

"It was then that I realized, Inspector, that Mitsi, Pitsi, and Ugo were a grave menace to my army career. My sanity they had already affected.

I DRESSED the three in the cheapest cotton suits I could buy. That cost me a tenner, but saved them from the attentions of the military police. Then I got them well-paid employment in a local restaurant, with a good room over the kitchen.

"A fortnight later, when I was just beginning to think of them without unkindness, Inspector, as if they had been destructive puppies which I had placed in a good home, I was visited by a scoundrelly and obliging Algerian who had set himself up as the district's trades union boss. He wouldn't come to the point at first. Then he asked me if I had three Albanians among my secret agents.

"I denied them so hotly that he suspected I was lying. He told me apologetically that the secretary of his catering union had requested Mitsi, Pitsi, and Ugo to join it. Unions were then unknown in Albania, so they took the demand as blackmail — which it probably was. Mitsi tossed a pot of soup over the secretary. Pitsi added a lump of slush. And Ugo rubbed the lot in with his dishcloth.

"Where are they now?" I asked, knowing the answer.

"At the police station. I wondered whether you would like my man to withdraw the charge."

"I arranged with him that he should put his

most accomplished perjurer in the box and get them the longest sentence he could. But it didn't work. The Albanians were all injured innocence and persuaded the magistrate that they had been badly treated. He gave them only fifteen days, and considered it his duty to pass censure on the military who released their so-called criminals into the law-abiding population and took no steps to provide them with proper documentation.

"Everyone decided that I was the proper scapegoat to be blamed. That I had been, in fact, the only person to give them any papers at all was entirely overlooked. So I was summoned to an interview with the general. He chose to call the affair a typical Polhallow — whatever the devil he meant by that! — and demanded that my Albanians should be brought before him when they came out. *My Albanians, Inspector!*

"I advised him against it. No use! He told me he had never seen the man he couldn't handle. Courtesy in listening and firmness in decision; nothing else was needed to reclaim the most incorrigible soldier.

"I produced Mitsi, Pitsi, and Ugo before the general. They hadn't any money and their clothes were filthy. I couldn't have them cleaned because they had no others. So that cost me another complete outfit, just shirts and shorts this time. I knew how the general would carry on if they weren't decently dressed.

"He got a Greek interpreter from the bazaar. He wouldn't use me. So the Albanians had a clear run. They put over a spirit of proud and untrammelled manhood. The general had once spent a week in Albania. He declared that it was a sturdy little country, the liberation of which was among the first of his personal war aims. Mitsi and Pitsi replied with appropriate gestures that he was fit to be an Albanian chieftain and that they were willing to die at his lightest word. Ugo kept jumping to attention and shouting Albanian war cries.

"And then, before I could do anything to stop him, the general hired the three as his personal servants. I tried to save what I could from the disaster and suggested that he might make out passes for them himself. But he was too wily a bird to be caught that way. He said very politely that he was sure my pass would carry more weight with the police than his own.

"Inspector, it was plain that whatever was going to happen to the general's life and emotions would be my fault. I tried hard for a sudden posting to some other theater of war. Meanwhile I collected all available information from the general's private villa. But I only learned that the dear old chap was looking a little harassed, that lunch guests were enthusiastic, and that Mitsi, Pitsi, and Ugo had graciously consented to wear white jackets

pending the arrival from Egypt of Albanian national costume.

"After three weeks while I hardly dared answer the telephone, the general's A.D.C. came to see me. You'd have liked him, Inspector. He was that rare type which is both gay and responsible."

"I could put my hand on another one, sir."

"Thank you, Inspector. It's good to know that you will miss me. Where were we? Ah, yes, the A.D.C. I couldn't allow him to be sacked. I won't mention his name. He's a prominent politician.

"'About those Albanians you sent us,' he said.

"I had given up denying anything. In the eyes of the world they were my Albanians. But I did venture to point out that the general had brought it on himself.

"'I know, Polhallow,' he said kindly. 'But it's my business to see that he brings nothing on himself.'

"He was quite right. A good A.D.C., Inspector, is nothing but a nanny to his important charge.

"I was informed for a start that when Pitsi called the general with his early morning cup of tea he used to sit on the bed and try to teach him Albanian.

"'Is that all?' I asked.

"No, they had been stealing the cigars. But mere crime could be covered up. They had also discovered the A.D.C.'s private stock of whisky. That, too, nanny was willing to put up with, so long as the child's peace was not disturbed. And then they had thrown mixed parties in the kitchen. Nanny had quietly evicted the guests.

"I told him that he seemed born to deal with Albanians. He shook his head. There was worse to come.

"'They use the general's lavatory,' he said.

"It's not funny, Inspector. You ought to know that none of this is funny. It all leads directly to the case you have been asked to investigate. Let me just say that in these days of humane and democratic generals you can do almost anything to them but that. Failure to salute will be forgiven. Disobedience will be excused if any excuse can be found. But such a mark of disrespect, no! Not under the rank of brigadier.

"'How long have we got?' I asked the A.D.C.

"He promised me that he would go on doing his best, but strongly recommended that I should have the Albanians out of there within three days.

IT WAS no good telling them they must go. Force had to be used to extract Mitsi, Pitsi, and Ugo from a soft job like that. And then what? They could never be allowed to return and report to the general that I had deprived him of his picturesque

servants and brutally interfered with the work of reformation as well.

"Inspector, I kidnaped those Albanians. I lured them from the general's villa with the aid of a Syrian dancing girl, and I was very glad to see that Pitsi came to the rendezvous with the general's inscribed gold and gun-metal cigarette box in his pocket. Naturally I did not appear in the business myself. I was down a well, with just enough of me showing to superintend the staff work.

"They were taken to a remote Christian village in the mountains where the headman deserved a ten-year sentence for dealing in arms. I couldn't prove it, but I let him think I could. So he obligingly confined my enemies in an upper chamber, as they say in the *Arabian Nights*, from which escape was difficult. I don't think they wanted to escape. What with coy visits from the dancing girl and a regular supply of hashish and wine, that room must have come pretty near their idea of heaven.

"The general, of course, was very upset by their desertion and at once called for my advice. By this time I was considered to be an authority on Albanians. I told him that they were caged birds longing for their native hills and that they couldn't be expected to behave like old retainers. Nanny backed me up, and we left him in a poetical and happy mood, drawing pictures of Albanian sea gulls on the blotting paper.

"That didn't solve the rest of my problem. The expense of supplying the upper chamber was not what it would be here, but I could not keep it running long. The military insisted those Albanians were civilians. The civilians wouldn't have them. So they were bound to come back to us. The only solution was to ship them out of Syria and over a frontier. But they had no documents upon which police or consuls could put a stamp.

"Now, take this down carefully, Inspector! I had a friend, an Austrian refugee, old, respectable, and an expert craftsman. He was a printer and bookbinder, producing — among more commercial items — limited editions for young Syrian poets with the money to pay for them. I told him what I wanted, and together we designed it.

"The Albanian coat of arms I knew. The gold-stamped pale blue of the cover I invented, and also the seal of the Free Albanian consul in Calcutta. When the three passports were ready, I sent them round to the police and had them stamped with an exit permit. In person I presented them to the Turkish consul, who visaed them for travel to Istanbul. Nobody knew what sort of a passport a Free Albanian could be expected to possess. And of course documents of such imposing beauty were automatically accepted as correct.

"Then I put Mitsi, Pitsi, and Ugo on the Taurus express and told them they were free to win back their fame as cook, waiter, and dishwasher in neutral Istanbul. They were not anxious to go. I found the general's cigarette box a useful argument.

"Inspector, the passports you have just placed upon my desk are those I forged."

"I never suspected anything of the sort, sir."

"But you looked very serious, damn it! You said you had been asked to see me about them."

"I was, Mr. Polhallow. Just a question of whether they ought not to have been renewed. The passports themselves are quite correct for Free Albanians."

"They can't be! It's impossible!"

"Well, it does seem odd, sir. But it's my opinion that when things got organized again, nobody knew. And as Mr. Mitsi, Mr. Pitsi, and Mr. Ugo are always very positive that they are in the right, some person in authority took their passports for a model. There they are, properly visaed for residence in the United Kingdom by our consulate in Istanbul and the ministry of labor."

"Inspector, if you really mean to allow those three thugs to land, for God's sake, don't tell 'em I'm here!"

"I should not dream of it, Mr. Polhallow. No, while you were talking an idea kept recurring to me. I think I could arrange for them to be dispatched to the Foreign Office. Of course it may not be the same man, but there is a Mr. Potts-Dalton who recently wrote to Immigration asking for experienced kitchen staff."

VERNON WATKINS

ODE TO SWANSEA

Bright town, tossed by waves of time to a hill,
Leaning Ark of the world, dense-windowed, perched
High on the slope of morning,
Taking fire from the kindling East:

Look where merchants, traders, and builders move
Through your streets, while above your chandler's walls
Herring gulls wheel, and pigeons,
Mocking man and the wheelwright's art.

Prouder cities rise through the haze of time,
Yet, unenvious, all men have found is here.
Here is the loitering marvel
Feeding artists with all they know.

There, where sunlight catches a passing sail,
Stretch your shell-brittle sands where children play,
Shielded from hammering dockyards
Launching strange, equatorial ships.

Would they know you, could the returning ships
Find the pictured bay of the port they left
Changed by a murmur, a
Stained by ores in a nighthawk's wing?

Yes. Through changes your myth seems anchored here.
Staked in mud, the forsaken oyster beds
Loom; and the Mumbles lighthouse
Turns through gales like a seabird's egg.

Lundy sets the course of the painted ships.
Fishers dropping nets off the Gower coast
Watch them, where shag and cormorant
Perch like shades on the limestone rocks.

You I know; yet who from a different land
Truly finds the town of a native child
Nurtured under a rainbow,
Pitched at last on Mount Pleasant hill?

Stone-runged streets ascending to that crow's nest
Swinging East and West over Swansea Bay
Guard in their walls Cwmdonkin's
Gates of light for a bell to close.

Praise, but do not disturb heaven's dreaming man
Not awakened yet from his sleep of wine.
Pray, while the starry midnight
Broods on Singleton's elms and swans.

A Grand Ride

BY F. ROGER SANDALL

F. ROGER SANDALL is a twenty-five-year-old New Zealander who was born in Christchurch and spent most of his school years in Auckland, where he received his A.B. in anthropology at the university. He is now in the United States on a fellowship and working toward his master's degree at Columbia. Like many other New Zealanders, he has traveled to both England and America, but Australia continues to elude him.

THE fat kid was aged nine and carried a .22 and the thin kid was aged eleven and carried another .22 and I was aged twenty-three and had a .303 in a rifle holster on my right. The fat one rode a black pony and the thin one a gray and mine was a bay mare quite sober except when drunk but I didn't know this when I set out.

The boys were going to show me the part of the ranch way back beyond the ridge and I wanted a ride (I'm from the city and ride horses just a bit more often than I ride sea serpents) so the boys thought if this soft city slicker wants to ride then we'll all take guns and whang at the goats on the way. Now the fat kid had a rare humor and kept cocking his weapon and snapping the trigger on an empty barrel because each time the metal clacked the thin kid's horse tore at its reins in fright and tried to bolt so we made lively progress out to the five-mile hut.

Now we'll go shooting said the boys and we left the horses and struck off up a gulley away from the hut looking for goats and tripping over rocks and crashing around in the scrub and finally loosing off a goodly measure of C.A.C. at a harmless cabbage tree and the bark flew before the wayward lead. It was the boys' plan to show how the country eye like the country heart is straight while the townie is crooked all through so their eyes grew round with shock when it was the .303

which blew the bark from the cabbage tree and not their peashooting .22s.

This made them keener still to see me downed and they said if you can ride man now's your chance to qualify — we'll race back from the hut to the fork in the track and God help you if the mare can't stay on the path or if you can't stay on her.

Now I'd better be plain and say here and now that short of the walls of the Grand Canyon the face of the Matterhorn or the eastern approach to the summit of the Empire State there are no hills like the hills on my uncle's ranch for gravity-beating verticality and no rocks like my uncle's rocks — they're sharp as devils' bones — and though my uncle swears it's the wild goats that are ruining him God knows what they eat for the land is bare as a skeleton.

No, the track those boys wanted to race on was not quite as wide as the Yonkers straight and the only way to pass a slow horse on it was over the top which is a cruel crushing sport so they say but I've never tried it myself. I mean the passing stunt.

We climbed aboard at the fence by the hut and I was carrying the fat kid's .22 for reasons unknown to me even today and the thin one let a bullet fly right by the ears of his horse and as though forty whips had cut into the bay's flanks

she snorted away down the gulley and up the spur to the distant fork in the tracks leaving the fat kid on the ground where his horse had tossed him and the thin kid trying to straighten his horse out of the mad spiral she'd gone into when the gun bang blew in her ear.

Well I didn't fire the shot though God knows the kids couldn't have given me a better break. My uncle said just leave it to the mare to steer you on that path she knows it like the back of her ass and better, so I gave her the rein and sat back with a prayer to the patron saint of horseback riders to take pity on the two of us and all went well until the first hill was past and she could see the ranch house in the distance. Then she took a great breath and leaped away down that track like a filly from the fields of Elysium run by seven red stallions fresh from the stalls of Hell.

Now at this point of the track it was one thousand feet up and one thousand feet down. If you looked hard down and that meant straight down you might just see the creek at the bottom and those maggots along the creek were some of the biggest merinos between the two poles and if you looked straight up to where the rim of the peaks scraped the sky you might see some insects up there and those insects were giant billy goats but either way it was one thousand feet.

So I looked up and I looked down and I hung on like hell and let the mare go on a slack rein. We went all of a mile in a wild saw-toothed career into the gulleys and out again down into the shadow and up into the light, me hanging on to the pommel with the kid's rifle whacking across my back like a balk of four-by-two, when suddenly rounding a sharp bend with nothing but space beyond it and nothing but rock below it and nothing above it at all the mare's hind legs lost their grip and she hung on the edge of the track pawing with her front hoofs and I saw then that the mare knew just as little as I did about the track. When we were back on the path I hauled

in on the rein to brake her before both of us went into the gulf but she froze the bit in her jaws and lit out all the merrier for the fork in the tracks near the yards — and that was all of two miles away.

I looked back for the kids and though far to the rear I caught sight of the fat one on the black horse make a mountaineer's pass at one of the peaks; his horse mistook the track and set her nose for the crags of snowy goatland on the crest of the ridge. I wished the boy well. What with his damned trigger snapping and smart-aleck wise-cracking this dark horse-rocket to the moon was well deserved and I only hoped that the other gun-happy infant on the skittery gray would try the same lunar gambit. But he was still in control and though bloody-kneed where a crag had snatched at him and though his horse had splintered her hoofs on the rocks the boy still hung on though the way the gray staggered I reckoned it would be all of two days before he overtook me on the mare.

Well, I made the fork in the tracks and the split in the path so slewed the mare's brain she was like that ass between the two bales of hay and in the middle of this cerebral torment I wrenched the bit free and almost pulled the brute's head in half slowing her down to a pace at which I could step off and survive.

How I got that leather gear off I'll never know what with a broken bridle strap and a wrenched girth there was plenty of damage done and then the rifle on my back got caught under her jaw when I was fighting the bridle free and as I fell down the so-called safety catch vouchsafed itself and with a pretty ping the gun cracked away at the sky and the sun — and my uncle. He said he never did see such a sight in his stockyard and that may well be but I said it was a grand ride uncle dear and it's a brave horse you gave me and thirteen black curses upon your devils of sons if and when they ever return.

DOUGLAS O. SPETTIGUE

A Canadian now living in Toronto, DOUGLAS O. SPETTIGUE left his job at the Bell Telephone Company a year and a half ago to return to the academic world. He divides his time between teaching, studying toward a Ph.D., and writing. Six of his short stories have been broadcast by the CBC, and he has started work on a novel.

CARNIVAL OF THE ANIMALS

I STARTED another story once, when I was alone, but all I got written was the beginning because Willson was only away for the one night. That was just after we were married and I was trying to please Willson and not thinking of the future; but he thought it was a good beginning so now that he is going to be away longer, here I go again.

Of course the first one seems silly now. I wrote it — started to write it — while I was listening to Julie Andrews and it was sort of my own version of learning to say “The rain in Spain. . . .” But I did not have an ending for it because Willson gave up teaching me.

So this is the sequel to a story that was never written, a finale for an unfinished symphony. No, I shouldn’t say that because it is not final. Nothing really happened; I mean, I’m sure nothing is changed. In fact, this is not a story about a happening at all. It is just a little something . . . about Willson, I guess. Or not exactly about Willson, but about our housewarming, with our Wedgwood and my little china animals mixed in.

Now that I have told you what my story is about, I shall proceed to tell you my story. Whenever I ask Willson how to start he always says the same thing: start at the beginning and stop at the ending and have a middle in between. And every time I ask him, “How do I know what beginning to start at?” he just laughs. So I shall start at us getting our little apartment and stop at my Wedg-

wood demitasses getting broken and put Jack and Dolly and the housewarming in between.

The first thing we had in the apartment, except for Willson’s desk, was the bookcase. Right away when I saw the waist-high partition at the top of the stairs I said, “Won’t that be perfect for my animals!” But Willson had been through the apartment before and he said it was the obvious place for bookshelves. Of course he was right and they do look very nice. I should not have said bookcase because they are shelves, just three boards between bricks and a half shelf on top to look artistic. Willson bought the boards and sandpapered them and painted them white, and as soon as the top sides were dry we put his books in. He was going to put books on the very top but it was a bit shaky so I got it for the demitasses and put my little animals in a row on the partition.

The first thing Jack said when he saw it was, “Jeeze, Willy, you got taken on your lumber,” because the boards are warped a bit as you can see from the top shelf especially. But it was rather rough to mention it because nobody likes to be told they have been taken, least of all men who are very clever. I put that bit in because it is a good introduction to Jack.

Now I have come to the middle already because Jack was only here the once and that was the housewarming which was to be the middle of my story. So I shall conclude this part. Anyway, the

only other thing to mention about moving in was that Willson's desk arrived before we did. We had to put it in the bedroom because we have only three rooms at present but eventually he hopes to have a study. Willson says good living is as much a duty as high thinking. That is why we waited to buy imported living-room and dining-room suites even though they are crowded together just now. There is supposed to be a connection between what you think and what you have. So we have a couch and chairs in chocolate and turquoise, lamps and incidental cushions in scarlet and tangerine. The bricks are buff and the bookshelves white like the top of the partition. All this doesn't matter to the story except that Will's desk reminded me of it, and the desk was all we had to start with besides the bookshelves.

I'M ALL mixed up already because I didn't start in the right place. It doesn't make sense to say I have Wedgwood demitasses in one breath and silly little china animals in the next unless you know that we got the Wedgwood after we were married and the animals are mine from before. Jack belongs to Will's past and Dolly to mine.

See, Dolly and I used to work together, in the same office in Toronto. We were not particular friends but we talked at coffee break and occasionally made up a foursome. And Mr. Mason was our boss. One day he gave me a letter to someone who turned out to be Willson about him giving extra lessons to Mr. Mason's boy: Mr. Mason was nice, really nice; he'd do anything for you. For instance, he got me to night school and was very patient with my shorthand. So after I had typed this letter he said, "Bet you didn't think I knew any professors, did you?" And I said no, I didn't, because he wasn't the type. This is all beginning again so I shall just skip through it. Anyway, we were over at Mr. Mason's one night at a house party. He has a gorgeous place, and Willson was there, being very intellectual and looking like a fish out of water. Later on we were playing ping-pong in the rec room. Willson didn't know how to play so he just sat and watched us and we got more and more embarrassed.

First he watched Dolly who is tall and has a good figure and a long reach, and then me who am — is? — only five feet and have to hop around more. We kept asking him if he wanted to play and he kept saying no and we played until Mr. Mason came down to say there was going to be hypnotism upstairs and we went up to see that. Willson came over and sat by me so we had our first conversation there. He said I'd be a good subject but I said I'd want to know what people

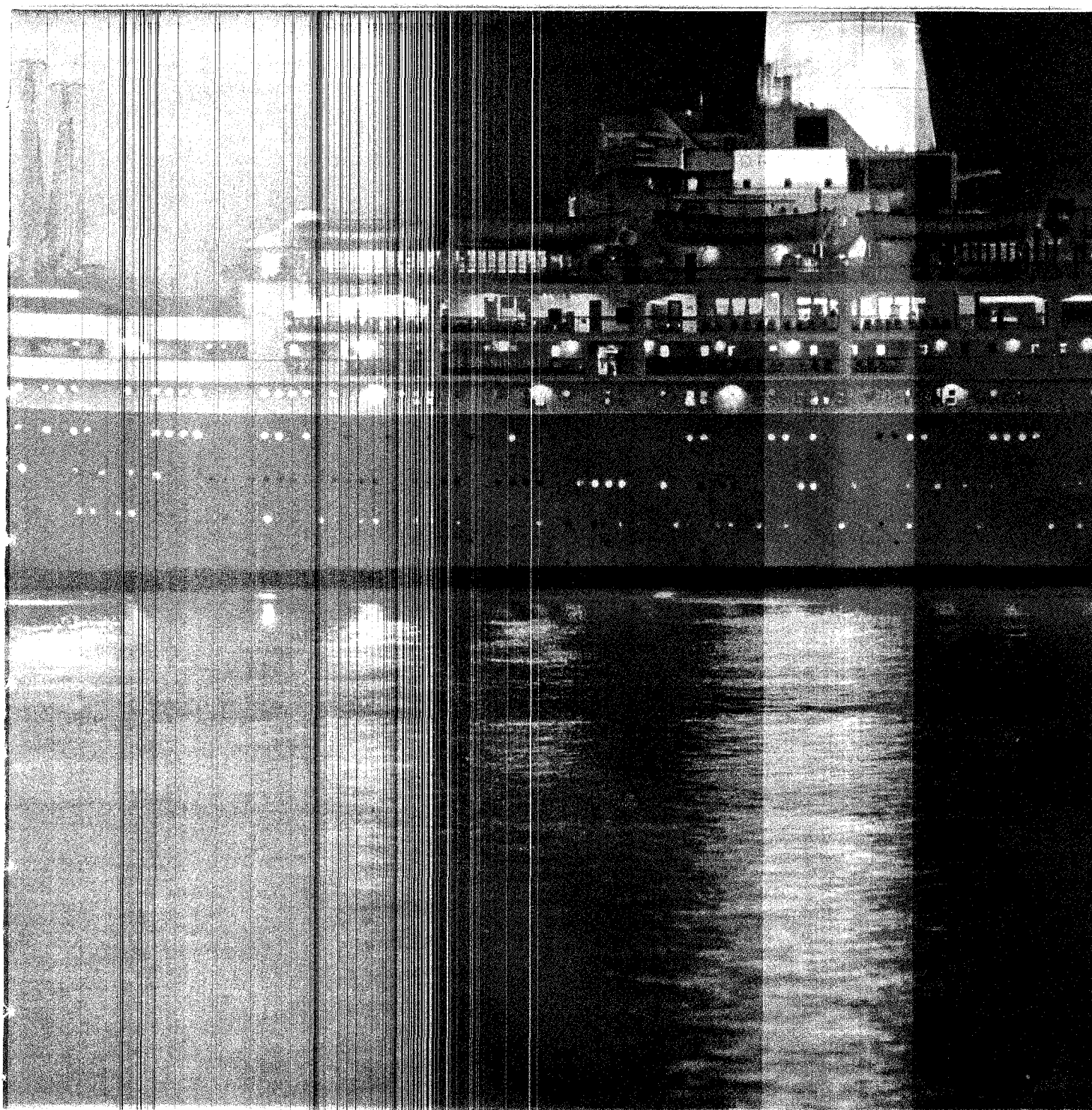
were doing to me when I was under. He laughed. He was always laughing at me when we were first going together.

The funny part is, I didn't like him at first. He wouldn't let himself go, you know, as though it was beneath his professor's dignity to dirty his hands or sweat. But after we'd been out a couple of times I decided he was just shy. I was still afraid of him because he knew everything and I was so ignorant, until I found out I could make him blush and then we got along much better.

To finish up this part, we got married and right away moved out of Toronto because Will was dissatisfied there and moved into this apartment. We slept on the floor for weeks until some furniture came, which brings up something I learned about professors: they like nice things but they do not have very much money. That is partly why I am writing this story. We could not afford a bed until nearly Christmas because Will paid four hundred dollars for one of these modern Danish sofas that are nice and light but you cannot sleep two on them. And we were going to go to all sorts of plays and concerts and musical things so I would have a broader outlook but now we cannot afford to. We were supposed to travel in the summers because Will gets four months holidays and this year we were going to New York, but it turns out those four months are a study period for next year, so . . . Still, we have been to two or three shows and the opera when it came to the arena, and Willson has told me a lot about the drama and we have bought some pretty records which makes me realize how much there is to learn. Willson says I have come a long way so I guess I am more fortunate than most.

THE second part is about the housewarming. There are so many things that you need to know to understand. I keep trying to put them in and then I forget where I am. Well, Jack was Will's friend in Toronto. They used to go to school together but Jack never developed his gift so he just has a job. This is what Will said when Jack called and said he wanted to come and see us — he just invited himself — Will said: "I want you to be tolerant of Jack for my sake, if he seems a bit silly. He has never matured, that's his trouble. He's attractive and — well, a playboy, if you know what I mean. I've always kept a paternal eye on him."

Jack arrived all playboy, sport-shirted and sandaled, carrying a shy seriousness that broke into a grin like the sun bursting through when you looked at him. And all the trimmings, from tennis racquet to a cardboard carton of dance records



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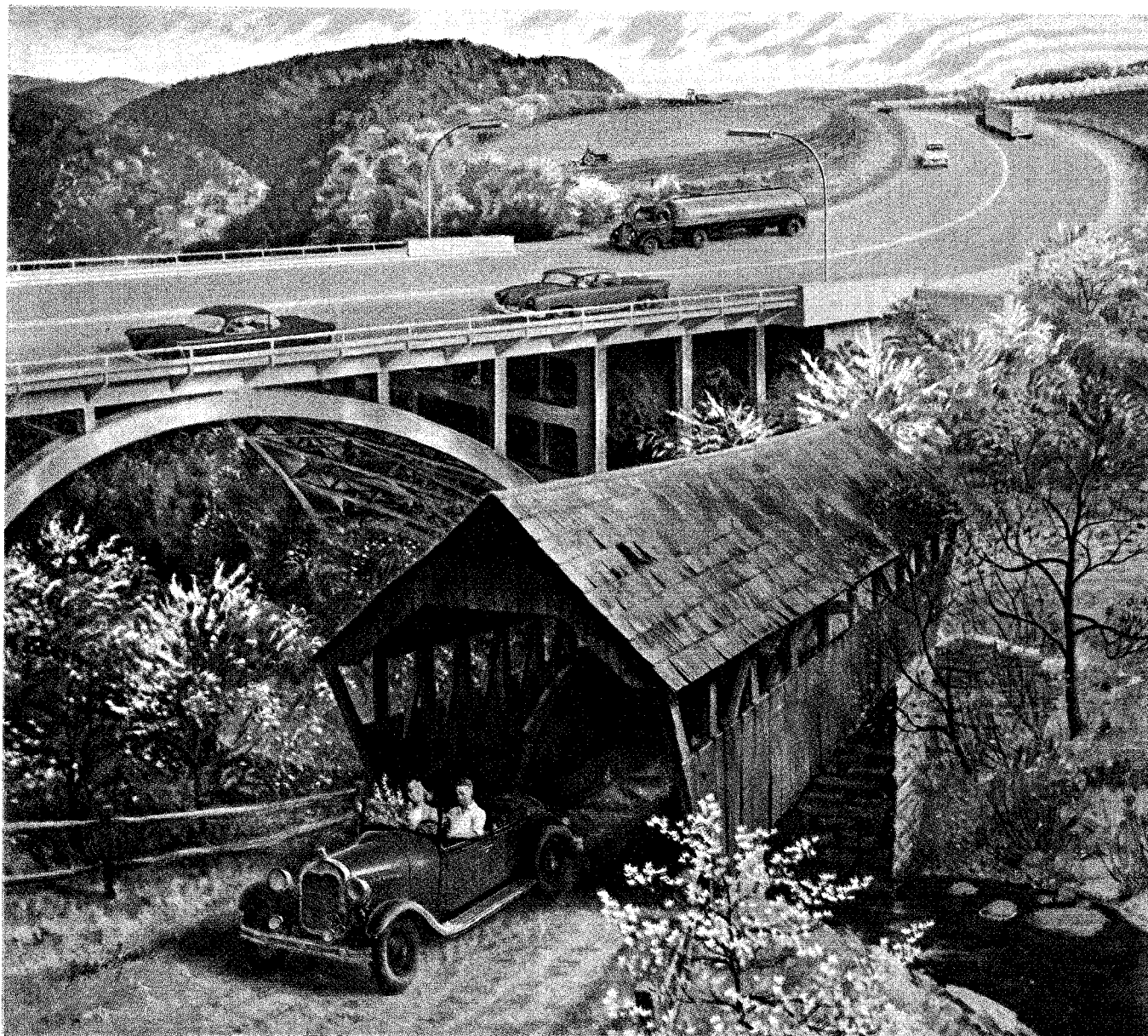
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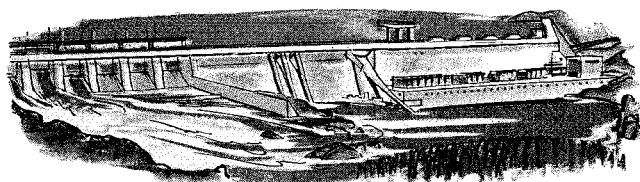
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that he dumped with his overnight bag on the sidewalk while he greeted Will, met me, praised our little place, and showed off his car. It is a beautiful car, a cream-colored hard-top with sporty red interior. I told Jack I would give anything to drive it and right away he said, would I like to go for a spin so off we went, Jack lounging beside me, not worrying about a thing, and Willson leaning over my shoulder from the back seat and saying, "Can you feel the road, dear?" till I could have screamed at him.

I took it out to the clover leaf and Jack just grinned when I swung on to Number 401. Willson said, "We don't want to be long. Jack's bags are on the sidewalk at home." Jack said, "It's shady there, isn't it, Willy?"

Willson said, "The people downstairs will think I'm crazy, leaving those things outside."

"Is that what they'll think, Willy?" Jack has a way of answering that would be maddening in anybody else.

"We'd better go back," I said. There was no place for miles to turn around.

Willson asked what was in the overnight bag.

"Just my stamp collection," Jack said. Of course Willson had to say he did not know Jack was a philatelist and back came Jack with his innocent little, "Didn't you know that, Willy?" Then he asked me if I had any stamps and I couldn't help it, I got the giggles. Willson said, "Take it easy," because I was doing about seventy. Jack gave me a sign and I slowed right down to forty. Will sat back and sulked then so Jack said, "Move this thing," and I shoved it up to ninety. Ever feel glorious!

"Do you know any nice girls?" Jack asked me. I said no, that we had not had many people in and really had not got acquainted with anybody. Will came to life then and said Jack already knew all the single girls. Jack swore he was as pure as a little lamb. Then he asked me again, "Don't you really know any girls?"

So we ended up driving all the way to Toronto just the way we were. We had a terrible time finding Dolly until Willson came out of his sulk and found her for us. She had been swimming and her hair was straight and her face was dry. She looked older than I remembered, and not so peppy as I had told Jack she was. I was afraid he wouldn't like her. But he was the perfect gentleman for the time and Will fixed it up with her mother and back we all came. This time I rode with Willson. Halfway home he whispered to me, "How do you plan to accommodate these two?" I had not given it a thought.

"You and Jack will have to sleep on the floor," I said.

Willson said, "Thank you."

I started out to write a story about how the demitasses got broken and now I do not know where I am. I have not even put in about the housewarming which was to be the middle part. Or maybe I have, because it was not official at all, just having Jack in for Saturday night and then adding Dolly and having the four of us there together in our three little rooms. I call it the housewarming because as soon as Jack arrived things started to warm up and they got warmer by the hour.

Jack asked me if Dolly would take a drink. I said I supposed she would only Willson and I did not and Willson might not approve. Jack said, "Is that right, Honey?" because Will had called me that once, and he grinned like a little boy playing with firecrackers. Next thing I knew he was taking a bottle of gin from his bag.

We played records after dinner. Ours are more expensive than Jack's and very la-di-da. Jack has some terrific dance records, for instance a Glenn Miller original that is so smooth you think you are dreaming, and a medley for people in love. Our guests were getting on very well by this time. They had gone off to get some mix, they said, and came back quite chummy, with a present for me.

I knew from the variety shop box that it was china and was pretty sure it would be a set of animals but I can't help getting excited even when I know. I took out the first two and thought they were lambs, which I already had, only these had spots on, so I said they were cute anyway.

"Look at the third one," Jack said and when I saw the horns and little black beard I was really surprised because I didn't expect to get a goat. I put them up with the other sets at the front of the row and said how darling they were.

Dolly was not much good in the kitchen. She offered half a dozen times and would start to dry a dish and then would wander into the living room and leave it there. I did not mind as long as I could see whatever was going on. Poor Will tried to point out to Jack the beauties of some of his semiclassicals and Jack pretended to despise them. At the beginning of the Tchaikovsky Concerto Number One, though, where you get all the thumping, Jack was really carried away. "Oh, God!" he would exclaim, putting his hands over his eyes and stamping his feet on the floor. Will says he used to be quite a pianist. But as soon as the loud part was over he lost interest and started teasing Dolly.

"Dolly," he would say, "do you think I'm silly?" followed by shouts to me in the kitchen: "Honey, Dolly thinks I'm silly." Or, taking a drink himself, "Honey, don't you think Dolly should have some ginny?" Then he would ask Dolly if she wanted to go into the bedroom and

see his stamp collection. Dolly pretended to listen to the records because we were there so Jack pushed the button to drop a rock-and-roll and turned up the volume. Willson began telling Dolly loudly that in his opinion a driver had every right to break his own neck if he could guarantee that no other necks would be broken; but if he carried passengers he was morally bound to the speed limit, or something like that.

Jack grabbed Dolly and began to dance. Willson very solemnly moved the coffee table. Jack and Dolly danced crazily in the direction of the bedroom. I got scared and hollered did they want to wash up for a snack. From the bedroom Jack laughed.

"We can't let them be in there," I whispered to Willson.

He said, "They're old enough to know their business."

I said they couldn't do that in our apartment.

Willson said, "Do what?" but his face was flushed.

I called Dolly to come and make the coffee. She came out perfectly calm and her chemise unwrinkled. I was madder at Will for staring than I was at her. Jack followed with pretended grief and said, "Honey, Dolly won't look at my stamps." I said he should be ashamed of himself but that only pleased him. "Should I be ashamed of myself, Honey?" he kept asking me.

THAT is enough about the housewarming. Probably too much, because these little embarrassments should not matter in the long run. I can honestly say that nothing really happened, unless you call a feeling a happening. Because I got a feeling about Willson that somehow is tied up with the way I feel about the broken demitasses.

I have said how I first met Will. The next Friday after the Saturday at Mr. Mason's he called me at the office and requested the pleasure of my company at lunch. He was so formal he scared me. I didn't know what to say and in the silences I wanted to laugh which would have been awful. I called Mom as soon as he hung up and told her I looked horrible. She said I could wear the blouse she had bought for my twenty-first birthday. She brought it down to the office and I changed there.

We went to Mary-John's for something different. Will ordered spaghetti but I asked if I could have chili. He said my blouse was pretty and I couldn't even say thank you. I suppose he could see that it was new.

I do not know how to say what it felt like. I was too scared and embarrassed to say a word and

at the same time I wanted to burst right out. I wanted to be away from him but just so I could tell somebody else how wonderful it was.

Dolly said after that I should have slapped his face. He told me my life was barren, wasted. I did not have to think what to say to him because he kept at me all through lunch. What did I do outside the office? Go to shows? Dance? Memorize the hit parade? Take a gang to the car hop? Baby-sit? I nodded to everything. He said, "What does it add up to?" I couldn't say so but it seemed to me to be a lot. And there were things he didn't know about.

Where am I? I was going to write an ending about the demitasses but they do not seem to matter now. They got broken and that was that. Maybe what I really started to do was write out what I could not say to Willson, but I find I cannot write it either. What I was wondering last night, and the thing that bothered me when I first met Jack, was what Willson saw in him — or the other way around — what they had in common.

All I could think of to start with was music, which I knew was not right but it put me on the track to other things. "For one thing," I said to myself, "they both enjoy music. When Jack comes here he brings his records and the first time I went to Will's apartment before we were married it was to hear his records." But then I stopped and said, "Enjoy is not the right word," thinking of Jack's reaction to Tchaikovsky. And Jack has some good records, too; don't think he doesn't. Then I thought of me being at Will's apartment that first time, and sitting so stiff and proper while he explained to me that somebody's violin concerto was so difficult that the person it was written for could not play it. He used to tell me that a whole new world opened up for you when you learned to love music. Every payday I would buy him a new record and he would invite me up to hear it on his hi-fi. That, by the way, is why the first story I tried to write was like *My Fair Lady*: I bought him the record because I thought it was the same as us and I wanted so much to learn from him. But I guess I was not good enough because he quit teaching me and married me instead. Maybe he just gave me up. Or maybe he gave himself up.

What I mean to say is that I do not believe Willson loves music at all. He just studies and studies it because he thinks he should. And he is so clever that I am sure if you can learn to love by studying he would.

Now I have run out of things to say and I have not got a beginning or an end. Willson would say, "That is life." But I had better tell what happened to the demitasses to finish up the middle at least.

They were a wedding gift from the kids at the office, Dolly and the rest. Originally they were not the dark blue and white kind that you think of as the best Wedgwood, but the light kind with the wild oats design, if that is what it is, that just seem like ordinary cups and saucers. We got six of them and I wanted to get the teapot to go with them. But after we had looked at them awhile, Willson said you could not tell them from plain bone china and we ought to get the real thing. We finally took them back and paid the difference for the teapot, creamer, and sugar bowl, as well as the demitasses, in the blue and white. They are what got broken.

I have said that nothing much happened that Saturday night. What I mean is I think Willson exaggerates what happened. Of course he does not say anything. The only change you can notice is that the demitasses are gone and I have moved some of my little animals from the partition onto the top shelf to fill up the space. But Willson blames me, I know. Last year there was a college conference of some sort at this time and we went together. It was our honeymoon. This year he went by himself because I would be bored, he said, to see it twice. That explains why I am alone. But I'd have loved to have had our honeymoon again.

I try sometimes to tell Willson I'm sorry I'm the way I am. He calls me a silly goose and pats me on the back like burping a baby. Which is kind of him, I'm sure, but does not change the way I feel, about us or the demitasses.

Jack and Dolly did not get too rowdy because fortunately the gin ran out. But they were both noisy and Jack is so funny when he gets going that we were all just in stitches. Even Will thawed out enough to try to put his arms around Dolly and untie the belt of her housecoat. We had got as far as pajamas and housecoats by that time. I had been gradually getting the beds made up for the boys and had piled sheets and a pillow on the couch for Will and some blankets on the floor for Jack — Jack was too long for the couch so Will won out there — when Jack grabbed Dolly and pulled her down on the blankets and a tussle started. Willson shouted at Jack that the people downstairs would think we had gone crazy. Jack raised his head from a wrestling hold on Dolly long enough to say, "Is that your biggest worry, Willy?" I got a pillow and hit Jack on the head. A pillow fight began.

As soon as I got into it Dolly got up, straightened her housecoat and put on a polka, and looked invitingly at Jack. He had got her number at the start so by the time they had finished the gin she was really tumbling after him. He could see it was not the time or place to be serious so he just

played and left her sitting around in her white quilted housecoat and blue-flowered pajamas, looking long-limbed and longing at Jack. Seeing he was paying no attention she started making up Willson's bed on the couch to show me up. Then it was that Willson, maybe for the same reason, began fooling with her and untying her housecoat belt.

I should have thought, "Good for Will. At least he is waking up." Instead I tried not to pay him any attention. The truth is he looked pathetic and I was ashamed for him, hoping he would not make himself ridiculous or that I would not be looking when he did.

I was going hop-y hop, hop-y hop dancing with Jack, barefoot both, but stamping as hard as we could and swinging crazy circles around the living room till I screamed to look out for the red lamp and then into the bedroom and out again, back and forth and around till the room was spinning deliriously and now and then the copper boat on the wall or the record stack, the crimson lampshade or my little animals swam in procession round and round in a goldfish bowl. I don't know what happened to Willson with Dolly but I suppose she just looked down at him and held him off. Or maybe it was her idea for him to come for me when the polka had ended and the living room was slowly settling down, because one minute Jack's broad hands at the small of my back were holding me steady and close and the next his big grin vanished behind Willson's red face and my support was gone. Willson smashed me across the face with a foam-rubber pillow and I hit the bookshelves and down I went with the books and the boards and the Wedgwood in a crash that brought absolute silence because the record was off and we all were very still. And then there was the thumping on the floor from the people beneath and I started to cry like I would never be able to stop.

So that ended the housewarming and the middle of my story. Somehow we lived through the rest of the night and an embarrassed breakfast and they returned to Toronto before noon. Willson restored the shelf and books and said I could put some of my animals on top since they had not been on his shelf and so were undisturbed. But I shall leave my favorites where they are. I am still in bed with a sore back and Willson, as I said, is out of town. I think he will come home. We do not talk about the housewarming when he is here at all, and I have not heard from the kids. But one day last week he said he thought he would look around Toronto for a job. I said no, I would try to make up the demitasses, seeing they were my fault, and we let it go at that.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

I REMEMBER a visit I paid to Archibald MacLeish at the time when he was in charge of the Congressional Library. I arrived as Carl Sandburg was departing. Sandburg stood in the door looking back at the librarian, who was seated beneath the famous Simmons murals, and intoned:

Over the poet's coco
Was rococo.

Archie and I had our lunch on trays, and as we ate he told me of some of the new acquisitions: manuscripts like *The Mint*, the novel by T. E. Lawrence not to be published until fifty years after his death; the disentanglement from the cellar of the famous old movie films; the collection of cowboy songs and songs of the chain gang which Alan Lomax, like his father, had recorded; the installation on a yearly basis of a consultant on poetry; the use of microfilm in a dozen different ways — all this in addition to his efforts to raise salaries and to list the 1,800,000 unrecorded volumes. Mr. MacLeish, who was untrained professionally as a librarian, would be the last to say that he had originated all these alterations; he had a good team. But the extra perception which he brought to his job made him an excellent spokesman for the enrichment of public libraries the country over.

Story hours for children, listening tables for adults and children, readers' advisers — these have helped to convert what had once been a cloistered, whispering, gloomy building into a community center. It was the work of many minds in many places. I personally recall George Herbert Lock of Toronto, one of the first to open the rooms to children; Joseph Lewis Wheeler, who made the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore shine like a beacon; Edna M. Sanderson of Columbia, who trained so many of the ablest librarians of today; and Julian Parks Boyd, who attracted to the Princeton Library the Parrish collection of Victorian novels, the Rollins collection of Western Americana, and Mencken's correspondence on film, to mention only a few.

In 1922, when I was doing graduate work at

Trinity College, Cambridge, I shared rooms with an Englishman, H. R. Creswick, who is today Librarian of Cambridge University. Dick as a student was a connoisseur of books, although because of limited funds he did most of his purchasing at David's stall in the market place. His natural proclivity led him into library work, and in 1939 he rose to be Deputy Librarian of the Bodleian at Oxford. He has always been my closest link with England, and when I flew over in July, 1943, it was he who conducted me through the treasure rooms and fireproof vaults of that great collection. That same weekend we took tea with Mr. and Mrs. John Masefield in Abingdon, and Dick modestly mentioned the Friends of the Bodleian and their hope that the library might be entrusted with one of the poet's manuscripts. Masefield flushed with pleasure and, after consulting with his wife, suggested *Renard the Fox*. A long pause, and then the poet shyly cleared his throat. "My good friend Thomas Hardy and I corresponded regularly for twenty-five years," he said, "and after his death Mrs. Hardy returned my letters. I wonder if you would care to have that correspondence too?" Dick smiled and nodded, and I had a momentary vision of the keepers of treasure rooms back home who would envy such luck.

This is the time of year when we are impelled to pay our national debt of gratitude to librarians, not only to those in high places but to the loyal, anonymous members in the ranks. We salute them for preserving our heritage, for inculcating in the young the joy of discovery, for their insistence on accuracy, for their aid in scholarly research, and most of all for nourishing the love of books.

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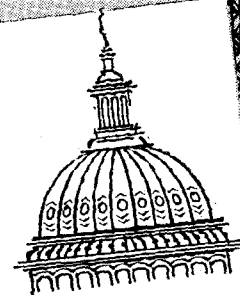
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FREUD: THE MIND OF THE MORALIST

by Philip Rieff

buoyant audience, to a new nation struggling up from tribalism and poverty to a realization of itself and its resources, to a people who had emerged from one form of colonialism and were wary lest they be led into another. She talked to them on five occasions. There were four hundred present for her first talk, and when she came to her fifth, more than a thousand. What she said comprises her terse and incisive new book, **FIVE IDEAS THAT CHANGE THE WORLD** (Norton, \$3.75).

The originality of the book is in its point of view, and its strength derives from Miss Ward's incomparable power of hopeful analysis. She surveys the past to identify those forces which have led us to the present, and she illuminates unsparingly the choices which lie ahead. Through the five chapters, as Nkrumah well says, "runs a single thread, the inevitability of the freedom of man, even if that freedom is liberty for self-destruction." Nationalism, industrialism, colonialism, Communism, internationalism: these are the big five which are shaping our future.

Miss Ward stresses the ideal of self-governing nationalism and the fact that foreign rule, however enlightened, is no substitute for vigorous national leadership; she speaks of "the uncomfortable cement in Eastern Europe" in the countries still striving to preserve their sense of national separateness; she traces with stimulating clarity the transition from a static to a dynamic economy: how that first great change came about in the river basins of the Nile, Euphrates, Indus, and Yellow; and she shows how the transformation of Ghana's raw bauxite into aluminum pots and pans was the first prerequisite of its own dynamic growth. She has a picnic with the "detestable nonsense" of racial superiority (one can almost hear the laughter); she shows that the final victim of the total tyrant is always the tyrant himself, whether he be an Assyrian, a Mongol, or a Hitler. Finally, she puts her finger on the weakest link in Communism today: its political inflexibility. Will the suppression of political freedom be endured when the standard of living advances? These home truths, these glowing bits of mosaic so accurately selected from the past, this voice of clarity and reassurance, this power to evoke sympathy are exposition at its very best.

THE GREATEST SINCE WELLINGTON

Horatio Herbert Kitchener, born on June 24, 1850, was a British soldier, engineer, and proconsul in the Kipling mold. His piercing blue eyes had a rolling look; his virile downswEEPing mustachios were the dream of every sergeant major; his handsome square-cut features and ramrod figure were the image the British public idolized.

Chinese Gordon was his hero; Egypt was the country he loved next to England; and at Omdurman, where his firepower slaughtered the charging dervishes, he won the victory which established his fame at home. He was a natural celibate who suffered from congenital loneliness; he was feared or hated by his brother officers (though not by the picked young staff officers he was training); and he compensated by looting, begging, or buying a most sumptuous collection of Oriental treasure. Dedicated, unsparing, and autocratic, so he stands in **PHILIP MAGNUS'** admirable biography, **KITCHENER: PORTRAIT OF AN IMPERIALIST** (Dutton, \$6.50). For its personal detail, for its balance of praise and criticism, for its skill in showing the man as he was under pressure, this book is a model.

Kitchener was born in County Kerry. His father, an army colonel turned squire, was strong-willed and eccentric: he argued that newspapers sewed together were as warm as blankets, a belief which resulted in Mrs. Kitchener's death by tuberculosis when young Herbert was fourteen. In his lonely tutoring, the boy developed "a glowing high-churchmanship"; except for a brief romance during his middle thirties, he thought little of women and found his fulfillment in one rigorous task after another. Trained as an army engineer, he was sent on mapping expeditions to Palestine, Turkey, and Cyprus. He became an expert linguist and made long forays in disguise. He carried everything in his head, was incapable of delegating, depended upon a very small staff, and to his great achievements—the conquest of Egypt, the pacification of the Boers, the irrigation and land reforms which he instigated at Cairo—he brought stamina, thoroughness, and drive.

Great as he was as a proconsul, he had no gift for war-office administration. But because he was the Empire's first soldier he was flung into the breach in 1914: he resented criticism, was intolerant of political delay, quarreled with the officers in the field, and was baffled by the imponderables. His conflicts with Asquith and Churchill at the close of this book make one wonder if England could have muddled through had he lived.

THE BLONDE AND THE MATADOR

JOHN MASTERS is a novelist in a hurry. Sandhurst-trained, he resigned his commission in the British Army in India in 1947 and came to America with the intention of writing a novel a year. This is faster than he could go, but the seven novels and the excellent autobiography already published are uncommonly well written for a professional soldier, and in the best of them, *Bhowani Junction* and *Nightrunners of Bengal*, the powers of

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A great dramatist writes a great story. The author of *The Visit*, the Lunt-Fontanne Broadway success of last season, has now produced an arresting human drama which is at the same time a story of merciless suspense and an extraordinary parable of guilt and justice. "Thrilling as narrative and absorbing as philosophy."—Eric Bentley. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. \$3.00

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The Origins of Western Culture

by HENRY BAMFORD PARKES

A distinguished historian presents a rich, perceptive chronicle of the myths and beliefs that have shaped our ways of life from the Hebrews through the rise and fall of Greece, the Hellenistic and Roman worlds, to the early evolution of Christianity. By the author of *The United States of America*. 480 pages, illus. \$7.50

HANDEL

by HERBERT WEINSTOCK

A revised edition, published in connection with the worldwide commemoration of the 200th anniversary of Handel's death, which reflects in detail the great advances in Handel scholarship made since 1946, tells the story of a colossally great musician and is at the same time a delightful panorama of his times. 384 pages, illustrated. \$7.50

SELECTED POEMS OF LANGSTON HUGHES

A true lyric poet who has brilliantly captured the rhythms of Negro speech and song now selects from his published books, from his poems that have either never been published before or have only appeared in periodicals, those he most wants to preserve. With 14 drawings by E. McKnight Kauffer from *Shakespeare in Harlem*. 312 pages. \$5.00

THE LEAF AND THE FLAME

by MARGARET PARTON

The disarmingly personal story of a woman's adventures in a man's country—India—with the smells of its bazaars, the dust of its country roads, the odd, infuriating, and lovable human traffic that clogs its cities. But, above all, this is the record of a woman's thoughts and emotions in a strange environment during the months preceding the birth of her first child. \$3.95

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The adventures of a naturalist as he traps and tames the world's most elusive animal—the wolverine. The author writes of expeditions to the wilds of remotest Finland, of the clownish antics of his cubs, the hunting and feeding habits of the adult wolverine, and their happy response to humans they trust.

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invention and of characterization are those of an experienced if at times melodramatic narrator. The question raised by each new work is whether Mr. Masters will gain the self-discipline, the subtlety, and the compulsion to make his fiction better than popular. It is still open.

In a rather effusive statement about his latest novel, *FANDANGO ROCK* (Harper, \$4.50), the author explains that "three years ago I knew that I must write about the people among whom I live and whose citizenship I have asked for and been given — the people of the United States." This is a laudable intention, and I wish the performance were up to it. While Mr. Masters can reproduce the American idiom more accurately than most British writers, he is still a long way from knowing how the American mind works.

Fandango Rock tells of the encounter of two cultures, of how the Spanish in a backward, fiercely traditional town in Aragon react to the impact of an American air base. The Americans, with an eye for the easy girls, in typical free-spending, rock-'n'-roll manner provoke a slow-burning personal resentment, just as their Protestantism and their jets, splitting the sky above the bull ring at the crisis of the *faena*, are a spiritual antagonism. This hostility is persistently enflamed by a small knot of anarchists whose leader is the local matador, César Aguirre, a medievalist, twenty-six and oversexed. Opposing César are a pair of American saps, father and daughter: Hamilton Fremantle, a failure on Madison Avenue, who has for no good reason been promoted to major in the Air Force Intelligence and entrusted with the task of making peace for SAC in the town; Kit, his daughter, blonde and impulsive.

Most of the Americans in the story are flat characters of such limited intelligence that one never quite believes in them. The ambassador talks like a cheap politician; Lindquist, the colonel of the base, seems powerless to discipline or reprimand; Bill Lockman, the pilot who wants to marry Kit, can express himself only by losing his temper and hitting out. And as for Kit herself, when she and Aguirre, in an angry scene, denounce each other's country, she rips out the lines by Emma Lazarus inscribed on the Statue of Liberty. In this declamation contest as in too many of the other scenes we miss verisimilitude.

What saves the book is Mr. Masters' knowledge and love of Spain. His descriptions of the singing and the dancing, of the *paseo*, the *corrida*, the interior of the cathedral, and the hot, smelly intimacy of the little café ring true. César in the suit of lights as he commits himself to the bull is well drawn. There is enough of the spectacular and of sultry sex to make the book popular. I only wish it were better.

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

FICTION

The Fig Tree BY AUBREY MENEN

Crusading against high-minded nincompoopery, Mr. Menen has come across the theory that science will solve humanity's problems; by the time he has illustrated this notion with the activities of an English biologist, the Italian government, and a horrendously improved fig tree, nothing is left but giggles. SCRIBNER's, \$3.50.

A Medicine for Melancholy

BY RAY BRADBURY

Twenty-two stories of the odd, the fantastic, and the outright impossible, by an author who can make these normally recalcitrant qualities serve his purposes, from farce to tragedy, meekly as tame tigers. DOUBLEDAY, \$3.75.

Venetia BY GEORGETTE HEYER

Regency romance, neatly plotted and frankly feather-weight, full of amusing dialogue spoken by persons of title and, usually, money — all of it offering a nice distraction from the vulgar troubles of this inelegant century. PUTNAM's, \$3.95.

BY FLOOD AND FIELD

To Appomattox BY BURKE DAVIS

This well-written narrative of the last stand of the Confederacy includes not only the military action but a wealth of subsidiary matters which often throws unexpected light on the official facts. RINEHART, \$6.00.

Collision Course BY ALVIN MOSCOW

Mr. Moscow, a reporter who covered the hearings on the sinking of the *Andrea Doria* for the Associated Press, has written a lively, lucid, careful book about the disaster and the subsequent legal scuffle, settling everything except how in Neptune's name the *Doria* and the *Stockholm* managed to do it. PUTNAM's, \$4.50.

Combat Pacific Theater AND *Combat European Theater*

Two paperback anthologies covering the course of World War II have been assembled from a variety of sources and edited by Don Congdon, with introductions by Merle Miller. The material by service personnel easily holds its own alongside that of the professionals included: John Hersey and Hanson Baldwin (Pacific theater) and Eric Sevareid and Fred Majdalany (European theater). DELL, 50¢ each.

Alexandre Dumas' Adventures in Spain

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Translated by A. E. Murch, this is a condensed version of a work which has never before appeared in English. Full of zany mishaps, bullfights, bad food, and bandits, the story nonetheless arouses sympathy for the Spaniards, for Dumas traveled armed like an artillery train and accompanied by his son, a drunken batman, and a posse of painters. CHILTON, \$3.50.

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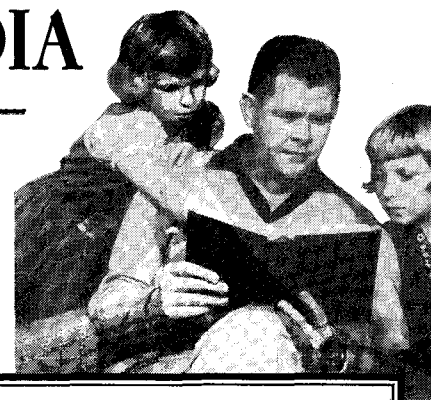
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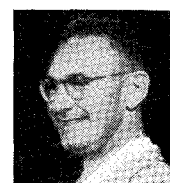
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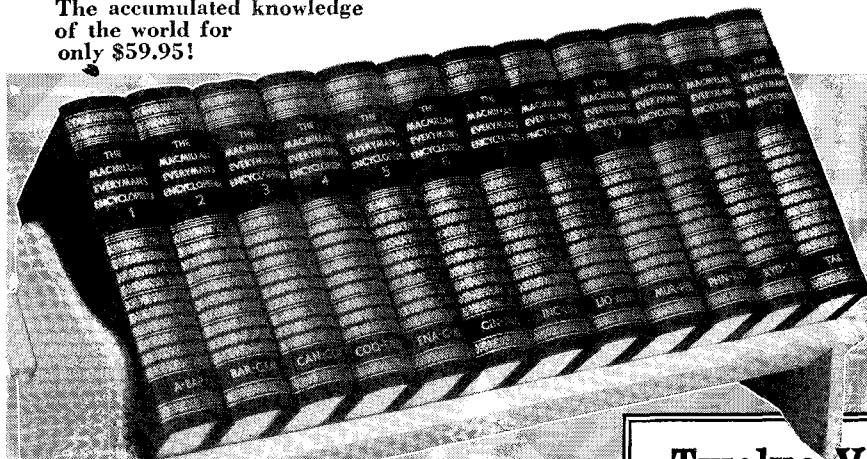
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THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

Few if any of the novelists who have made their reputations in the nineteen fifties have aroused such transports among their admirers as has **LAWRENCE DURRELL**: I have heard Durrell fans celebrating the enchantments of *Justine* and *Balthazar* with the fervor one encounters among pious Proustians. Now Mr. Durrell's work is destined to reach a larger public, since **MOUNTOLIVE** (Dutton, \$3.95), the third volume of a tetralogy set in pre-war Egypt, is the April selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Mr. Durrell's four-decker novel is avowedly a literary application of the theory of relativity. The characters and major events remain the same, but in each volume a fresh perspective corrects and amplifies the picture previously unfolded; each volume, in effect, represents a step forward in a search for truth. Thus the reader unfamiliar with *Justine* and *Balthazar* may at times feel like an outsider at a gathering where revelations are being made about people he has never heard of: *Mountolive* badly needs an introduction which would help to orient the uninitiated.

The two earlier books — narrated by the Irish schoolmaster, Darley — centered on Darley's love affair with Justine and his discovery from Balthazar that she had merely used him to deflect her husband's jealousy from the man she really loved, the English novelist-diplomat Pursewarden. Now the narrative shifts into the third person; the perspective becomes that of David Mountolive, the British ambassador; and what appeared to be "the intrigues of desire" are shown to be intrigues motivated by politics. We learn that the beautiful Jewess, Justine,

and her Coptic (Christian) husband, Nessim, are passionately united by a common cause: he believes that the formation of a Jewish state will save other minorities in the Arab world from Muslim domination and he is the leader of a group which is smuggling arms to the Jews of Palestine. The discovery of this conspiracy by Nessim's loyal English friends, Pursewarden and the ambassador, and their reactions to it form the plot line of *Mountolive*.

With its more objective approach, its switch from fantasies to facts, *Mountolive* seems to me vastly more convincing and more gripping than its two predecessors, which I, as a former Alexandrian, found steeped in phony romanticism and unreality. It now seems possible that Durrell created this artificial atmosphere deliberately, for in *Mountolive* there occurs the following passage: "For her [a minor character] Alexandria is as brilliantly colored as a fairy story. It will be some time before she sees it as it really is — with its harsh, circumscribed contours and its wicked, pleasure-loving and unromantic inhabitants." It may be that the theme of the series will turn out to be the fatal tendency of the English in the Middle East to be blinded by romanticism.

Meanwhile, I continue to find Durrell's Egyptian characters tiresomely unreal, whereas his English protagonists are handled with a magisterial touch. There are many passages in *Mountolive* — the sketch of the military ape, Brigadier Maskelyne; the letters of Pursewarden; various episodes in the ambassador's career — which are as brilliant as any in the contemporary novel. But when Durrell is dealing with Nessim, Justine, and the other major Egyptian characters, his marvelous wit and precision vanish and the writing becomes lush, fuzzy, pretentiously "arty." All in all, however, *Mountolive* is a fascinating novel. It has left me eager to know whether the concluding volume will clear up the annoying confusions and tantalizing mysteries that still exist and whether it will succeed in bringing the entire drama into convincing focus.

"OVERTAKE, COMPETE!"

FRIENDLY ENEMIES (Harper, \$2.95), a book larger in interest than in size, is **ADLAI E. STEVENSON**'s account of the seven-thousand-mile

Tribute to Greatness

from IRVING HOWE

“**D**OCTOR ZHIVAGO, the novel which climaxes the career of the Russian poet Boris Pasternak, is a major work of fiction; but it is also — and for the moment, perhaps more important — a historic utterance. It is an act of testimony as crucial to our moral and intellectual life as the Hungarian revolution to our political life. It asks for, and deserves, the kind of response in which one’s sense of the purely ‘literary’ becomes absorbed in a total attention to the voice of the writer.

“*Doctor Zhivago* opens in the first years of the century, spans the revolution, civil war and terror of the thirties, and ends with an epilogue in the mid-1940s. On a level far deeper than politics and with a strength and purity that must remove all doubts, it persuades us that the yearning for freedom remains indestructible. Quietly and resolutely Pasternak speaks for the sanctity of human life, turning to those ‘eternal questions’ which made the 19th-century Russian novel so magnificent and beside which the formulas of Russia’s current masters seem so trivial.

“I do not mean to suggest that Pasternak permits a facile spirituality to blind him to

the power of circumstances. He knows how easy it is to debase and kill a man, how often and needlessly it has been done; some of his most poignant chapters register the sufferings of the Russian people during the past forty years. Yet he is driven by an almost instinctive need to cling to other possibilities, and he writes about ordinary experience with such affection and steadfastness that, even under the blows of accumulating historical crises, it takes on a halo of sanctity...

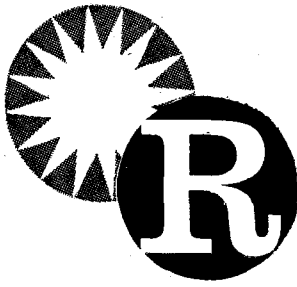
“The novel reaches a climax of exaltation with a section of some twenty pages that seem to me one of the greatest pieces of imaginative prose written in our time. From this point on, the prose soars to a severe and tragic gravity; every detail of life takes on the tokens of sanctity; and while reading these pages, one feels that one is witnessing a terrible apocalypse. Begun as a portrait of Russia, the novel ends as a love story told with the force and purity of the greatest Russian fiction . . . So the book ends — a book of truth and courage and beauty, a work of art toward which one’s final response is nothing less than a feeling of reverence.” (This review appeared in *The New Republic* before the Nobel Prize Award.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

BY BORIS PASTERNAK

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INEHART

trip he made last year through the Soviet Union (which he had visited in 1926). As might be expected, it is sane, intelligent, and crisply readable. It brings us the findings of an observer who was not only given the V.I.P. treatment but was also accorded a perhaps unprecedented freedom of action. Mr. Stevenson, I might add, has not used the book to lambaste U.S. policies, nor does he offer a cut-and-dried program for dealing with the Russians.

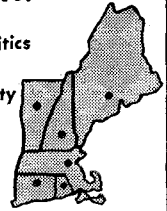
"MEN WORKING," Stevenson begins, "is the symbol of Russia today." The dominant image he brought back was of a country whose whole gigantic power apparatus—education, science, industry, agriculture, the administration—is harnessed with single-minded purpose to challenging America's world leadership. "Overtake, catch up, compete—beat the U.S.! This is the constant refrain." Khrushchev himself is convinced that the Soviet economy will soon outstrip ours and that Communism will inexorably expand by peaceful means. Stevenson's interview with him corroborates the discouraging analysis of his outlook recently advanced by Walter Lippmann. When Khrushchev speaks of "no interference in the internal affairs of other countries"—his formula for ending the cold war—he means 1) that what happens within the Communist orbit (for example, the Hungarian revolt) is no concern of ours, and 2) that we must not try to prevent a revolutionary group anywhere from imposing on its country "the new system of society."

What Stevenson found most heartening was the tremendous warmth and hospitality with which he was received by ordinary Russians wherever he went, and this at a time (U.S. Marines had just landed in Lebanon) when the official "Hate America" campaign had reached new heights of virulence. He was also encouraged by the fact that Khrushchev's measures of decentralization have greatly increased the importance of the highly paid managerial class, whose members have little interest in ideology. "I think they will be easier to deal with," says Stevenson, "as they replace the older generation of combat Communists."

Mr. Stevenson discusses, among other things, the strengths and weaknesses of Soviet education; the great

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anxiety about future relations with an industrialized China (China, says Stevenson, is Russia's number one problem — and ours); and the magnitude of Soviet aid to undeveloped countries, which has become a far greater danger than most Americans realize. "I came away from the Soviet Union," writes Stevenson in his summing up, "more convinced than ever that the battle of the future is economic and political, and the major battleground is in Asia and Africa."

AWARD WINNER

BERNARD MALAMUD, whose collection of short stories, **THE MAGIC BARREL** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.75), won the National Book Award for fiction published in 1958, is one of the most individual writers on the American scene. There is, as Herbert Gold has said, a hint of Dostoevsky in Malamud's compassionate portrayal of straining souls; the vein of nostalgic lyricism and of fantasy that runs through his work brings to mind the paintings of Chagall; and his humor has been compared to Shalom Aleichem's. But for all that, Malamud (the author of two fine novels, *The Natural* and *The Assistant*) is an authentic original. At its best his work is wonderfully funny, sad, bizarre — magical yet rooted in commonplace reality. He has, moreover, something which relatively few of the younger American novelists possess or even care about: a style that gives delight. His writing is deft and economical, his sense of timing superb; and he is in full command of the idiom in which he works.

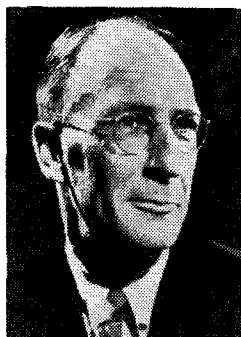
There are thirteen stories in *The Magic Barrel*, and only three or four are shaky. A recurring theme is that the Jew cannot escape the burden of being his brother's keeper: a tough landlord tries to evict a crazy, old tenant and finally surrenders in an agony of remorse; an American student in Italy is tormented by a cadging Jewish refugee (from Israel!) and ends up by giving him his only change of suit. The latter story, "The Last Mohican," is a masterpiece; so, too, is "The Magic Barrel," an account of the antic dealings between a rabbinical student and a wily, threadbare marriage broker. Malamud has created a world whose people have sorrow glued to their skin. Suffering weighs them down



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SCRIBNERS

and hems them in, but it seems to nourish the life force.

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

The most dazzling of ANGUS WILSON's gifts — his murderous wit, his accuracy as a social observer, his flair for comically imaginative portraiture — have been most effectively deployed in his short stories. Within the longer compass of the novel, his comic invention has sometimes degenerated into grotesquerie and his malicious cleverness has, in the final count, left a suggestion of sterility. Now, Wilson seems to have decided that his particular strengths have become a handicap to his development as a serious novelist, and he has taken the drastic step of suppressing, for the most part, the qualities on which his reputation is founded. *THE MIDDLE AGE OF MRS. ELIOT* (Viking, \$4.95) is in a vein closer to Virginia Woolf's than to the coldly brilliant destructiveness of *Such Darling Dodos*. A new Wilson has emerged: a sympathetic, leisurely explorer of the heart and mind, an indefatigable auscultator of human sensibilities.

When we first meet her, Meg Eliot is a rich woman of forty-three married to a successful London lawyer with whom she is in love; she collects china, bosses a committee for "Aid to the Elderly," and shines as a hostess. Suddenly, on a trip to the Far East, her husband is killed in a political incident, and it turns out that his passion for gambling has left Mrs. Eliot almost penniless. Up to this point, the story is firm and full of promise; but the remaining two thirds — which centers on the heroine's efforts to readjust herself to life — is slow, overelaborated, and inconclusive.

There are fine portraits and incidents in the book, for Wilson's literary resources are large, and now and then he takes the brake off his talents as a comic artist. The individual parts of the novel, in fact, are superior to the whole, which suffers from a fatal weakness: the characterization of Meg Eliot grows steadily more blurred and less interesting, and the ending leaves one with the feeling of having made a long journey which has wound up nowhere. Nevertheless, I will hazard the prediction that Wilson's switch from satire to something approaching solemnity, though disappointing



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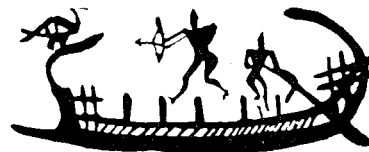
to his admirers, will substantially enlarge his audience in this country. Literary sales figures furnish proof of the importance of being earnest.

CRIME AND COMEDY

FRIEDRICH DUERRENMATT, the Swiss playwright who became internationally known through *The Visit* (which the Lunts brought to Broadway), has written an unusual and arresting novel of crime and detection, **THE PLEDGE** (Knopf, \$3.00). Mr. Duerrenmatt is an accomplished and dramatic storyteller, and he has tucked into his short narrative some tantalizing moral questions.

The Pledge is the story of how an obsessive search for truth and justice, prompted by a hypothesis eventually proved correct, leads to the disintegration of a brilliant police inspector. A little girl is murdered, and Inspector Matthäi, dissatisfied for good reasons with the official solution, resigns from his post vowing he will find the real killer. Presently his former chief, Herr M., is astonished to learn that Matthäi has bought a gas station, is living there with a prostitute whose child he has adopted, and has taken to drink. But Herr M. is still more astonished when he discovers how sound and how morally offensive is the stratagem which Matthäi has devised to trap the maniacal murderer. I had better say no more, except that Duerrenmatt has up his sleeve an appallingly sardonic climax. *The Pledge* is a moving and absorbing drama.

MAKING PROGRESS (Dial, \$3.50) by **ANTHONY BAILEY**, a young Englishman transplanted to New York, is a first novel in the tradition of the early burlesques of Evelyn Waugh and Anthony Powell. The hero, Slater, a young Englishman employed by a New York firm that sells attaché cases, has won \$25,000 in the Irish Sweepstake and is treating himself to a holiday in Switzerland. Here he meets Morkaba, a glossy, sinister Egyptian, who is an agent of a Mid-Eastern revolutionary movement. Morkaba, mistaking Slater for the undercover man of the U.S. "oil interests," forces upon him a large sum to carry out a mission for "The Movement"; a British Intelligence man steps in with a counter-offer; and with both of them on his trail, Slater, to whom Morkaba's blonde mistress has annexed herself, tries to make a getaway.



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The New York Herald Tribune

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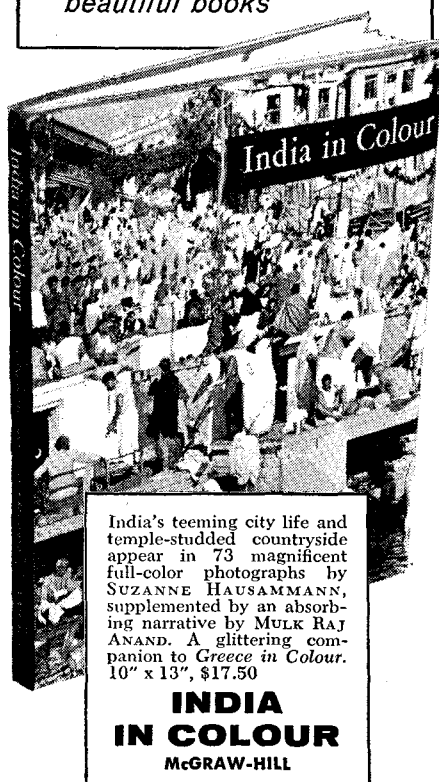
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OUT OF AFRICA

By way of postscript to this African issue of the *Atlantic*, I should like to tip my hat to three superlative books about Africa. The first is a classic: ISAK DINESEN'S *OUT OF AFRICA* (Modern Library, \$1.25), which I now find still more beautiful and more stirring than when I first read it in 1938. This shinningly written memoir spans the seventeen years which the author spent managing a coffee farm in the highlands near Nairobi, and it is a book of manifold enchantments. It recreates the African landscape with a vividness unsurpassed even by Laurens Van Der Post. It portrays primitive Africans with a clear-eyed, virile tenderness, which makes real to us people whose reality is infinitely remote from ours. And it unfolds all sorts of tales made magical by the art of a born storyteller.

When Isak Dinesen was forced to sell her farm in 1931, her gentle Kikuyu squatters were ordered by the government to leave the land they considered theirs and to resettle themselves in the Kikuyu Reserve. This policy was later to become one of the sources of the Mau Mau eruption, and Isak Dinesen perceived how profound a violation it would inflict on the Kikuyus: "It is more than their land that you take away from people, whose Native land you take. It is their past as well, their roots, and their identity. If you take away the things that they have been used to see, and will be expecting to see, you may, in a way, as well take their eyes." Isak Dinesen sensed long ago what is now tragically apparent: that civilization has brought to the primitive African little which he values and has deprived him of much.

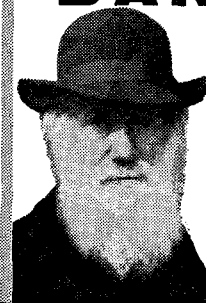
Like *Out of Africa*, *THE LITTLE KAROO* (Vanguard, \$3.50) by PAULINE SMITH has a history. It was published in England a quarter of a century ago with an admiring introduction by Arnold Bennett and was republished in 1949. Now it is making its first appearance in the United States, accompanied by a resounding

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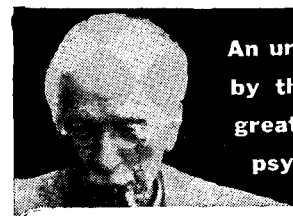
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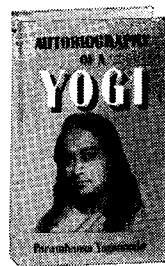
tribute from twenty-five of South Africa's leading writers. The author is an Englishwoman who grew up in a hamlet on the Little Karoo, a vast plain in what was then Cape Colony. Her stories are about the Boers (or Afrikaners), and they take place in the early part of the century when life on the veld was lonely, narrow, austere, and governed by rigid standards. Pauline Smith's characters feel, in the phrase of a South African poet, that "Man is distant, but God is near"; and appropriately enough, the form in which their stories are cast has a Biblical simplicity.

The ten tales in *The Little Karoo* center on the intense emotions of people for whom there are few choices, no distractions, no escapes. Several are memorable ("The Pain," "The Pastor's Daughter," "Desolation"). All are beautifully wrought, strong, and moving. They bear the highly original stamp of what Arnold Bennett aptly described as a "strange, tender, and ruthless talent."

THE SCULPTURE OF AFRICA (Praeger, \$15.00) is a magnificently produced volume with photographs by **ELIOT ELISOFFON**, a prefatory essay on "primitive art" by the late anthropologist, **Ralph Linton**, and a scholarly text by **William Fagg** of the British Museum. The layout is the work of **Bernard Quint**, associate art director of *Life*.

The sculpture-producing area of Negro Africa, Mr. Fagg points out, lies between the Niger and Congo River systems; that is, in the West and Center. The African sculptor has been less concerned with representing people and objects than concepts about them, concepts which he could not put into words; in short, the language of African art is sculptural in the fullest sense. This art, the major part of which consists of carvings in wood, was probably animated by dynamism — the doctrine that the goal of life is to increase force or energy and to guard against loss of it. Dynamism expresses itself in African sculpture in three main forms: the worship of gods and spirits, the cult of ancestors, and the direct harnessing of energy through charms and fetishes. Mr. Elisoffon's dramatic, flawlessly lit pictures show us, in stunning variety, dance head-dresses, dance masks and dance helmets, dolls and water spirit masks, huntsman figures, leopard figures, ancestor figures, cult and ritual figures, and memorial heads.

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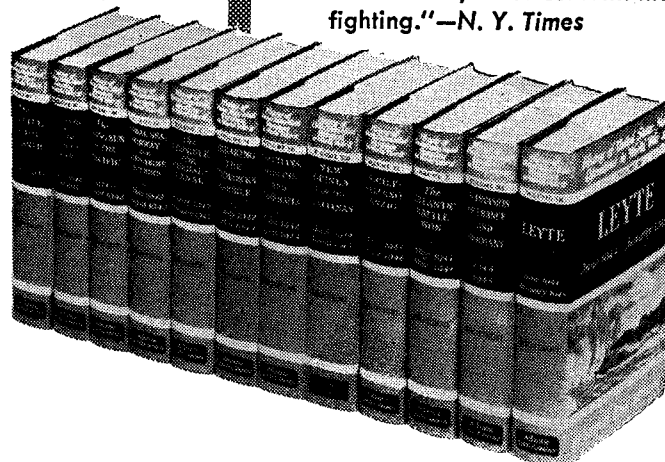
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Accent on

MUCH is in print nowadays about "crash" diets and how to achieve a life of self-denial. The self-deniers are everywhere, cutting down on their starches, ruling out fats, denouncing sweets, alcohol, and second helpings. They have enslaved the press, intimidated the householder. A Cottage Cheese Institute of America is doubtless on the point of setting up its Washington lobby.

The crash diet is, of course, a formula of disarranging and subtracting still further from an ordinary weight-reducing diet, and the self-deniers are especially wrathful against nibbling or the gratuitous consumption of such things as canapés and hors d'oeuvres. Herewith, therefore, four crash additions to any diet, all guaranteed to build a man up, put flesh on his bones, and make him well and strong. They are particularly useful to that end, since they are all intended to accompany cocktails, spirits, or a dry white wine before a meal. They are unnecessary, they are delicious, and guests go for them with enthusiasm.

QUICHE LORRAINE — This worthy dish seems to have gained a real place for itself in recent years, and almost any up-to-date cookbook has a recipe for it. But what makes it come off so well with the cocktails is serving it in individual ramekins — the small, white earthenware va-

riety, about three and a half inches in diameter — fresh and hot from the oven. It's almost as good at room temperature, but not quite as attractive.

The trick in making a quiche is to keep the piecrust from being soggy, and not all cookbooks are helpful on this point. It is achieved by lining the ramekin with dough and baking it — the words are my wife's — "until it is three quarters done and not at all brown." At this point the ramekins are set aside and allowed to cool before the filling is added, after which the final baking in a 325-degree oven takes some 25 to 30 minutes. (If any reader would like to have the whole recipe, we shall be pleased to supply a copy on request.)

For family purposes, a quiche Lorraine is just as well off in a large single baking dish, but the ramekins or small casseroles are fine for a party. A powerful desire for this dish will be felt from time to time by anyone who ever had a good one. It becomes a matter of making it or ordering it then and there, and no substitute will suffice.

CHEESE SOUFFLÉ — Baked in individual ramekins, cups, or casseroles, the cheese soufflé as prescribed in any of the major cookbooks is just as well received as the quiche when offered as a hot hors d'oeuvre dish. It does the mix no harm to prepare

it a couple of hours in advance, but the final moment of delivery to the guests must be timed more closely than for a quiche. In my wife's version, chopped parsley and chives and crisply fried ham diced fine — enough only to make a thin bottom layer in each container — go in before the mix is added.

CURRIED WALNUTS — Either of the two foregoing offerings is enough to carry things along until dinner-time, but curried walnuts might be useful at some stage of the party. From an unidentified clipping in my wife's arcana, the recipe, and a superior result it produces:

Melt 4 tablespoons butter, stir in same amount cooking oil, 2½ tablespoons curry powder, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons strained juice of chutney, good dash of cayenne. Heat and blend thoroughly. Stir in one pound shelled walnut halves until all are well coated. Spread on brown paper laid on baking tin. Bake at 250 degrees about 10 minutes, until quite crisp.

PIROZHKI — I am indebted to Mrs. Dana Adams Schmidt for introducing me to a very easy way of making this excellent example of hot hors d'oeuvres. Pirozhki look like little golden-brown biscuits in the shape of a ball, about the diameter of a twenty-five-cent piece. On

sampling they are found to be stuffed with meat, and the market for them is brisk in any cocktail interval. The meat can be anything from beef or lamb to chicken, ham, fish, or shellfish. For a trial spin, a pound of finely ground lean round steak and a couple of cylinders of that refrigerated but not frozen biscuit dough are the main ingredients. (The expiration date on the end of the cylinder should be noted.)

The rather bland quality of the biscuit dough calls for seasoning the stuffing more heavily than usual. For the round steak, one might draw

on some combination of flavoring salt, nutmeg, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco, and black pepper, with or without grated onion. The meat is then converted into balls about the diameter of a nickel, broiled under a flame, and allowed to cool. This much of the process can be done in advance, but it is well not to open the dough until an hour or so before the final baking.

Each cylinder contains enough dough to make ten biscuits, and the dough for one biscuit is enough for three meatballs. It pulls apart readily into small pieces. The casing of

dough should be rather thin, and the stuff stretches easily, so that encasing each ball is no problem. The completed pirozhki are placed on a greased baking tin, brushed lightly with milk or melted butter, and baked 8 to 10 minutes at about 350 degrees.

A good homemade biscuit dough is better than the refrigerated kind, and picrust would be worth trying out. But the dough in cylinders leaves nothing to be washed up, a handy way of experimenting with pirozhki.

CHARLES W. MORTON

New Models

BY WILLIAM L. COPITHORNE

A writer and former teacher of English, WILLIAM L. COPITHORNE is now a businessman in New York.

"Now why should that young Wilson couple be sending out announcements of a new automobile they've bought?" I asked, looking at a card that had arrived in the mail. At the top was a picture of a sports car, and, in bold print underneath, the words: "Announcing a New Model in the Wilson Family."

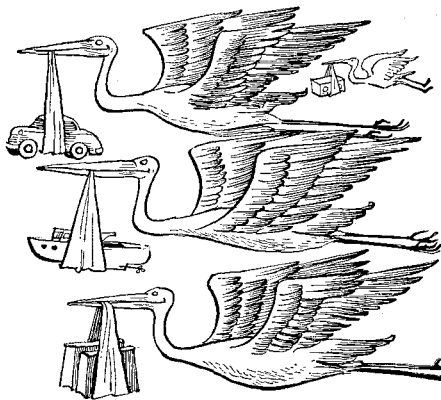
My wife snatched the card from my hand. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "it's a boy. Isn't that wonderful! They have two girls, you know." Her brow furrowed. "At least I think it's a boy," she said. "It's a blue automobile." She read the text aloud. "The Wilson partners are proud to present a new model just off the assembly line. Designer: Joe Wilson. Manufacturer: Ethel Wilson. Chief Mechanic: Dr. Richard Crane. Production Plant: St. Luke's Hospital. Name of Model: Joseph, Jr. Weight of Chassis: 7 lbs., 4 oz. Wheelbase: 19 inches. Delivery Date: March 15, 1959."

"Joseph, Junior," my wife murmured happily. "And isn't that a clever way to announce it? Joe Wilson is an automobile salesman, you know."

"If they had a baby, why couldn't they just say they had a baby?" I asked, but she was reading on. "Demand feed intake, fuel consumption normal, performance improved by liberal applications of oil, with regular changes."

We have received at least a dozen birth announcements of this elaborately bewildering kind during the last few years, and while I am able to withstand whimsey as well as the next man, my patience is beginning to wear a little thin. I'm afraid that this sort of thing — like the mimeographed family letter at Christmas-time — has caught on and has begun to spread.

One feature that most of these announcements have in common is the effort — often desperate — to give information about the birth of the baby in terms of the father's occupation. The child of a man connected with publishing, for example, may appropriately be announced as a new book whose joint authors are the mother and father. In such a case, the doctor is usually identified as the editor, and the hospital as the printing plant. All sorts of variations are possible, of course. We once received an announcement that heralded the birth of twins as a



book in two volumes, with the authorship credited solely to the mother. The father was listed as "printer's devil."

Young naval reserve officers and

their wives are yielding increasingly to the temptation to announce a new member of the family in terms of the launching of a ship. The whistle is equated with the lusty crying of the baby, and the ship's tonnage with the birth weight. The marine architect is usually the father; shipbuilder, the mother; master of launching ceremonies, the doctor; and the drydock, the hospital. These announcements never fail to mention "wet bottoms," and I remember one that even went so far as to identify the slap on the newborn's "stern" with the breaking of the bottle of champagne on the ship's bow.

Actually there are few occupations that do not lend themselves, gracefully or not, to such purposes. A businessman may announce a new stock or bond "issue"; a professor, a lecture "delivered"; an industrialist, a new "product" of his plant. Undertakers, plumbers, and others who are engaged in really intransigent occupations need not feel left out, however. They may resort to two types of birth announcements that seem to be in the common domain — the opening of a new play and the social debut.

Thus, I was not deceived by an announcement which Mr. Huggins, our furnace repairman, sent us not long ago. I knew instantly that he was not the "author," nor Mrs. Huggins the "producer," of a new play whose "critical reception" was a "howling success." They've had a baby, I said shrewdly to myself — and I was right. And I was quick to realize that the local chiropodist's newborn daughter was not in her teens, as the arch announcement of her "coming-out party" implied.

Recently, however, I was com-

pletely taken in by a flier describing a new high-fidelity audio system on sale at the record shop of my friend, Harry Greene. "The latest in hi-fi systems," it read, "portable unit, 8 lbs., 2 oz., assembled by Greene and Greene, rig production engineered by Doctor P. K. Smith, 15,000 cps range, 12-inch coaxial speaker, 20-watt amplifier combination unit that cuts in in case of delayed feedback, unconditionally endorsed by Mercy Hospital after trial period." I dropped into the shop to look at the thing a few days later, only to have Greene tell me that the new hi-fi system was actually Harry, Jr., who, since birth, had been suffering noisily with the colic. "That announcement was Gladys' idea," Greene said apologetically.

Since that experience I have be-

come so alert to what may lie behind even the most patently straightforward communication that I overleap myself. Just this morning, for example, I opened a note from Frank and Helen Anderson which seemed to be an invitation to a party to meet Mary Ellen Anderson. Mary Ellen had recently "arrived" at their home with Doctor James Jones, who had "brought" her. "Aha!" I said cunningly. "I see that the Andersons have a new daughter."

With an incredulous look, my wife took the note and scanned it. Her face cleared. "Mary Ellen," she explained patiently, "is Frank's sister. She lives in New Haven and is here for a visit. She drove on with Doctor Jones, to whom she is engaged, and we are invited to a party in their honor — *just* as the note says."

The Worse The Better

BY H. F. ELLIS

H. F. ELLIS is a Londoner whose light prose has frequently appeared in the ATLANTIC. He is on the staff of PUNCH.

I suppose I must be the worst water-color artist in the world. Others potentially worse there may be, but my guess is they haven't tried. Or, if they have, they've stopped. Should any of these incompetents go to work after reading this, I shall be happy — out of pure philanthropy, not because their efforts may step me up one or two places in the ranking list. I am quite content where I am.

I might also, without wishing to hog all the discredit, claim to be the worst pianist in the world, and not far off the most inefficient carpenter. But I won't argue the point. All I want to note just now is that music, painting, and carpentry give me more pleasure than all the things I think I *am* some good at put together. Never mind what those are.

It is not always easy to remain very bad, but the effort is worth while. First of all, you have to pick on some craft or hobby that you have no gift for, and it is by no means impossible to trip up on this very elementary point. Thousands of men have got themselves into difficulties over golf through not realizing in time that they had a certain aptitude for it. A few unlucky good shots in those early carefree rounds, which ought to be regarded as the clearest warning to leave the thing alone, lead instead to a determination to improve at it — and there you are. The mischief is done. Brightness falls from the air. Pleasure, laughter, sudden ecstatic cry, "Good lord! I hit it!" — these are no more; in their place come lessons, endless practice, constant discontent with the result, loss of temper and friends, the long, long struggle to get the handicap down to twelve, to ten, even (in very bad cases) to eight.

The whole essence of a really relaxing spare-time occupation is that one should be constantly surprised that one can do it at all, that *any-*

ADVICE TO COMMUTERS

BY PETER DICKINSON

Drumming in warmed compartments up to town
On mornings of oboe weather through the truckyards,
A metal desolation flowering with steam,

It is not wise to dream,
To let your still half-sleeping minds slip backwards
To the green end of the sweatier journey down.

Though growth disturb the intricacies of metal
And weather dominate its desolation,
Town is stiff acres waiting for your plow

While fields and hedges now
For you are the furniture of civilization,
A world as artificial as a petal.

Think about something other than returning
Lest green hopes gull your plowing until the streets
Open their heavy-lidded lamps. You've made

This journey your stockade.
Wiser to watch from your comfortable seats
The cooling towers quietly brewing the morning.

Wine Etiquette

by AMY VANDERBILT

Author of *Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette* and United Features Syndicate column on etiquette.



A pleasant and easy way to expand a dinner party is to invite extra guests for the dessert course. With dessert and coffee it's smart to serve a variety of sweet, dessert wines—at least one Sherry and one Port or, even better, a choice of several Sherries and Ports.

Some of your guests may be connoisseurs, and it is well to serve famous-name Sherries and Ports. Excellent selections are Sandeman wines, which are world-renowned for their superb flavour, bouquet and body. Sandeman is one of those fine old British houses whose quality traditions date back to 1790.



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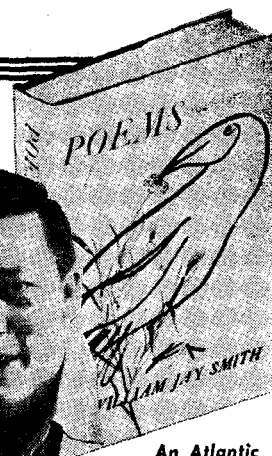
SANDEMAN
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1790

thing results. When I paint a tree that is, by my standards, recognizable as a tree, I am boundlessly delighted. Nobody else would be, but the picture is not intended for anybody else. In my lack of desire to "communicate," I can claim to be a typically modern artist. It is my tree. It did not exist in the world before I took up my brush, and now, for better or worse, it does. Sometimes, by a fluke, it is even at the right distance. It looks, that is to say, as if it really were on the far side of the water I have so deplorably washed in. More often I get it about three tones too bright, so that the viewpoint shifts in a surprising way and the onlooker is practically bound to get his feet wet. When that happens I snip it out, scrap the rest of the landscape, and put it in my portfolio as *Study of a Tree*.

One of the perils that have to be avoided is friendly help. One's family, from whom it is difficult to conceal these occupations, cannot believe that one is happy as one is. They suggest classes. They tend to give books. I very nearly lost the precious pleasure of doing hopelessly bad water colors through the unsolicited present of a *First Steps in Painting*.

I opened the book in a moment of madness in order to discover what colors mixed together produce an elfin silver-gray (those advised actually produce a dingy olive), and at once found myself faced with an instruction that before beginning to paint I must learn gradation. I must be able to take a single color ("pigment" is the word they use) and by the admixture of ever-increasing amounts of water lay down a series of washes starting as a strong blue and imperceptibly toning down to practical invisibility. This sort of thing is death. Worse, it is work. It leads to dissatisfaction with one's own incompetence, a feeling of hopelessness, and (if the book is not thrown away at once) a serious risk of giving up altogether. It is as fatal as practicing scales when taking up the piano.

The reader had better understand, in case I have forgotten to mention it, that I am talking about hobbies and occupations taken up in middle age. I see no harm in wanting to be good at things when young. That is the season of hope, when mind and hands are pliable, lessons are a natural infliction, and the long years



An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

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POEMS

1947-1957

by WILLIAM JAY SMITH

"Gaiety and lightheartedness are extremely difficult to express; they are also impossible to simulate. The slightest suspicion of affectation is immediately defeating. Mr. Smith's serious poems are filled with fresh observation and direct emotion. His light verse — 'epigrams, satires, and nonsense' — sparkles and flies free, often straight to the center of a chosen target. He is also an expert translator."—LOUISE BOGAN, in *The New Yorker*

"He has proved again that the writing of light verse can be an art, that it can employ the resources of poetic imagination, that it can 'shock' and inspire the reader as well as entertain him."—HORACE GREGORY

"... an original poet of depth and force. Being a creative humorist, he inevitably has an acutely developed tragic sense ... repeatedly his terse hint expands in the reader's mind into conviction."—*Baltimore Sun*

"... has light in his bones ... Here's the stuff prizes are made of."

—*San Francisco Chronicle*
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stretch ahead, rich in the promise of improvement. At forty-seven, when I mixed my first paints, the situation is different. There isn't time. Even if part of my leisure hours had not already been devoted to carpentry, which I took up as early as forty-five, I doubt whether I could have become world famous. I might, I suppose, have found that I was a Grandma Moses or a Winston Churchill and forged ahead, becoming more and more absorbed. But that pitfall happily did not open before me. If it had, I should have been too busy to take up the piano at forty-eight.

Piano playing, I ought to warn elderly beginners, is not so immediately enjoyable as some other arts. For the first few hours you have got to set your teeth and stick to it, with nothing much to show for the trouble.

This is because of the difficulty of connecting up the printed notes with the right keys on the piano. There is a good deal of counting up of lines and spaces, rechecking, and so forth, with the result that the interval between actual notes played is too long for a tune to emerge. But the effort is worth while. Quite soon one is striking a note every second or two, and the music begins, as we say, to flow. Memory holds the last



note until the next is ready, which is all one has a right to ask.

I recommend hymn tunes. They are readily recognizable when got right, the tempo is familiar, and a start can be made on the voice part, which is one-note only. Then, as one progresses (there is always progression: a different thing from improvement, and harmless), the accompaniment in the right hand will be found often to have only two notes, which represent the limit for middle-aged enjoyment. The left hand should be reserved for turning over the music.

Does It Really Matter WHAT We Believe?

The answer would be "no" if God were a complete stranger to us.

For then we could only imagine why He gave us life. We could only guess at what He might have in store for us. We could only hope without reason—live without promise of reward—pray with no assurance that He would hear us.

But what we believe is vitally important because God has given us a creed to live by... *His* creed, not ours. To make sure we would recognize it as His creed, He sent it to us by His divine Son, Jesus Christ, who painstakingly explained it, and painfully died for it.

The principal truths God has given us are summed up in the Apostles' Creed, which the Church has been explaining and passing on to each generation since early Christian times. It is a summary of the principal religious truths believed by Catholics the world over in this twentieth century as by our forebears in the first.

It is not enough, in our view, to accept only the first phrase of the Creed: "I believe in God...". If the Apostles' Creed is to be our creed, we must believe it not merely in part but in full; we must accept it as taught by the Apostles and by the Church down through the centuries, not as we might change it to suit our own views.

The Apostles' Creed is not, as Catholics see it, merely a pious prayer. It is not just an idealistic declaration based on conjecture. It is a summary of the basic Christian teaching... a reminder of the life and death and promise of the Redeemer... a guidepost to those seeking to shape their lives to the will of God.

Catholics believe, therefore, as the Apostles' Creed says "...in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried. He descended into hell, the third day He rose again from the dead. He ascended into heaven, sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, from thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead. We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting."

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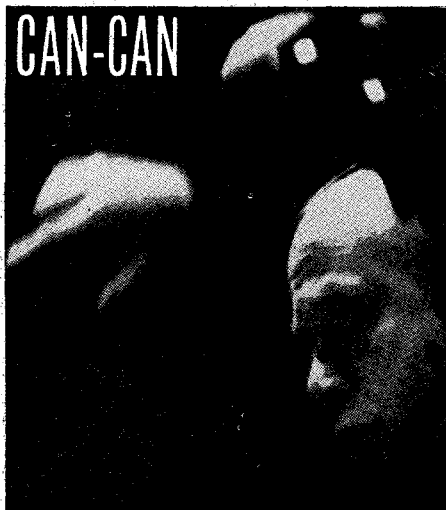
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I find that any attempt to play with it tends to split the personality.

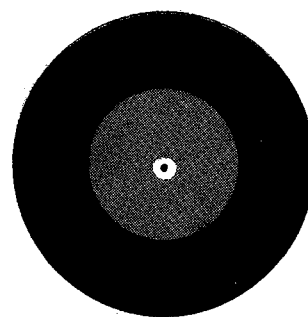
My carpentry, I sometimes fear, is improving to a point where I may get ideas above my station. Occasional yearnings sweep over me to make something really good: a drawer that neither rattles nor jams when pulled in and out, or a table with joints so perfect that additional struts are not necessary to stop the legs wobbling. There is a risk that I may lose that pleased astonishment at producing a bookcase that will actually, with a little judicious propping, support books; I may become overweening and want to do without putty and screws.

I hope not. Carpentry, apart from its other delights, has a pleasant smell, a quality that music lacks. But if I am going to get arrogant about it, it will have to be dropped. People think there is something praiseworthy about the conviction that one ought to be able to do better. There isn't. It is pure arrogance — and the secret of happy spare-time fiddling is humility. The feeling I like to have when I have completed some piece of work (whether a hymn, a corner cupboard, or *Roses in an Unusually Shaped Vase*) is not that I must do better next time but that I shall be lucky if I ever do so well again. As a rule I don't.

"If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing badly." Sitting here



at the piano, picking out what anybody ought to realize is *The Lass of Richmond Hill* and letting my eyes stray between bars to the increasingly lopsided wall bracket on which reposes my latest (and in some ways my worst) water color, I am inclined to think that Chesterton did not go far enough. I would say that a thing is worth doing *because* one does it badly. It becomes boring, round about the mid-forties, to think that everything one does is wonderful.



Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: Bagatelles (complete)

Denis Matthews, piano; Vanguard VSD-2018 (stereo) and VRS-1033

In "big" Beethoven Mr. Matthews sometimes seems to me a little restrained, but in the bagatelles, Op. 33, 119, and 126, he is in his element: these are irresistible Beethoven, if not dramatic. The sound is clean, rather conservative in the stereo, which is good — the hall's resonance joins and mellows that of the piano — and solid.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"

Bruno Walter conducting Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Columbia MS-6036 (stereo) and ML-5320

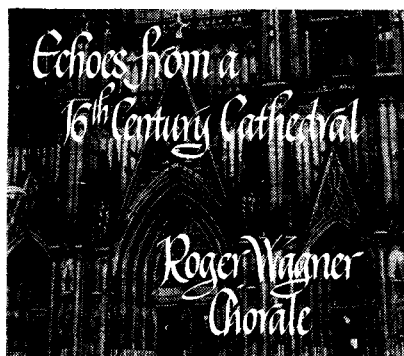
How does one go about criticizing a master conductor who, at eighty-three, commences to remake his major classical repertoire on records? This is not quite the Bruno Walter of the 1939 "Eroica"; he has been gentled a little by age. Still — perhaps from much experimenting in Mahler — he also has acquired a livelier awareness of sound per se. Unfortunately, the Los Angeles orchestra (and hall?) featured here negate this in some degree. You can hear Walter's intent, but it is not always realized in the grooves. Some of the instruments protrude a little rudely, especially in the stereo version, and the sound is slightly rough when loud. Just the same, this is one of today's great "Eroicas," and we will not forever be able to hear Bruno Walter playing Beethoven.

Haydn: Piano Music

Wilhelm Backhaus, piano; London CS-6060 (stereo)

Apparently this is issued in stereo only. The works are the sonatas Nos. 34, 48, and 52, the Fantasia in C, and the Andante con Variazioni in

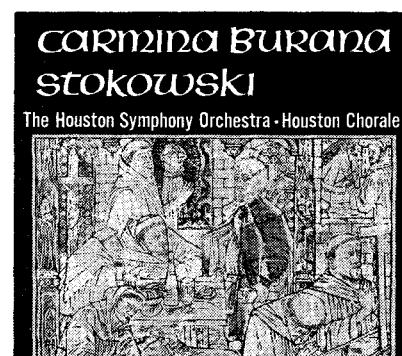
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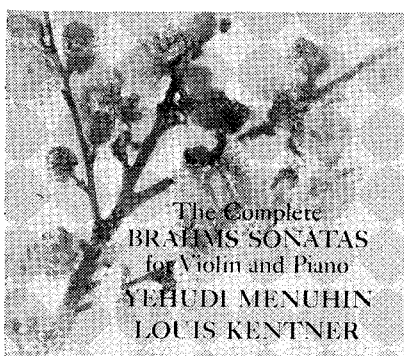
Inspired Renaissance church music by Palestrina, Victoria and others. This renowned ensemble sings *a capella* with both tenderness and fervor. (S)P8460



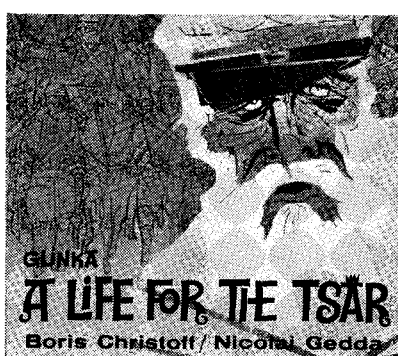
Three Strausses and four other Viennese composers contribute some of their brightest gems to this lilting invitation to pleasure. *Prosit Wien!* (S)G7167



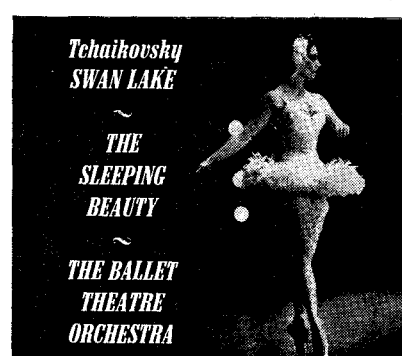
This "piece of musical electricity" (N.Y. Post) crackles when Leopold Stokowski conducts. German modernist Carl Orff's most spectacular work. (S)PAR8470



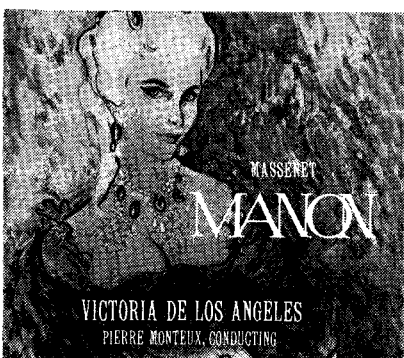
The three Brahms sonatas plus Schubert's brilliant *Fantasia in C Major, Op. 159*, are all here in this one memorable album. Two records. GBR7142



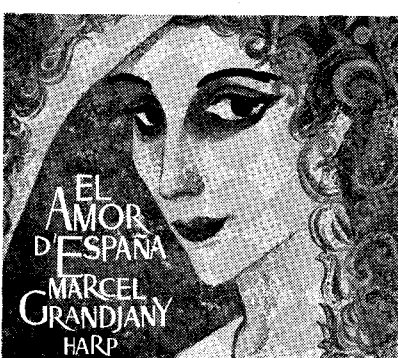
Christoff as the tragic hero; American-born soprano Teresa Stich-Randall as his daughter. Lamoureux Orchestra, Igor Markevitch. Three records. GCR7163



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F Minor. Backhaus plays them delightfully, and they are delightful. However, the recording is spotty. The Fantasia, for instance, is harshly close-microphoned, while the E-flat Major Sonata is a real proof of what stereo can do for a solo instrument: the piano is absolutely right, you could imagine it in the room with you.

Schubert: Symphony No. 9

Josef Krips conducting London Symphony Orchestra; London CS-6061 (stereo)

Krips's performance of the great C Major with the Concertgebouw on old LL-619 (now withdrawn) was long my favorite, being challenged only lately by Szell's version for Epic. This new effort by Krips seems interpretively even better than his old one, and the recording is exemplary. Choice between this and the Szell is simplified now by the fact that the latter exists only on monophonic, the Krips only on stereo. When this changes, the criterion may be that while Szell has the better orchestra, his record also contains some strange extraneous sounds. I'll bet on a tie, which will be for you to break.

The Art of Kirsten Flagstad

Kirsten Flagstad, soprano; Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Hans Lange conducting unidentified orchestra; RCA Camden CAL-462

The works on this reprint recital, made originally in two sessions in 1935 and 1937, are as follows: Beethoven's *Ah! Perfido* and *Abscheulicher* (*Fidelio*); Weber's *Ozean, du Ungeheuer* (*Oberon*); and Wagner's *Du bist der Lenz* and Brünnhilde's battle cry (*Walküre*), Elsa's dream and *Euch Lüften die mein Klagen* (*Lohengrin*), and Elisabeth's prayer and *Dich teure Halle* (*Tannhäuser*). These selections probably comprise the best 78-rpm records Flagstad ever made, and the LP reprint is better than the originals were. Her tremendous virtue (at forty or thereabouts) was that she could make these great dramatic utterances so effortlessly that she could also devote attention to tone. The combination is still electrifying, and you can hear it on these records.

Operatic Arias

Leonie Rysanek, soprano; orchestra directed by Arturo Basile; RCA Victor LM-2262

An endless amateur sport is the de-

tection of who will be the dramatic soprano of the coming era. The public at large can now discover Leonie Rysanek, as the cognoscenti have been doing for three years. In this display disc, however, we hear the handsome young Austrian show more technical proficiency than dramatic fire, though she is indeed impressive. Maybe she should have got off the beaten track. The arias are real war horses — *Pace, pace; Vissi d'arte; Ritorna vincitor*, and the like — and the delivery is more than a little cautious.

Carroll: Alice in Wonderland

Jane Asher, Margaretta Scott, other actors, directed by Douglas Cleverdon; London OSA-1206 (stereo): two records

By coincidence, this recording was issued shortly after the excellent monophonic Caedmon set featuring Joan Greenwood and Stanley Holloway. The latter got both books of *Alice* on two discs, well but heavily edited, and was produced with a whimsical touch clearly aimed at adults. The London stereo set, on the other hand, offers only the first book with fewer cuts and a more literal approach, and perhaps is fitter for children. The Alice is Jane Asher (who sounds like a little girl and may be one), the narrator is Margaretta Scott, and I suspect the other actors of being BBC people. Indeed, the whole thing may have originated as a BBC children's program, which would account for its faultless taste and general excellence. Its special merit is in its use of stereo. The actors speak from all over the end of your room, and the sound men have had much fun with their trickery; when the pool of tears begins splashing around you, there is a strong impulse to climb a chair. Whether there will be a monophonic version I do not know; London seems to be offering no new monophonics these days.

The following are stereo disc versions of recordings issued earlier in monophonic edition.

Bizet: Suites from Carmen and L'Arlesienne

Paul Paray conducting Detroit Symphony Orchestra; Mercury SR-90001

A fine, brisk, French performance, in sound far smoother and more spacious than that of its monophonic predecessor. There is another good new *Carmen-L'Arlesienne* out, too:

Ansermet and the Suisse Romande on London CS-6062, but it offers only portions of the two *L'Arlesienne* suites and in other respects no more than matches the Mercury. I think the latter is just slightly the better recording. Monophonic: 50135.

Delibes: Coppélia (complete)

Ernest Ansermet conducting Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London CSA-2201: two records

The same lovely performance I praised in monophonic guise now comes in big, intimate stereophony, evoking the impulse to dance! Monophonic: LL-1717/8.

Falla: El Retablo de Maese Pedro; Concerto for Harpsichord

Ataulfo Argenta conducting singers, National Orchestra of Spain; Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord; London CS-6028

The adventure of Don Quixote with Master Peter's puppet show, in this exquisite performance, comes to life in stereo, and your living room is magicked into an old Spanish inn. The recording is faultless, as is that of the vibrant concerto on the other side. Monophonic: LL-1739.

Grieg: Symphonic Dances; Two Elegiac Melodies

Edouard van Remoortel conducting Vienna Pro Musica Orchestra; Vox ST-PL-10330

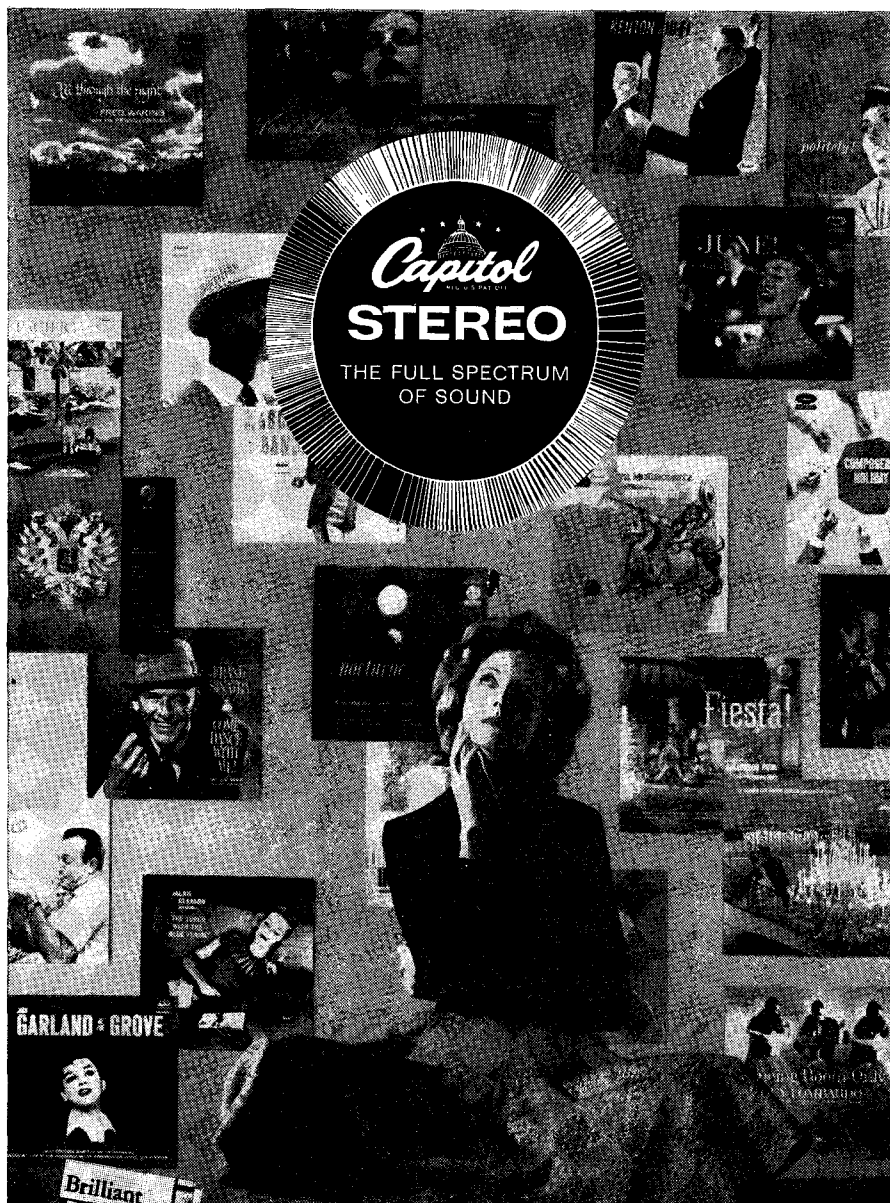
The monophonic predecessor of this, with tighter groove spacing, offered *Sigurd Jorsalfar* as well as the two selections set forth here. In compensation, the stereo disc yields sound even more real than that of its illustrious precursor. The performances are strong and tasteful. Monophonic: 10330.

Haydn: Symphonies No. 100, "Military," and No. 101, "Clock"

Mogens Wöldike conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Vanguard SRV-109-SD

Described as a stereo demonstration disc, this comes at a special price: \$2.98. At any price it would be a bargain, since in either stereo or monophonic version it offers the best recorded "Military" and probably the best "Clock" as well. Only Beecham and Scherchen are Wöldike's peers at Haydn, and I think Wöldike is first among them at the "Military." The sound here is exciting without being at all exaggerated. Monophonic: 492.

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CLIMBING KILIMANJARO

BY CHARLES BRACELEN FLOOD

I once enlisted in an army, and after that experience I vowed that I would never voluntarily expose myself to discomfort again. That was still my point of view when I arrived at the Kibo Hotel in Marangu, Tanganyika, Africa. I was traveling with two friends of mine from New York, Deirdre and Elizabeth Ahearn, and the three of us were thoroughly enjoying our trip through Africa. We had been told that the Kibo Hotel was a lovely place high in the hills, far off the beaten track, and with excellent food.

It was all of that, but there was more. The first evening, as we sat before a fireplace in an informal living room whose walls were covered with Masai spears and the mounted heads of gazelles, we became aware of Kilimanjaro.

"Are you young people here to climb the mountain?" an old Englishman with white hair and a red face asked, and then took a swallow of the gin and tonic in his hand.

I answered "no" immediately, since I was determined that I was not going to climb any mountains ever, but the girls were more curious, and politely asked which mountain.

"Kilimanjaro, of course," the old boy replied, pulling his chair up closer. "You're in the foothills right now. All the parties leave from here. You should try it. It's just a walk, really." He smiled at Elizabeth, and then his expression hardened as he looked at me. "It only takes five days," he said. "You really *should* do it."

By late the next afternoon I had

assumed that the crisis had passed, that the girls had forgotten about mountain climbing, and that we would be checking out of the hotel and on our way the following morning. We were sitting in the lovely garden of the hotel, having tea and gazing out over the green hills to the dusty African plains in the distance. A couple of monkeys were playing in a cage on the lawn, the sun was shining, and the only sound was that of the teacups.

Suddenly a line of men came into view, around the edge of a brilliant flowered hedge, and came up the walk to the hotel. In the lead was a tall young man with a khaki sun helmet, khaki shirt, khaki shorts, khaki knee socks, and formidable hobnailed boots. His face was dirty and cruelly sunburned, and there was a dazed expression on his face. Behind him came seven Africans, all carrying big olive-colored duffel bags on their heads. Their legs were covered with wet red mud, and they all looked as if they were about to drop from exhaustion.

"Hello," the young man said, stopping at our table as the rest of his party went past onto the terrace of the hotel. He took off his sun helmet and leaned on his alpenstock. "I did not get to the top," he said in a strong German accent. He looked like a young golden-haired god, but he was a tired young god. He grinned ruefully at his sun helmet. "If you get to the top the porters put flowers on your hat. I could not get up. When I wake up this morning my head was sick. Kaput." He bowed to the girls and walked into the hotel.

I looked at the girls, and knew I was in for it. This last encounter had been the acme of romance. It was as if drums and bugles were resounding in the silent garden. Strangely enough, I began to feel better about the situation: if that perfect Alpine specimen had failed, there was no particular disgrace in my failing.

By late the next afternoon we were emerging from the rain forest after several hours of climbing. The hotel had equipped us from head to toe, and behind us came Thomas, our ancient Chaga guide; Sambwe, our cook; and seven porters. These porters were possessed of superhuman strength. At a rest stop I had hefted one of the duffel bags that they carried on their heads, and estimated it to weigh substantially more than an army full-field pack. I knew that in my duffel bag there were five blankets, several sweaters, shoes, and pieces of high altitude gear, plus a camera and other equipment. It was with no little surprise that I watched this duffel bag go hurtling by me balanced on the head of one of the Chaga porters, whose pink-soled black feet would literally sprint through the cold red mud of the steep trail. These men would run a mile or so ahead of us and then sit waiting for us to catch up. Then they would get up, politely follow us for about a hundred yards, and then, incapable of going as slow as our maximum speed, pass us again, muttering apologies in Swahili as they tore through the thick undergrowth at the side of the path. Only Thomas, our sad-eyed old guide, stayed with us at all times.

The first night was spent in Bismarck hut, where a stove helped to keep us warm in the foggy mountain night. It was at Bismarck that



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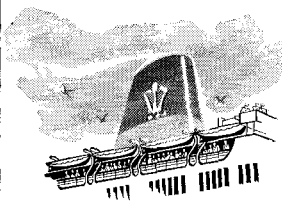
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we began to comprehend, for the first time in a day of slippery, exhausting, jungle climbing, what a broad and high language barrier stood between the nine Africans and ourselves. We asked for water and were given tea. We asked for coffee and got fruit juice. We asked what time we would start off again the next morning and received polite indications that we were not understood.

By the next day, moving up through steep alpine meadows, the porters had begun to move somewhat more slowly, and I occasionally forced myself to stay up with them. Thus I moved along for a mile at a time in a cloud of Swahili, and although I may delude myself, I think I began to get some idea of the conventions of that tongue, but I never had the faintest idea of the subject of conversation.

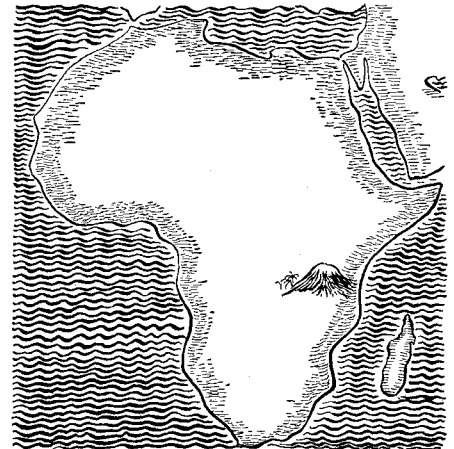
The morning of the third day life became earnest. The porters put sandals on their feet. Thomas took the girls and me aside after breakfast, and by repeating place names, accompanied by many gestures, he conveyed the plan of battle. We were to make the final hut, Kibo, by evening. We had to carry with us all the wood and water we would need for the next thirty-six hours. We would eat dinner tonight at Kibo hut, sleep until the middle of



the night, and then start up to the summit in darkness. Whatever the outcome of our assault on the mountain, we must get back down that last sheer slope, out of Kibo during the afternoon, and be back here at Peter's hut that evening.

Finally understanding each other for the first time in the trip, Thomas and I set off at the head of our column, followed by the girls, who looked very fetching in shapeless high-altitude clothes and wide-brimmed men's hats, with Band-aids

across their noses to protect them from sunburn and windburn. Soon we moved into a strange world. We left behind some trees which looked like huge pineapples supported by stems eight feet high, and entered an altitude where bushes became shrubs and shrubs became moss. After a sandwich lunch, we hiked



up onto the Saddle, and from there on we were no longer on earth.

The Saddle is a deceptively vast shallow bowl located at fifteen thousand feet. At one side of it the jagged snowy spires of Mawenzi thrust two thousand feet up out of the volcanic plain. On the other side of it stands its immeasurably bigger brother, Kibo, the great classic peak of Kilimanjaro. Seen suddenly as one comes up onto the Saddle, Kibo possesses both remarkable beauty and a certain stark and massive ugliness. The far side of the mountain has symmetry and the Fujiyama-like snows, but here, at the back door, the snow merely trims the edge of the crater, and the shape is that of Gibraltar. It rises out of the lifeless stratospheric plain like what it is: an enormous mountain. It is just that one has already been climbing Kilimanjaro for three days, and the sight of an enormous mountain on top of the mountain is both terrifying and awe-inspiring.

After a few minutes of staring, one settles down to the immediate problem, which is this desert of volcanic dust, so high up that even the moss has stopped growing on the boulders which the old volcano has thrown across the plain. We moved toward Kibo, but we no longer had a conventional frame of reference. The mountain and the Saddle were so huge that all the ordinary sense of space fled. Our porters went ahead of us and to our amazement disappeared into the distance, a distance

which we thought was no more than half a mile between the mountain and ourselves. Hours later we were still walking toward that mountain, walking slowly through the gray-brown pebbles and stones and dust. The mountain obligingly became larger and larger, until it filled half the sky. The sun went down behind its crest, and a viciously cold wind started whipping across the Saddle. The altitude was at last taking a toll. We could move forward no more than forty or fifty yards at a time. The simplest movements became an effort, and twenty yards of walking would bring about a severe beating of the heart.

That night was one long shudder. We lay in our bunks, fully dressed and staring into the darkness as we shivered. Every breath we took was a deep search for oxygen, and all three of us suffered from a combination of stabbing headache and nausea. At one o'clock in the morning there was a loud and authoritative banging on the door of the cabin, and I staggered out of my bunk and let in Thomas and Sambwe, who had been spending the night in the cooking shed. We drank some tea, retied our bootlaces, adjusted our gloves and hoods and scarves, and stepped out into the night.

It was an eerie scene. Thomas stood in front of the hut, a small, stooped black man wearing a brown wool cap and an old khaki army coat. He had woolen puttees on above his climbing boots, and he was carrying a cane in one hand and a lantern in the other. We all nodded, and started up the final trail.

The next eleven hours were, and still are, a long and painful blur. Out of it a few things remain clear. I remember the girls falling down repeatedly and gamely getting up again to stagger forward in the darkness on the bare, slippery, pebbly slope. Finally, at about seventeen thousand feet, when Elizabeth said that she could no longer feel her feet, I told the girls to go down. I remember waiting on the slope at three o'clock in the morning for Thomas to come back up after leading the girls down to the hut, and realizing that up here there was no such thing as a horizon. The earth dropped away so steeply that there were stars not only above me, but stars twinkling slightly below, out beyond the edge of the Saddle. It was as if I were in an airplane, and

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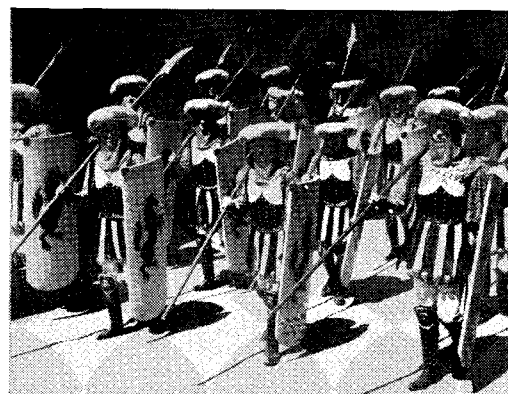
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LITTLE, BROWN

the curvature of the earth no longer
applied to me.

Sunrise came, and after break-
fasting on water and part of a choco-
late bar, I settled down to the hard-
est morning of my life. Thomas
always seemed to be a mile ahead of
me, sitting somewhere in this forty-
five-degree sea of pebbles, staring
down at me impassively. I would
manage to go forward five steps, and
then the lack of oxygen would catch
up with me in a great rush and I
would fall onto the pebbles, turning
so that I would land on my back. I
would jam my alpenstock into the
pebble surface, so that I would
not slide down the mountain. The
toughest part of this climbing and
falling was the effort it cost to
put one foot in front of the
other, but there were some ap-
palling psychological factors as
well.



The principal difficulty was the
loss of any normal sense of balance
or perspective. I felt the way one
does when an airplane banks at
an angle to the earth. I would look
up the sheer slope and see the big
solid yellow-brown rocks at the crest
of the mountain, thousands of feet
above me. Staring up at those
rocks, I became convinced that they
were hanging over me at such an
angle that I would have to be like a
spider traversing a ceiling to get
to a point where I could move up
them vertically. Again, when I
looked down into the vast brown
bowl of the Saddle, there was no re-
lation to normal balance. On all
sides of the brown plain there was
nothing but clouds, and one had the
feeling that it would be possible to
dive off the slope, execute a simple
jackknife, easily clear the edge of the
Saddle, and fall forever through
masses of soft white clouds. Every
half hour I would notice that the
peaks of Mawenzi, across the way,
had become smaller. By ten o'clock
I could see over the jagged peaks
eight miles away, and by eleven
o'clock Mawenzi seemed to be a
minor mountain, hopelessly chained
to the brown plain from which it
sprang.

By eleven thirty I was suffering.
Thomas had occasionally pointed to
the rocks at the top and said, "Gil-
man." Gilman's Point was the
place, at approximately nineteen
thousand feet, where climbers could
stop and officially claim to have
climbed Kilimanjaro. There were
slightly higher points along the edge
of the crater, but if you got to Gil-
man's the porters would crown you
with mountain flowers when you
re-entered the altitudes where things
could grow. I had long since de-
cided that if I could get to Gilman's
I would not worry about anything
higher. The question now
was whether I could even do
that. My heart was going like a
trip hammer, and I remember
wondering if it would give one
particularly loud bang and
stop beating. The lava dust
on the windy, sunny slope had

turned my mouth into a piece of
rubber. Every time I tried to swal-
low, I choked. Up ahead on the
slope Thomas sat and watched me
struggle.

At twelve thirty I pulled my-
self up out of three thousand feet
of gravel and lay down beside
Thomas on the yellow rock. Ma-
wenzi seemed like a hillock across
the cloudy Saddle, and Kibo hut
was indistinguishable in the distance
below. I had been climbing for
eleven hours.

Two days later we came into the
garden of the Kibo Hotel. Thomas
was limping badly, the girls had
blisters on their feet, and my un-
shaven face was so sunburned it was
bloody. The only person in the
garden was the old Englishman, who
was sipping his tea as he read a
book. He looked up and regarded
me with a vague smile.

"Got to the top, I take it," he
said, looking at the circle of flowers
around my sun helmet.

"Yes," I said out of a dry throat,
as the porters passed by under their
loads.

"Not too bad, was it?"

"Not too," I said, and followed the
girls into the hotel.



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